

AFTER WORK.

Home Reading for the Family Circle.

NEW SERIES.

"IN ALL LABOUR THERE IS PROFIT."

LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Ben and the Cradle. By E. S. T.	106
Chat (A) about Cologne. By ALICE AUGUSTA GORE	196
Christmas Conundrums	239
Constantinople, A Sketch of	95
Curious Facts	140
Curious Fact, A	159
Cyprus, The Island of	162
 FOR THE YOUNG:—	
Cleopatra's Needle. Illustrated	66
Generous Deed, A,; Or, Saved from Shipwreck. Illustrated	32
Lending a Pair of Legs	10
Little Dick and the Giant	30
Little Margaret and Her Ruined Home. Illustrated	49
Page from English History, A. By A. A. GORE	148
Pierre's Trial. By MISS C. K. B. HARRIS	176, 194, 212
Room in Heaven	19
The Christmas Tree	233
They shan't blush for Father.. .. .	99
The verse of a hymn	105
Very proud to-night	125
 GOOD HEALTH, HOW TO GET, AND HOW TO KEEP IT.	
By ALFRED CRESPI:—	
1st Paper. Introductory	26
2nd " "	77
3rd " " Occupation, &c."	117
4th " " Homes"	178
Grateful Soldier, The	34
Golden Sayings.. .. .	35, 59, 189
Hen and the Egg, The. Illustrated	141
Homely Proverbs. No. I. and II. By THOMSON SHARP	100, 204
Housekeepers Note Book, The	80, 100, 120, 180
How a Plum Pudding was made in Paris	237
How I Spent my Holiday in Devonshire. By J. W. BROOKES	190
How to Spend Leisure Rationally. By J. W. BROOKES (1st Paper)	11
(2nd Paper)	62
Husband and Wife	188
Icebergs and the Aurora Borealis. Illustrated	41
Incident of Tent Life in Siberia, An	48
Interesting Facts about China	144
Kathleen's Repentance; or, Wooing Back a Husband. A New Years Story. Illustrated	3
 LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD:—	
Dr. C. Tischendorf	166
Examples of Perseverance	207
George Cruikshank. By W. OUIN. Illustrated	108
James Ferguson. By T. SHARPE	14
J. F. Haydn. By T. SHARPE	94
Johann Joachim Winckelmann	193
Palissy	225
Professor Faraday. By G. S.	30
The late Earl Russel. By W. OUIN	142
Make Home Pleasant	226
Merry Christmas to you all	234
My Bank Holiday and How I Spent it	89

Notes about the Weather	190
Old Horace Trelawny's Jest. A Cornish Story of Every day Life. With Illustrations 16, 21, 54, 67, 81, 110, 129 150, 167, 181, 213, 222	
Paper Making Spider, A	60
Plants as Water Drinkers. By E. TWINING. (Paper 1)	103
" " (Paper 2)	122
Proverbial Acrostic. By E. S. T...	146
Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon	128
Silkworms. By T. W. HYATT. Illustrated	91
Singing the Christmas Carol. Illustrated	221
Sketch of Armenia, A	33
Sketch of Mr. H. Stanley's Explorations, A..	64
Steam-cooked Rice	188
SUNDAY AFTERNOON READINGS:—	
1. Rest. By W. OUIN	19
2. The Lord's Care over us	39
3. "He shall cover, &c." By H. STARMER	73
4. Lessons from Snow	53
5. Consider the Lilies. By F. ALLEN..	97
6. "Gods Love." By H. STARMER	147
7. Ups and Downs. By E. CLIFFORD	
8. Christmas time	235
Swearing. By C. PIKE	139
Tales of a Traveller. A Kangaroo Hunt, The. By C. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.	36
Things Worth Knowing..	20, 40, 200, 239
Tom Symus, and how he did his Harvest Work. Illustrated	164
Waits, The	237
Water Spouts. Illustrated	127
Village Ale House. By E. S. T.	200
Willing and Unwilling Service. By E. CLIFFORD	44
Window Flowers for March	60
Window Gardening, the care of House Plants	67
Work and After Work	I
Your Children. Illustrated	75

MUSIC.

Cold Water	102
Do Something	126
Journeying Onward	237
We are Sowing	160
Work	93

POETRY.

A Country Life for Me. By BENJAMIN GOUGH. Illustrated	13
Drinking Fountains. Illustrated	101
Early Spring. By BENJAMIN GOUGH. Illustrated	61
Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Eight. By THOMPSON SHARP	29
Farewell, the Old Year	236
Garden Plot, My. Illustrated	121
Gleaners. Illustrated	189
Harvest Time. Illustrated	165
Home Coming, The	43
Life Dreams. Illustrated	161
Ode to a Stray Sunbeam	65
Snowdrops. By FAITH CHILTERN	31
Welcome Young Year	2

AFTER WORK.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR HOME READING.

WORK AND AFTER WORK.

NEXT to the blessings of Christ's salvation may be placed the blessings of heaven-appointed work to man.

When both these gifts of God are possessed by one person (faith in the former and capability for the latter) the life will become pure and ennobled, and the hand skilful in the daily toil, whether in the fine works of the artizan, or the rougher labour of the field and the mine; while such will be his success in carrying out his designs and patience in the use of his chosen appliances, that there will be but few spots on earth which will remind him of the primæval curse; for there will be but few things which can prevent such a one from pouring a twofold blessing over all desolate lands until "the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for him."

Thus man goeth forth unto his work until the evening; and with these capabilities, and supposing him to be in all points a right man in a right place, he will become positive master of all his circumstances. Occupation in the commonest kind of work, even with poor wages, can never be mean nor low if the worker himself be neither mean nor low; for honest labour, if well done, is always honourable, and has been in thousands of instances, and will be in thousands more, the humble yet sure stepping stone to future distinction and fame.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, when speaking the other day on our intellectual vices, said:—"There is a great deal too much tendency among the public at large to think more of what men are able to say and how they are able to distinguish themselves than of the work which they are able to do; and the only remedy to be applied to this increasing evil is that we should, as far as possible, look to the work and not to the men who are doing the work."

As work well done is said to be twice done, we may take it for granted that the men and women who have worked the best are those who will most enjoy the "After Work."

But what is *after work* to be? "Why, to be sure; rest, ease,

pleasure, play," is the quick reply. True; but as there are various ways of securing these enjoyments, do not grumble if we try to secure the *best*, believing, with some reservation, in the proverb—"All is well that *ends* well."

Where shall after-time be spent, and how shall it be spent? Surely, first of all, it should be in *The Home*—the home where the man's treasures are kept, the beloved ones of his own flesh and bone, those who are suited to cheer and comfort him. In *The Home* the weary limbs can stretch themselves at ease, and the weary brain and spirit relax their working, and rest their worrying.

There is the weekly return of the day called by pre-eminence "The Day of Rest." No working man can afford for his own sake to give up either the spiritual blessings particularly belonging to this Day, or the secondary benefits it brings for mind and body. Who that has any respect for himself, any concern for his own health and comfort (to say nothing of any regard for the Day itself) will like to go unwashed and appear in dirty clothes on the Sunday, whatever he may do on the other days of the week? A working man once said—"Nothing is so endearing to a working man with a healthy mind in a healthy body as a clean house, clean skin, clean clothing, clean hearth, clean children, and a wife the pattern and promoter of cleanliness." Health and comfort, rest and strength, peace and happiness may be found in "the keeping of the Sabbath," the "*After-Work* time of the six day's toil."

Does it not then seem that the Sunday must have been specially made for man—specially fitted for his wants, his pleasures, his trials, his afflictions, his hopes, and his fears.

But the times of work and after-work for the year 1877 are nearly gone. No thoughtful person can come to the close of a year without many regrets for the past. Still we must not bring the burdens of the old and lay them on the threshold of the New Year. The remedy for their final removal is close at hand. Apply it without delay while the voice of love and sorrow whispers—"There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayst be feared."

Hope will then appear in brightest colours making the New Year's sky look light and cheery. All good resolves will feel strengthened, and all lagging footsteps quickened. Let the *Work* which the New Year may hold in keeping for us ever find us ready to do it with all our might and all our strength, cleverly, honestly, *thoroughly*; then will peace and pleasure, rest and refreshment ever be found standing waiting for us in the pleasant time of—"AFTER WORK."



KATHLEEN'S REPENTANCE; OR, WOOING BACK A
HUSBAND,
A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"Well, if this is the happiness of marriage, I can't say I think much of it!" cried Polly Swanage, turning her pretty little nose up in the air, and regarding her friend with a comical expression on her face. "Better keep in service, say I."

"Oh, dont, Polly," was Kathleen's rejoinder, in that state when tears and laughter are struggling for the victory.

"But it's true, Kathy; it's worse than service; it's bondage; a mistress's tantrums and tyranny are bad enough, but you can give *her* a month's notice when it comes unbearable; while your husband! You can't give *him* notice worse luck, you've got him for your master for life!"

"Robert's not a tyrant, and he doesn't have tantrums," replied the young wife, sullenly.

"Oh-h! and forbids you the only bit of fun that has turned up since you married?"

"You're to keep at home to-morrow, just to look after his dinner! if that's not selfishness, what is?"

"It's not that. Robert won't be home all day to-morrow. He simply doesn't like my going with what he calls a noisy party without him. He is working someway out of town to-morrow, and won't be home till late."

"Then, happy thought! come and don't tell him about it till it's over. It's quite innocent—as if our mistress would allow anything improper!—and he'll get over it. If you don't make a stand now, while you're young and pretty, when will you?"

The proposal was tempting, very tempting; but Kathleen resisted. There was still enough love left in her heart to make her dread provoking the first open quarrel between herself and her husband, so Polly pleaded in vain, and left mortified and angry, firing as a parting shot the words:

"If this is the way you mean to go on you'll repent Kathy, bitterly repent ever being married."

"I almost fear my repentance has begun," murmured Kathleen as her injudicious but warm-hearted friend departed. "It's all so different. It, seemed so easy to get my own way before marriage, and now—though I wouldn't own it to Polly to save my life—he is tyrannical at times;" and so Kathleen brooded over her troubles and was startled by Robert's return from work before the room was tidied, or the tea laid, and aggrieved by the irritation he showed at her neglect of her duties.

In itself it was a small thing for husband and wife to differ about,—this annual picnic party which Mrs. S— (Kathleen's late mistress) gave to her servants and their immediate friends. Kathleen had been lady's maid to the young ladies, and had attracted the affection of a young man greatly her superior mentally; a very clever mechanic, whose steadiness and abilities promised to raise him to a very good position. Though a working man, and honestly proud of the title, Robert Fraser was more really refined and cultivated than even his showy little wife understood, and he shrank from letting her join in the somewhat coarse merriment and silly banter which he knew the day's merry-making would lead to. He was proud, reserved, and sensitive, and the thought of his wife flushed with excitement, and unaccustomed wine, laughing and joking with such mixed company, was more than he could bear. Mrs. S— meant kindly, no doubt, but he knew that the day was one of utter liberty unchecked by even her presence, and so he had forbidden Kathleen to go. Perhaps had he explained his reasons, Kathleen would have seen the love for and

pride in her that prompted his decision, but her quick indignation at being controlled increased his natural reserve. While the wife saw only a tyrannical opposition to her will and objection to her having a little pleasure, he grieved over sharp words and still sharper tones, and was wounded by her want of trust in his desire to make her happy.

A few words of explanation would have put it all straight, but neither referred to the picnic again. Only his refusal to let her go rankled in the young wife's mind, and brought forth bitter fruit.

She was too good a wife to disobey, as Polly had foolishly advised, and gave up all thought of going ; but she did the silliest thing a woman can well do—she made a “martyr” of herself. No pleasant smiles greeted the weary toiler on his return home, no kindly enquiries after his work, no caressive touch to cheer him who bore the heat and burden of life for her ; she “did her duty” but did it coldly and sullenly, and the man's warm nature was chilled and clouded by it, as only a strong reserved man could be.

In a day or two Kathleen's temper and irritation wore away. Polly had told her that the day had not turned out so pleasantly after all. Two of the men had taken too much drink and had quarrelled all the way home. A. had been noisy, B. had played practical jokes, and so on ; really, Robert had shown his sense in keeping Kathleen out of it. Polly wished she had some one who would look after and care for her. A home and a husband were better than a troop of noisy acquaintances and a capricious mistress ; thus ran on Polly, and Kathleen's better judgment owned that Polly was quite right.

But it was easier to break the happy communion between her husband and herself than to restore it when once broken. If Robert was reserved and apt to be sullen, Kathleen was proud, and wilful, and impatient ; if her advances were not promptly met, she showed temper and made the breach worse.

Thus the clouds gathered, and the domestic sunshine was darkened ; till Kathleen, often neglected now, while her husband sought cheerful congenial society elsewhere, did often say to herself in temper that her marriage had been a mistake, and that she bitterly repented it.

Once in a fit of passion at some supposed unkindness on his part, she put her feeling into words ; but no sooner had they past her lips, than she would have given much to recall them. Never so long as she lived would she forget the white stern face that confronted her, or the tone in which he replied :—

“You repent that we ever married ? I can only do the same ; I thought to make you happy ; as it is.....”

And then he turned away and left her ; and Kathleen's cup of misery was full. She had spoken of her repentance in temper—mere surface talk—she knew now how much she loved him still ; but his words were spoken coldly, calmly ; he always meant all he said ; he, so grave and clever, never spoke at random or from impulse as she, foolish thing ! was ever doing : thus thought Kathleen, as in sorrow, too deep for tears, she reviewed her married life, begun so brightly to come to this in a few short months !

From that day Kathleen no longer tried to win back the love she had

lost. As he sought her less and less, she became more fretful, more careless about her dress, more slovenly in household matters, more reckless about expense. Little children were given to her, and had she been less huffy, and Robert less reserved, they might have found a bond of reunion, but it was not so. They even became a source of contention and jealousy. Each blamed the other; and year by year they drifted farther apart.

* * * * *

"How is Fraser getting on with your new fittings?" asked the rich builder, Mr. Arbuthnot, of his wife, one autumn evening as he sat with her after the late dinner. "I told Allon to send him, if possible, as he is really the most intelligent workman I have, and I know you can't bear a slow coach."

"Being only a slow one myself," replied Mrs. Arbuthnot, with the bright laugh that still delighted her husband, after a marriage of twenty-five years; and as she rose from her seat to get her knitting from a table near, the meaning of her words was apparent. Mrs. Arbuthnot was a confirmed cripple, able only to move from place to place when supported by some one, or when, as in the present case, she could support herself by the articles of furniture; it was now four years since the once brilliant active woman had been able to stand alone. Mr. Arbuthnot watched her movements with affectionate concern, ready to spring to her assistance if needed; but trying to hide his watchfulness, as it was well understood in the family, that "mother" delighted to get about by the furniture when she could, and was as proud of her achievements in that way as a child just learning to walk.

As she sat down with her knitting, she continued, "I like your 'most intelligent workman' immensely. He and I had a good talk together over Morris papers and carving and so forth; but isn't he in some trouble Edward? Now don't laugh, but answer my question, and then I'll tell you why I ask."

"I haven't noticed him enough to know," replied the husband, laughing indeed. "Of course, I rarely see the men, but I knew from Allon that this Fraser was a really clever workman, and so told Allon to send him down here for you. Perhaps his only trouble is in coming so far from home; he'll be late in getting back to his wife after work."

"Oh, is he married? I thought not, for he said he should stay in the village till his work here was done. I didn't like to ask if he had a wife, for he looked so wretched, I feared to touch a wound."

"Trust you for finding out trouble, I think you've a natural gift for scenting out every sort of misery; and for relieving it too," he added, tenderly. "But what makes you fancy anything wrong with Fraser?"

"*Fancy*, indeed! it was too palpable for fancy. I was being wheeled round the garden at the back just before lunch, when I saw Fraser waiting at the side door to be re-admitted. We were coming over the smooth turf, so he could not hear us. There he stood, leaning against the door post, his head on his hand, and such a look of utter dejection in face, figure, attitude! A man of that character doesn't look like that for little. I tried to find out when talking about the work, but he was too shy or too reserved to meet my questions, so you'll find out for me, won't you Arthur?"

"Hum a case of feeling—tired or seedy—depend on it—only as he happens to be a fine handsome young fellow, your romantic feelings are enlisted ; now if I were to stand in an interesting position leaning on my own door, would you invent some hidden trouble for me."

Mrs. Arbuthnot laughed merrily at the banter, glad to have amused her husband after his hard day of brain-work in town, and sure that her request would be remembered.

"Well, I can't find out what your protégé's trouble is," said Mr. Arbuthnot to his wife next evening, "but there is a screw loose somewhere. Allon says he's a good workman, but irregular ; in fact, if it were not for his usefulness and intelligence, Allon would have probably dismissed him ere now."

"He doesn't drink, I hope—once a man does *that*—"

"No ! there's nothing of that—his hand is too steady, and his brain too clear ; but Allon isn't altogether satisfied, and so now will make enquiries."

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried Mrs. Arbuthnot. "I hope I haven't done harm. I never meant to set the foreman spying out his delinquencies. Only he does interest me, Arthur. He is perfectly respectful, but so well mannered, and well read in all that belongs to his work or comes within range of it. I hope he has a good wife."

"Ah, depend on it, there's the solution of your mystery. He has first rate wages, good health, good treatment ; something is wrong at home."

"Then I'll find it out," cried the lady in triumph, "So tell your Mr. Allon he needn't waste his time in playing the detective—trust a woman for doing that well."

And before the next evening, Mrs. Arbuthnot had learnt more of Robert Fraser's troubles than he himself could have believed ; so all powerful is that blessed gift of hearty sympathy. Tried and purified in the fire of intense suffering, Mrs. Arbuthnot had learned from her own sorrows to feel tenderly and acutely for those of others, and could generally win her way to the most shut up heart.

"Mrs. Fraser and her two children are coming here to-morrow," she said to her husband, next evening.

He raised his eyebrows with a look of comic distress.

"For how long ?"

"For the day only, you provoking man. Yes, I know what you think—that I shall keep her here two months, as I did that lacrymose widow who so roused your amusement. I was taken in there, I admit. But Mrs. Fraser is an old acquaintance of our housekeeper, who will be delighted to entertain the party, and I want to see what she is like."

"Well, don't interfere between man and wife, that's all," said Mr. Arbuthnot ; "And from what I hear from Allon, there's the root of bitterness."

"Oh, so you persisted in your enquiries, did you ?" retorted she, shaking her fist at him in assumed wrath. "No, Arthur," she added, seriously, "I promise you I'll not come *between* man and wife, but if I can give them a push closer together, I will."

Mrs. Fraser was half disposed to refuse the invitation to Manor Leigh ; and had it come to her from Robert only, would certainly have done so ;

but it was backed by such a kind note from old Mrs. Rayner, the housekeeper, that Kathleen could not resist the desire to see again a friend of her girlish days. So next morning after breakfast she and the children took the train, and in less than twenty minutes found themselves far out of London at the country station where the housekeeper and a "trap" were waiting to meet them.

"By-and-bye," said Mrs. Rayner; "And now, my dear, I'll take care of the children while you come and see my mistress; she's in the morning-room."

"See Mrs. Arbuthnot! what for?" cried Kathleen.

"Well, you know," replied the housekeeper, a little stiffly, scandalized that Kathleen had not jumped at the honour of a talk with the "mistress," "for some years my lady has been a helpless invalid, and never can be better, and knitting is almost the only work her poor trembling hands can do; so I mentioned as you used to be wonderful clever at it when a girl, and she thought maybe you could teach her better than a book—as if a book *could* teach knitting! she's always pleased with a new stitch; so come along."

Kathleen rose willingly enough. To go and be talked to by a strange lady was one thing; to amuse an invalid and even teach her something was quite another. With pride disarmed, and her better self appealed to, Kathleen made the acquaintance of one who was to be her most useful friend.

With a keen insight into character, Mrs. Arbuthnot talked much of herself at first; her accident, her weakness, the terrible change from a life of active usefulness to one of pain and dependence; and then she spoke of the Divine love which alone could enable trouble to be endured, of the rich mercies through Christ's sacrifice which made earthly trial seem light; and so she won the girl's confidence ere she was aware. And gradually Kathleen was led to tell her tale of married disappointment, and even in the telling of it, and beside that real suffering so nobly borne, how paltry now seemed all her annoyances, how much better might she have acted at different stages of her story. No advice from other lips would so have convinced her of her own great share in their unhappiness than did her own tale told truthfully and calmly to this new friend.

Mrs. Arbuthnot heard her with loving patience, and had only gentle words in reply. She only besought her earnestly to do all in her power to win back her husband's love.

"It is utterly gone," sobbed Kathleen. "He does his duty by us, that is, he gives us all we need; but he rarely spends an hour at home."

"Make home, yourself, and the children attractive," was the reply, "And seek strength from above to help you. Try to remember how you pleased him before you were his wife, and practice the same ways over again. If a man is worth winning, he's worth *keeping*."

Kathleen thought with a stricken conscience, of the untidy home, the neglected unruly children, the sour looks, the slovenly dress; and remembered how neat she had striven to be, how smiling, how soft toned, in the days long ago.

It was up-hill work. Mrs. Arbuthnot knew it must be so; and to

help her, frequent were the invitations to Manor Leigh from Mrs. Rayner to Mrs. Fraser and the children. Then would come a quiet helpful talk with Mrs. Arbuthnot, when Kathleen would be lovingly pointed to the one great source of all goodness and strength, and be led, penitently and humbly, to confess her unworthiness to the Saviour of sinners and seek peace and help there.

Yet it was up-hill work. Slothful, indolent habits are not easily cured; ill regulated children are not disciplined all at once without much pain and discouragement; and worst of all, the one for whom all this was done, sometimes never heeded it—certainly never said one word of thanks in return; only once or twice Kathleen caught a light in the eye or a smile upon the lips which made her heart beat with pleasant and encouraged her to persevere. And yet, as Christmas drew nearer, the shadows seemed to darken, for Robert's reserve and irritable troubled look grew more settled day by day. Poor Kathleen, she found, as so many wives find too late, that it is easier to drive away a husband than to woo him back.

A week before Christmas Day, and with a heavy heart, but trying to repress her heaviness and appear cheerful for the sake of others, Kathleen was thinking of making preparations for that great day of rejoicing. Who could tell but what on that day of peace and forgiveness, of goodwill from God to man, her husband's heart might be softened, and she find courage to speak words that might bring them together again? With a look of hope on her face she was about to set forth on her errand, when a tramp of feet outside and a sudden sharp knock at the outer door, made her run sharply downstairs.

It was a terrible sight; let us pass it over quickly. Robert brought home insensible, lifted on to his bed from which he might probably never rise again. He had been sent on business from the factory, and had had to drive a new horse lately purchased. When passing under a railway arch the creature reared, hustled the reins from his hand, then bolted, only pausing when he came into contact with a heavy van which overturned the lighter vehicle and flung Robert on to the pavement. The lad with him escaped almost unhurt; the accident had strangely happened close to Fraser's home, so the unfortunate man was carried there at once. For a day and night he lay perfectly unconscious, then his senses returned, and a slight hope was given of his recovery. Quiet, and good nursing might do much.

Alas, troubles seldom come alone. Christmas Day passed, a sad day to Kathleen—and then came ruin. She learnt now the cause of her husband's troubled face; he was deeply involved. When she had thought him saving, he had been speculating, and had lost. Even the furniture was no longer theirs; a bill of sale cleared it all away, and the little house was stript of all save necessities for him.

And yet, amid the trial, there was hope; there was truly a silver lining to the dark cloud. In his sickness and weakness, husband and wife were one again. Pain and helplessness had broken down the strong man's reserve, and as Kathleen read all that had been in his heart, she could forgive the ruin he had brought on his home, for it had been done madly enough! for her sake.

"I had not made you happy; you repented marrying me: your words cut me deeply, for I knew how I had persuaded you to be my wife, and I had not made you happy after all! I thought money might give you some comfort at any rate, and I longed to be rich. I thought you wouldn't repent it so much then—you poor child—you'll repent it more than ever!"

What could she say, only clasping the thin brown hand between her own, sobbed out words of deep repentance—not repentance for her marriage, but for her silly petulance, and pride, and temper—repentance which she was thankful now to think had been shown by deeds before this last calamity gave her courage to say it out in words.

And so Kathleen wooed back her husband; and when his strength returned, they began life again together, helped and encouraged by kind friends. And so the New Year found them reunited in heart, and better still, because enduring and undestructible, united in the service of God who for Christ's sake had forgiven all their sins, and whose love would be their solace and their strength through all the trials and temptations of life.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

LENDING A PAIR OF LEGS.

"Sometimes we ask people to 'lend a hand,' and sometimes we hear them say 'lend me your eyes.' Here is a story about a boy who lent a pair of legs just to accommodate.

Some boys were playing at base ball in a pretty shady street. Among their number was a lame little fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base ball.

His companions, good naturedly enough, tried to persuade him to stand on one side and let another take his place; none of them hinted that he would be in the way; but they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest boy in the party—"Never mind I'll run for him, and you can count it for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

How many times loving hearts will find a way to lend their powers and members to the aged, the poor, the sick, and the weak. "They can thus say with Job, 'I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.' And if they lend, hoping for nothing, the Lord will reward their faithfulness with his blessing."

"HOW TO SPEND LEISURE RATIONALLY."

FIRST PAPER.

THE people of this present generation are in one sense much "harder-working" than were their forefathers; or at all events, what with the improvements effected by the progress of knowledge in the employment of machinery, &c., and other methods of economising labour, each man gets through much more work than formerly. But yet—partly owing to the very causes I have mentioned, and the great saving of time thus obtained—most of us have more time to ourselves, more leisure, than was ever the case before, and it is to the consideration of the best means of employing this leisure that our paper is devoted—a suitable subject, indeed, for a magazine having "After Work" as its title.

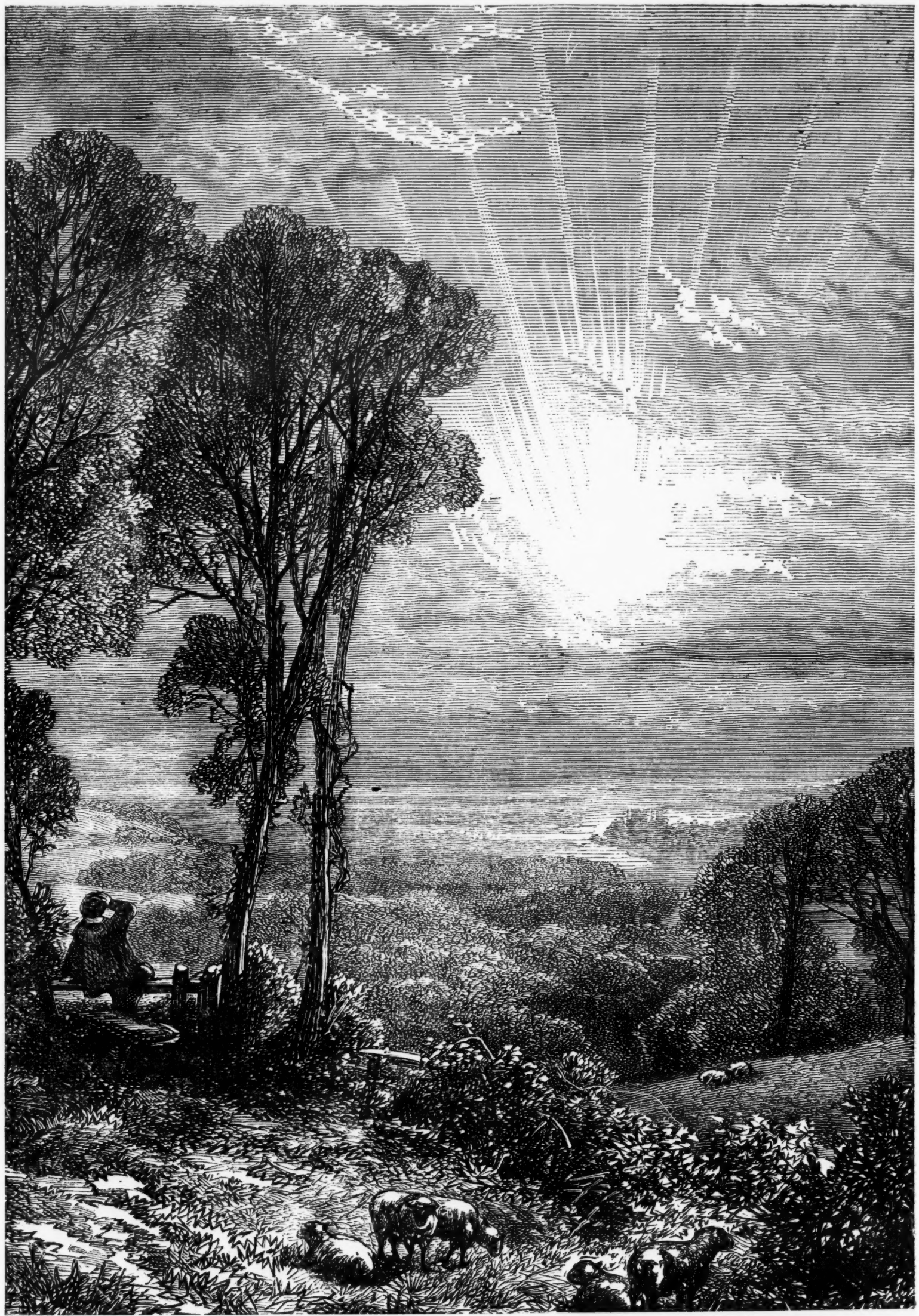
Now most undoubtedly, the first object to be sought is *recreation*; we want some pursuit to occupy our time which is essentially different to that engrossing our minds and employing our hands during working hours. It is not always *rest* in the ordinary sense of the word that we require—that is to say, a total cessation of bodily exertion in any form, but something which will divert the mind into an entirely new channel; and thus, by relaxing the strain caused by so many consecutive hours of toil bodily or mental, renew our powers and give us fresh energy to carry on the "battle of life." And there is no reason why we should not, whilst thus amusing ourselves in our leisure moments, at the same time be instructing and improving our minds, and also strengthening and invigorating our bodily health. I am, of course, alluding to outdoor pursuits, and cannot do better than quote the words of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, a man full of sympathy with the harder-worked classes of this country:—"As for harmless amusement and still more for the free exercise of the fancy and the imagination, I know few studies to compare with Natural History; with the search for the beautiful and curious productions of Nature amid her loveliest scenery and in her freshest atmospheres. I have known again and again working men who in the midst of smoky cities have kept their bodies, their minds, and their hearts healthy and pure by going out into the country at odd hours and making collections of fossils, plants, insects, birds, or some other objects of natural history; and I doubt not that such will be the case with some of my readers." All branches of Natural Science are peculiarly open to the poor man, for they may to a certain extent be studied without any expense whatever; a walk in the country with our eyes open and our minds bent upon intelligent observation of the natural objects around, is all we need; and if we go to work in the right spirit, we shall soon find in every tree and bush and wayside flower, in every pond and stream, in every rock and fossil, matter to excite our deepest interest and admiration. But if books be required, standard works on any scientific subject may be obtained for a few shillings at the most; "or if more expensive books be needed"—to quote Kingsley again—"if a microscope or apparatus be needed, can you not get them by the co-operative method, which has worked so well in other matters? Can you not form yourself into a Natural Science Club for buying such things and lending them round among your members; and for discussion also, the reading of scientific papers of your own writing, the comparing of your observations, general mutual help and mutual instruction? Such Societies are becoming numerous now, and gladly should I

see one in every town." This is most valuable advice and not difficult to act upon; imagine the many pleasant winter evenings that might be spent together by the members of such a club, comparing their specimens, and relating their various experiences. I shall touch again upon this branch of the subject later on. Kingsley further points out that of all the divisions of Natural Science, Geology is perhaps the simplest and the easiest. It appeals more to mere common sense; it requires fewer difficult experiments and expensive apparatus, and is especially the working man's science. But if any of my readers have a special taste for Botany, or Microscopy, or any other particular branch of research, they should most certainly take up *that*; as in all probability they will derive much greater enjoyment from the study, than if they pursued a subject for which they had no special inclination. This I may say of experience, that the pleasure attending a walk in the fields and lanes of the country, is incalculably greater in the case of one who takes an intelligent and observant interest in the animal and vegetable life, and rocks and stones around him, than to one who merely takes his walk as a "constitutional."

Then again, the result of these summer walks will furnish most enjoyable employment for many a long winter's evening; flowers and plants have to be mounted and classified; fossils and rocks named, labelled, and arranged; bird's eggs, &c., to be sorted; or specimens for the microscope mounted and examined; and if the work has been carried on in the right spirit, each object will recall some pleasant reminiscence of the field and hedgerows in their summer beauty; will bring to vivid remembrance some lovely nook in Epping Forest, a Kentish lane, or Surrey Common.

As an instance of the powerful attraction the study of Natural Science has for some people, I may mention the case of Mr. Edwards, the poor shoemaker of Banff, whose biography Mr. Smiles has so eloquently written. After working hard all day long at his trade, he would start off in the evening into the woods and fields or along the sea-shore, studying the plants and animals, and making valuable collections of specimens. Often and often he would not return home until the morning, spending the whole night in the open air, and much valuable knowledge did he thus gain. My readers are probably aware that the Queen, on the recommendation of Earl Beaconsfield, has granted Mr. Edwards a pension for the remainder of his life. Of course not one man in a thousand is capable of taking such an interest as this in the study of Natural History; but I can assure you that when once you have acquired the merest rudiments of that branch of knowledge you decide to take up, the love of it will grow upon you; your summer-evening or Saturday afternoon walks in the country will be eagerly looked forward to, and as natural results your bodily health will be greatly benefited by the exercise and the pure wholesome air; your mental faculties will be invigorated by being led away from the wearing toil of working hours into a completely new channel; you will be a gainer in knowledge of the grand phenomena of Nature and the laws which govern the Universe, and if you be right-minded Christian men, your thoughts cannot fail to be directed to Him who has created all the beautiful and wonderful objects, animate and inanimate, that you see around you; Who directs and watches over all, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge.

J. W. BROOKES.



A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME!

Some people like to live in towns,
Stived up in courts and alleys;
I'm very fond of country downs,

And rural hills and valleys.
Some say they like to go to sea;
But a Country Life's the life for me.

They say that poets live upstairs,
 High up—fifth storey back,
 With one deal table, and two chairs,
 And sleep upon a sack.
 Great men, mayhap, these poets be ;
 But a Country Life's the life for me.

Let such as like it live in smoke,
 And water drink that's soupy,
 Dwell in a room with windows broke,
 Rheumatical and croupy,—
 I'll catch the train that sets me free !
 For a Country Life's the life for me.

The public-house door stands all ajar,
 And the people seem mad for drink-
 ing ;
 They rush to the play and the music-
 hall bar,
 Which brings ruin, to my thinking.
 They turn night to day, and call it a
 spree ;
 O, a Country Life is the life for me.

Let such as choose it live in towns ;
 I breathe the sweet air of dawning ;
 Take an early walk across the downs,
 At sunrise in the morning.
 A Country Life is pure and free,
 So a Country Life is the life for me.

The Spring-time is the time I love,
 And the smile of coming Summer,
 To hear the cooing of the dove,
 And the cuckoo, swift new-comer,
 And gather wild-flowers on the lea ;
 A Country Life is the life for me.

Our village has no playhouse near,
 And we don't keep St. Mondays ;
 We have our flower-show once a year,
 And go to church on Sundays.
 And we're happier than the town folks
 be ;
 So a Country Life is the life for me.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

No. I.—JAMES FERGUSON.

James Ferguson was born near Keith, Banffshire, in 1710, and died in 1776. His father was a day labourer, and the poor boy was sent from home at a very early age to earn a livelihood for himself, being placed out as servant to a farmer, who employed him as a shepherd. He had a mechanical turn, and whenever he saw any piece of mechanism he would try to make something like it. He often had little models of mills going, driven by the little streams on the farm. On one occasion he got sight of the inside of a clock that was being cleaned, and by means of a common penknife he managed to make a wooden one that kept time. There is a tradition in the district that he fixed the works in the dried skull of a horse. On examining a watch, he thought he could make one, and he did. But a farmer, when looking at it, let it fall, and the watch was a complete wreck. Hearing of the boy's skill, the country gentry employed him in repairing and cleaning their clocks.

As James grew to be a youth, he did other things on the farm. In his leisure time, both when a herd-boy and afterwards, he was a great reader, for he read everything that he could lay hands on. Books were scarce in the district at that time. All his schooling consisted of about three months' attendance at a small village-school in the north of Scotland. But having received elementary instruction, he went on in self-improvement. He had a mathematical as well as a mechanical turn ; and the parish minister, and the butler of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, helped him in that line. You see, he had that happy combination—due

self-reliance with the absence of self-conceit. He taught himself, but was not above being taught by others. He often looked up wonderingly to the heavens, as did David of old. Any book on astronomy he devoured; and when he got anything like a map of the heavens and the names of the stars, he took a copy for his own use. You would have found him improving every spare moment when it was daylight; and he would go into the kitchen in the evening, and read by the light of the fire.

The farmer whom he served was very desirous of helping the lad, as he saw how much he wished to be a scholar; and although not able to render him any assistance in his studies, he let him have as much time to himself as possible, and for this purpose he did the work for himself which the boy should have done. The lad, seeing this, not only felt very grateful, but sought the more to improve. He set himself to make a chart of the heavens. He set up two sticks in the ground, and hanging a string with beads between them, he lay down and moved the beads till they were over the stars he wished to mark; and in that way he got their relative positions marked on paper. By this means he came to know their places and motions.

He and William Allen, F.R.S. (born, 1770; died, 1843), would have understood each other well, for astronomy was a favourite pursuit with both, and W. A. had constructed a telescope when quite a lad, with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter. In describing this circumstance he said, that not being "strong in cash," he was obliged to go economically to work; he accordingly purchased an eye-piece and an object glass, for which he paid a shilling; he then bought a sheet of pasteboard, which cost twopence, and having made his tubes and adjusted his glasses, he found to his great delight that the moons were visible. Thus for fourteen pence (and his age was fourteen) he obtained a source of enjoyment, the recollection of which always afforded him pleasure. Years after, he had a telescope of first quality, through which, at his residence in Paradise-row, Stoke Newington, he would, from his observatory, explore the nocturnal sky, well does the undersigned remember looking through it in his youth.

To return to our peasant boy. It was not to be expected that such a lad would continue at farm work, and he tried various things in his endeavours to rise. He practised drawing, and got on so as to be able to turn it to account in designing patterns for ladies' dresses, and in this way he earned something. He also copied pictures and prints with pen and ink. This copying led him to try the painting of portraits with Indian ink, and by it he supported himself and his parents creditably for some years, first pursuing his art in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London, repairing to the latter in 1743. His heart, however, was so set on astronomy and mechanics that all his leisure time was devoted to them, and at length he began to lecture on these subjects, and with great success; and he gave up portrait painting altogether.

In 1754 he published a brief description of the solar system, with an astronomical account of the year of the crucifixion of Christ, octavo; also an "Idea of the Material Universe, deduced from a Survey of the Solar System." His greatest work, however, is his "Astronomy ex-

plained upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principles, and made easy to those who have not studied Mathematics." It first appeared in 1756, quarto, and has frequently been re-printed. On the accession of George the Third, to whom he had read lectures, he obtained a pension of £50 a year. In 1763 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, without paying the admission-fee, or the annual subscriptions; the same year appeared his "Astronomical Tables and Precepts," octavo. In 1767 he published "Tables and Tracts relative to several Arts and Sciences," octavo. Besides these, he published "Select Mechanical Exercises; an Easy Introduction to Astronomy for Young Gentlemen and Ladies," 1769; an "Introduction to Electricity;" the "Art of Drawing in Perspective made easy;" and several tracts and papers on the Philosophical Transactions.

These his numerous works were and are a testimony to his diligence, perseverance, and attainments; and his history is an encouragement to cultivate the talents God has given, and, trusting in Him, not be disheartened at difficulties, but to keep with a steady resolution to the object aimed at, and to use all lawful means for reaching it.

THOMSON SHARP.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

"MADELINE! Madeline!" calls Mrs. Trelawny's querulous voice through the house. But there comes no answer.

"Where is Madeline?" she asks, pausing before the library door, which stands wide open.

The full light of the June morning streaming in at the bay-window from which Austell has in manly fashion dragged back the curtains, shows her plainly the two occupants of the room—Austell leaning forward with arms folded on the table, where he has pushed aside books and prints to make room for his fishing-tackle; and in the arm-chair opposite, her yellow braids resting becomingly against the blue beflowered cushion, a dainty young lady, all pink, and white, and blue, and golden, like a painted china shepherdess, with a knot of roses at her throat, another at her girdle, who lifts a pair of chilly steel-blue eyes from her embroidery as Mrs. Trelawny speaks.

"Can there be anything more tiresome than never to find the child when one needs her? Have either of you seen Madeline?" she asks, fretfully.

"What do you want with her, Aunt Mary? It seems to me it would be far more tiresome to have her constantly about, than to have to look for her occasionally."

Louise speaks sharply, as if to the derelict Madeline, rather than to Mrs. Trelawny, who stands helplessly staring into the room for a moment, and then turns away upon her further search, the keys of the basket on her arm jingling as she walks—a species of music which follows her wherever she goes, with as much persistence as does the unusual appendage of bells the equestrian lady in the nursery-song.

"I wonder why Aunt Mary can want Madeline?" Louise asks of her companion.

"Something has gone wrong in the millinery or haberdashery department. A crushed hat, or a torn gown," is the careless rejoinder.

"She is shockingly heedless; but I don't think Aunt Mary would take so much trouble to find her for so ordinary an occurrence. There must be some better reason. She cannot be thinking of making the child go with us after all to dine at Lanlivery! I wonder, Austell, you did not ask."

"My mother is not fonder of giving direct answers than—" you are, he intended to add, but refrains; not on the score of politeness, but because he is deliberating upon the selection of flies, a dozen of which are spread out on the table before him. In the contemplation of the Red Palmer and the Blue, the Woodcock's Feather, and their fellows of the mock insect tribe, he has forgotten his Cousin Louise, who goes on stitching at her embroidery, waiting for the end of a sentence she is never destined to hear.

"I don't wonder Aunt Mary was vexed, it is so provoking in Madeline never to be in place," resumes Louise, still keeping to the key-note of complaint.

Austell is too preoccupied to answer. He has just decided upon a sombre-looking fly, which will serve for a cool, shady pool, and for enticing an old trout. As he puts the rest back into their box, he is thinking that always being in place may be a virtue in his Cousin Louise, but would be none in Madeline. To come upon the child in some out-of-the-way nook, to stumble upon her hidden behind a hay-cock, or to find her in a laughably wretched plight, which fishing for water-lilies is sure to bring about—these seem better suited to Madeline than to be always in the house, as is Louise, busy with some feminine trifles, and politely ready to bestow her attention upon him.

"I would like to know something about her," remarks Louise, after having given Austell sufficient time for any remark he might see fit to make.

"About *her*! What do you mean?" asks Austell, shortly.

"Just what I have expressed. I would like to know something of Madeline."

"There is nothing in particular to know," says Austell, his very impatience hinting that he is not strictly honest in his assertion.

"Is there not? Then who is she?" asks Louise, coolly.

"She is old Horace Trelawny's ward," Austell answers, just as promptly; "and, as you are aware, was placed by him in my mother's care. A wise disposition on the old fellow's part, for he could not possibly take charge of a mere child himself."

"And, man-like, shifted the responsibility on some one else's shoulders. But how do you know she is really his ward? I grant you the old miser says so; but he is not so immaculately virtuous that one must of necessity take his word for it. How do you know she is not more nearly related to him than we are?" asks Louise, who is really propounding a question which has given her some anxiety.

"One generally knows one's kindred," answers Austell, with comfortable assurance.

"They are apt to make themselves known, especially if they are unpleasant. But then old Horace had a mother," she suggests.

"Who had only two children—our revered Cousin Horace and his sister, Mrs. Badger. She, poor soul, had a husband who taught her the full meaning of his name; and she died in the blessed hope of eternally getting quit of her grandson, who was her sole near relation, except her brother, and many degrees worse than his honoured grandsire."

"And our Cousin Horace has never married?" Louise asks, cheerfully.

"On the contrary, he married early, and had a son."

"There, I knew there was some one in the way!" exclaims Louise, with a ring of feminine satisfaction in her voice at making a discovery, although an undesirable one.

"A mere mare's nest you have found," Austell says, laughing. "He, the son, I mean, was a shiftless sort of artist-fellow, a Bohemian about London, refusing to settle down into a country squire to please his worthy parent, who—much to the satisfaction of his numerous relations, all very ready to please him—disinherited his son. Which was a pity, as it turned out, for the young fellow died soon afterwards, and left us a clear field."

"And Madeline is old Trelawny's ward," says Louise, rather reflectively than interrogatively.

"She has that honour." And Austell shuts the box of gaily-colored flies, and turns the key in the lock.

"Of course she must have some fortune. One does not have a guardian unless there is some money in the question, does one?" she asks, as if the idea were a new one to her.

"If she has, she will never see it, I fear. Old Trelawny's fist is like Giant Wrath's cupboard, nothing ever comes out of it that went in."

"Perhaps he intends to keep it in the family by marrying Madeline to his great-nephew, Seth Badger," says Louise, who has a decided turn for match-making.

"Or to your humble servant. The old man has always had a preference for me. And if Madeline had a sufficient dot I might not object," adds Austell, royally.

"You don't mean it?" Louise asks, sharply.

"Mean what? That Madeline has a dot? Or that I am mercenary?"

"It would take a fortune to make such a child as Madeline worth marrying," replies Louise, with a shrug of her plump shoulders.

"I don't know. A man might do much worse." With which remark, Austell pushes the box of flies further on the table, leaving them there for Louise or some one else to put away for him. "Besides, she will not always be a child, and may develope quite differently from one's expectation of her. She has never had a fair chance as yet, for my mother does not understand her in the least, and....."

"Oh, no one can ever understand girls, says Louise, sarcastically. One would suppose, to hear you, that neither Aunt Mary nor I had done anything for Madeline; and yet I am sure I have tried petting and patting, to my cost."

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READINGS.

REST.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. ch., 9 v.

REST is what we all need, for there are none who are not subject to weariness and fatigue; either from manual labor, or from the cares and anxieties arising from the daily trials and troubles of life.

The laborer goes forth to his toil—the merchant to his house of business—and the clerk to his office, and each returns to his home again in the evening more or less fatigued—and looking for rest. The weary sigh for rest; to such, how sweet it is! The jaded traveller feels that it is one of the sweetest blessings of an All-wise Providence; and he can appreciate the soothing influence it exerciseth over his mind and body—especially if it has been his lot to travel through foreign countries.

Undoubtedly the blessing is great—for were it not for *rest* we could not perform the every-day duties of life; and it is *essential* to life itself,—for God Himself ordained and sanctified it! In six days He created the world, and all the things therein; and on the seventh day He rested. This is the Sabbath rest—which is of the same nature as our daily rest; the one is *bodily*—the other *spiritual*; but both point, and are types of the heavenly rest "*which remaineth for the people of God.*"

Thus far, we have considered our subject in its temporal bearing upon the human race; but it has also a *spiritual* application; and it is from this point that St. Paul, through Timothy, writes to the Hebrews respecting it. He (in that letter) speaks of a *rest* that *remaineth*, that is, it is *not* to be obtained *now*, but hereafter, when God shall judge the world in righteousness by His Son Jesus Christ—to whom He has given all power.

But many will not attain unto this rest—numbers will fall short of it and the cause is referred to in the 19th verse of the preceding chapter to that from which our text is taken. It is there particularly mentioned: for thus is it written, "To whom sware He that they should not enter into *His rest*, but to them that *believed not*?"

Rest, therefore, is reserved for the children of God who strive while on earth to obey and do His will; but the daily task must be performed, and the battle of life fought, ere that rest can be entered into.

Take courage, then, ye who are ready to give up; nerve *once* more your drooping arms, and wake up to a true realization of the *truth* of the blessed promise, "*there remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God!*"

Work on! Some, indeed, may sneer; but the road to life, and rest, and immortality lies through a mountain path beset with many difficulties, but which, without fail, will surely lead to the desired goal! Let *Faith*, then, be the guiding hand to lead you.

And now, just a word or two as to its nature. Let it not for a moment be thought of as a state of idleness, nor of forgetfulness; for, this heavenly rest is a far higher, nobler and more beautiful state than that.

It is a *true* rest, such as the saints will enjoy for ever! And though we cannot now grasp its full meaning, and cannot understand fully what it will be,—we shall by-and-bye. Still, the thought of it may even now *cheer* the wanderer's path, and be a beacon-light to guide him heavenwards!

WILLIAM QUIN,

ROOM IN HEAVEN.—FOR THE YOUNG.

A little child was dying, and called her mother to her bedside. She had a cross and unsympathetic parent. "Mother," said the child, "is there room for me in heaven? You always said I was in the way here. Will I be in the way there?"

And the poor mother wept bitter tears as she said, "Yes, there will be room for you there."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

HOW TO SAVE COALS.—Take the ashes and small cinders which fall from the fire, and saturate them well with water till they are like the mortar used by bricklayers; that being done, put them on the back of your fire, when those who have not made the experiment will be surprised to find what a pleasant fire they make in conjunction with coal. This will answer any common purpose. In stoves, under boilers, and in places where a dead or flat heat is wanted, this mortar would be of great service in conjunction with coal, as by its means the fire may be kept of a sufficient and steady heat for a considerable time without any addition. This plan will save the trouble of taking ashes to the dust-hole, as every particle of the ash may be consumed. Do try it.

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.—Boil castor oil with an equal quantity of milk; sweeten it with a little sugar; stir it well; and when cold give it to children for drink. They will never suspect it is medicine, and will even love the taste of it.

THE COMING WINTER.—Mr. Piazza Smith, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, writing to *Nature*, predicts a hard winter. He says:—"Having recently computed the remaining observations of our earth thermometers here, and prepared a new projection of all the

observations from their beginning in 1837 to their calamitous close last year, results generally confirmatory of those arrived at in 1870 have been obtained, but with more pointed and immediate bearing on the weather now before us. The chief features undoubtedly deducible for the past thirty-nine years, after eliminating the more seasonable effects of ordinary summer and winter, are:—1. Between 1837 and 1876 three great heat-waves from without struck this part of the earth—viz., the first in 1846-5, the second in 1858-0, and the third in 1868-7. And unless some very complete alteration is to occur, the next such visitation may be looked for in 1879-5, within limits of half-a-year each way. 2. The next feature in magnitude and certainty is that the periods of minimum temperature of cold, are not either in, or anywhere near the middle time between the crests of these three chronologically identified heat-waves, but are comparatively close up to them on either side, at the distance of about a year and a half, so that the next such cold-wave is due at the end of the present year. This is, perhaps, not an agreeable prospect, especially if political agitators are at this time moving among the colliers, striving to persuade them to decrease the out-put of coal at every pit's mouth."

WELCOME YOUNG YEAR.

Welcome, Young Year!
 With thy bright, smiling face,
 So full of youth and cheer,
 And joyousness and grace!
 Concealed thy form is, so we cannot tell
 Whether thy semblance will be ill or well.
 The shadow of the past across the veil
 That hides the future falls; whate'er thy tale
 May be of good or ill, we yet must bear.
 So we will welcome thee, and bid thee cheer.
 Aye, we shall know thee better ere we part,
 And learn to love thee well, whate'er thou art.
 Welcome Young Year



OLD HORACE TRELAUNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

"Yes, I know." Austell laughs, and shoulders his rod preparatory to leaving after his next thrust. "You pat the girl gently enough, and then cannot forbear rubbing her the wrong way; and then you wonder that she scratches you."

"Your simile is flattering," says Louise, with irritation.

"I don't think that Madeline would mind it," replies Austell, carelessly.

"I am sure she ought not; your comparison, as far as she is concerned, is so very apt," Louise calls out in a louder key, for Austell has left the room while speaking.

He finds his mother in the hall. Her search for Madeline has thus far been fruitless.

"Perhaps you may meet her," she says to Austell. "If so, send her home. I want her particularly."

He is on the point of asking why, but knowing that it will take a dozen questions to elicit the reason, and being in haste, he promises to send Madeline, if he sees her.

"I cannot imagine where she can be," Mrs. Trelawny still continues, as the burden of her complaint. "When I was a girl, I was content to stay indoors, and do some sewing, and make myself useful. There is Louise, who can do anything with her needle! I do not know what Cousin Horace will think of Madeline; and yet I have taken a world of trouble with her."

"I don't suppose he will ever bother his head about her," says Austell, decidedly. "If I see Madeline, I will send her home, and I'll not hint to her that you intend to civilize her."

"It is too late for that," Mrs. Trelawny answers, with a sigh; a remark which Austell may or may not have heard, for he has walked away.

It is a perfect day in which to be out. Fitful June breezes are coming and going airily, stirring the crimson bells of the great fuchsia trained above the drawing-room windows, and flitting round the low, wide house-front, in the vain endeavour to surprise into a like lightsome mood the staid ivy reaching up the gable, even to the queer old pointed chimney-pots; and a deep pool, half hidden from the house by this fringe of the small-leaved Cornish elm, one may have a masculine enjoyment in skimming an artificial fly over the mock flowers and foliage of the pool, in the uncertain hope of fooling an unsuspecting fish.

The June day itself is a pleasure to Austell, which is as well, since an hour passes, and he has no luck, when he hears a doleful song—

"Cold blows the wind to-day, sweetheart,
Cold are the drops of rain;
The first true-love that ever I had,
In the greenwood he was slain.

"'Twas down in the garden-green, sweetheart,
Were you and I did walk;
The fairest flow'r that in the garden grew,
Is withered to a stalk.'"

caroled cheerily enough though by a clear young voice, that sings as sing the birds, for the love of the sound of their own voice.

The effect of this music upon Austell is to keep him perfectly motionless; the beetles and the birds might take him for a dead man, so still he lies.

When suddenly the song ceases, and there is a rustling in the bushes, and a girl, brown and saucy as any sparrow of them all, breaks through the underbush, and stops, breathless on the margin of the pool, close by the spot where Austell is lying.

He is on the grass at her side, and she is looking straight before her, so, naturally, does not observe him, and he does nothing to attract her attention. Yet the enforced stillness must be uncomfortable and Austell is not sorry when she glances down and sees him.

She is not in the least startled, and says abruptly,—

“So you are here!”

“I am here,” Austell answers as laconically. Adding, “Why should I not be?”

“There is no reason in the world; only I thought you preferred dawdling in the house.”

“Where you ought to be,” says Austell, severely. “My mother has been complaining of you.”

Madeline makes no excuse nor comment, but simply shrugs her shoulders, as if she knows something of Mrs. Trelawny's method of complaining.

“Sit down here, Madeline,” says Austell, raising himself suddenly to a sitting posture, and indicating with his hand the exact spot on the grass he wishes her to take, which is quite near him. “I have just been defending you; and now, here you are, quite in trim, as Louise would think, to be presented at Halgaver Court before the Mayor of Misrule. Come, what have you got to say for yourself? I have been taking your part, and I fear that I am reprehensible in doing so.”

“That is very probable,” replies Madeline, without moving, or even glancing down at the seat he has pointed out to her.

“What is probable? That I should take your part?”

“No; but that you were wrong in doing so.”

“So much for a girl's gratitude!” Austell exclaims, with disgust. “Next time I shall agree with my mother, and even propose a system of education, which shall include needle-work, and other feminine make-shifts to kill time.”

“I dare say even that will come with years,” said Madeline, a little ruefully.

“What will come? You are so oracular, your speeches may be interpreted in various ways.”

“Needlework, and the desire to kill time, will come. I don't suppose when I am seventy, or thereabout, I will spend the long summer days in roaming through the woods.”

“Don't speak of yourself and seventy in connection,” says the young man, quickly. “An old woman! I don't believe you could ever be one!”

“Perhaps not,” she replies, contentedly. “I haven't an idea whether I am of a long-lived or short-lived race. One advantage of knowing nothing of one's forbears is, that one has not the slightest hint of one's future inheritance from them.”

“What do you wish for most in the future, Madeline?” asks Austell, abruptly.

“I cannot tell. Nothing I have any idea of now. If I had the piskie's gift of the three wishes, they would not go very far into the future,” she says, laughing.

“What would you ask for in the present?”

“That we should have a week more of this weather; that Louise

would go away on a visit, as she wishes; and that your mother would—well, not fret about me,” Madeline adds, groping for the least objectionable word which would give her meaning.

Austell is evidently disappointed. The three wishes have not the most remote bearing on anything he can do or give; and he may have a disgust for their childishness.

“You should keep your wishes until you have desires worth something,” he says, brusquely.

Madeline laughs. “When I have, you will not be able to grant them.”

“Who can tell?”

“I can,” the girl answers. “I might mention a heartfelt wish to a fairy, or to some one I was immensely fond of—”

“Perhaps you will grow immensely fond of me.”

“Perhaps; only it is not likely.”

She is putting on her hat as she speaks, and is moving away, when Austell asks, with much irritation in his voice, “Wait a minute, Madeline. My mother wants you, and I promised, if I saw you, to send you home.”

“Does she really want me?” hesitatingly.

“Certainly; and you had better go at once. There was some row or other. I never saw my mother more anxious to find you,” is Austell’s ruthless answer.

She still lingers; and he says, without looking at her, but at the pool, where there is a quick flicker through the cool, green shadows, “See, now, there goes a shot, and I’ve missed it through talking.”

But he turns and watches her go away with slow steps. She is sure that her freedom is over, for to-day, at least, and she regrets it.

Austell lights a cigar, and smokes on calmly. A half hour passes, and then another, before he takes up his fishing-rod, and turns his face homewards.

At least, so he intends. But he is in no haste; he avoids the direct path skirting the lawn and garden, and turns aside to look at a dozen objects which had very little interest for him a few hours before. The horses in the pasture, the clover in the meadow, the fruit in the orchard, cause him to swerve from his way.

A letter is in Mrs. Trelawny’s hand as Madeline makes her appearance. She quietly opens it. How much of weal or woe a letter may contain! To Madeline its contents are astounding. Old Horace Trelawney, whose ward she was, claimed her and required her presence in his old castle to read and attend to him. Her look of horror was enough, so Mrs. Trelawny felt it her duty to inform the girl that there was no escaping from it.

Later in the day Austell is in the garden and is startled by coming upon Madeline prostrate with sobbing, and a letter lying beside her. He knows the secret is in that letter, and he does not hesitate to pick it up and read it. After reading it he gives a whistle of astonishment, and Madeline is now looking up into his face with anxiety.

“Is it not dreadful?” she asks, dolefully. “And your mother says there is no hope for me—that until I am of age I must do as I am bidden. And when I said I would not, she told me the law would

compel me. Is that true?" she asks. "For indeed I don't quite believe the law has any such power."

Austell laughs, she is so undoubtedly in earnest.

"Nevertheless, my mother tells the truth," he says. "And if you don't do what old Horace tells you, he will have the bailiffs after you."

She thinks he is in earnest.

"What can he want with me?" she asks. "I never before received a letter from him, nor has he cared to have me. He might at least have asked if I wished to go. Do you think," she asks, growing suddenly scarlet, "that your mother could—could have asked Mr. Trelawney to take me away from here?"

"Most certainly not," answers Austell, hastily. "I have heard old Horace has failed very much in health of late, so perhaps he thinks a young thing like you will be cheerful to have about him."

"Cheerful! I wonder what will make me cheerful? It is like telling one to talk when one has nothing in the world to say. What kind of a place is old Mr. Trelawny's? You have been there," says Madeline, with a sudden accession of interest in what may be her new home.

"Yes, I have been there," answers Austell, but with hesitation.

"But you have been there quite often. You know all about it," she asserts. "Yes."

"Then tell me about it. Is it pretty and nice, like Dinglefield—and is the house—"

"The house is immense."

"I hate old houses, they are sure to be cold and uncomfortable in winter," says Madeline, not feeling inclined to be pleased.

"But they do not use the quarter of it."

That is the worse. Great, empty rooms—"

"'Brown floors below, of polished oak,
And ancient tables round about,
Of Noah's broker, perhaps, bespoke,
When the ark's family went out.'"

quotes Austell. "But, seriously, Madeline, I can't describe Trelawny Priory; you must see it, to have an idea of it. I could tell you little more than you already know: that old Horace lives there alone with a woman equally ancient, who has come down gradually from her former rank of housekeeper to be sole servant now. She is called Leah; but she is by no means tender-eyed, if that means any lack of sharp-sightedness. I have a very kindly feeling towards old Horace," Austell adds, condescendingly, "and he has always been good-natured to me. And Leah and I are great friends. When you go there, I will come over often to see you."

"Oh, will you, really?" cries the girl. "I shall be so glad. And perhaps Mr. Trelawney will find I do not suit him in the least, and will send me back with you."

"No doubt. Who could possibly want *you*? But be of good heart, Madeline, for the old fellow may take a fancy to you, and leave you all his money. To be sure, if he does, Louise will never forgive you, and all the connection will call you names, and Seth Badger will marry you."

Austell has succeeded in his device, which is, to bring Madeline out of her tears. That she must go, there is no doubt; for only Horace Tre-

lawny has any authority over her, and Austell very well knows his mother will make no request to keep the child. Austell also knows that he is responsible for much of both his mother's and his cousin's dislike to Madeline. He has been fond of teasing and petting the girl, as idle young men will—all the more because she is captious and uncertain. Mrs. Trelawny, prompted by Louise, is certainly anxious as to Madeline's ensnaring him, men being such easily-entrapped creatures. And Austell, though he laughs and says it is nonsense, thinks that for the sake of all three of his women-kind, it is best for little Madeline to go away. So he does all in his power to smooth and brighten the way for her.

So, cheered by Austell from a sense of duty, flattered and stroked down by Louise, pecked at by Mrs. Trelawny, Madeline is pushed out of the nest, and bidden to use her wings. She is reluctant to go, fearful of the consequences; fond of the only home she has ever known. But she is far too shrewd not to see something of the hidden zeal in the preparations to speed her going; and too proud to show she feels the parting. Fortunately, Austell is still kind and watchful that the child shall not be too cruelly wounded; and for this she is very grateful.

"I will come to see you soon," are Austell's last words, as he seats her safely in the hired gig, which, according to her guardian's explicit directions, is to convey her, with Mrs. Trelawny's maid, over the twenty odd miles between Lostwithiel and Truro.

Poor Madeline! She is very lonely and unhappy. She is nearing her destination, but the tears are all wept out. This parting from those to whom she has always been used seems to be the day spring of a new life to her, whether for better or for worse no one can foretell. But as she speeds on, she is conscious of a new feeling of courage, of a brave will, which may serve to carry her through many unforeseen difficulties.

(To be continued.)

GOOD HEALTH; HOW TO GET IT AND HOW TO KEEP IT.

FIRST PAPER.

BY ALFRED CRESPI.

Late Editor of the "Sanitary Review."

THE inequality of conditions has ever been a favourite topic of the moralist, and the despair of the broken hearted. Those thinkers whose daring speculations have at times led them to deny a future life, and to reject the Christian revelation, have often had to confess that, after all, the uncertainties and mysteries surrounding them seem to require a hereafter beyond the grave, where the lots of men might be less unequal, and where retribution would await the prosperous wicked; and other thinkers, on the verge of scepticism, have been held back from the precipice and forced to look far a-head, not so much to a world where good men will be rewarded, as to one where the heavy laden, the oppressed, the sorrowful,—those whose cup ran over with gall and worm-

wood in this life, and who had to drink the very dregs, will have their share of good things. Few would envy that man who could believe that his own deeds called for a blessed reward hereafter, and who on that bold assumption based his belief in the life eternal, but all would hope and pray that there might yet come a day of rejoicing for the afflicted myriads around them. We know little, and we never can hope to know much, of the mansions of the blest till the summons comes for us, and hope is changed to fruition, and then, ah then, it will be too late to cheer the heart, to brighten the goal, to spur on the many. All we can do is to play our little part with as much judgment and knowledge as we can command, and leave the rest to our gracious Father, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

But I have implied that though our eyes are dark and our steps uncertain, though at least we are as children crying for the light, the sport of every breeze, something we can do, something we must do, if we would escape condemnation. Now, observe, that so fearfully and wonderfully are we made, so closely connected are the body functions with the intellectual powers, so great is the dependence of the morals on the body, that he who would live well and wisely, go in the way he ought, will never accomplish this so long as he thinks only of the mind; he *must* keep the body strong and healthy. The noblest constitution may be ruined by hard work, by vices, by sorrow: the weakest frame, buoyed up by hope, may enable its possessor to leave the world better than he found it, and so lessen the sum of human misery. How, then, can we so regulate the forces of nature that our bodies shall be strengthened and sustained, best fitted for the struggle of life, best adapted to be the receptacle of the immortal soul? It would be an unscientific and fatally narrow view of the subject which should confine our attention to ourselves, and induce us to fancy that all or even that very much, depended on our own exertions. Perhaps to our finite understanding it would serve best had the All Wise so decreed it, but thus it is not, and *no man liveth unto himself* is the great law which rules the world. Every action is a seed which may or may not bring forth good fruit, but which will not perish—not till heaven and earth shall pass away. Shall I go even farther and say that every thought is pregnant with future weal or woe? I know not if I should be justified in making so strong a statement, but those thoughts that influence the conduct—and who will dare to say what thoughts do not—must be potent one way or other. Thus, then, if actions are seeds that may long be dormant; if the very thoughts are as arrows that may do harm afar off, if the body and the mind act and re-act in each other; if there is nothing small or weak; if the tone of voice, the expression, of the face may be factors in results that will last for ever, and which only Divine Omniscience can estimate aright; if, I say, all this be so, and that it is not no wise man will deny, then each human being is a mass of complex and discordant parts, the result of factors as remote as to escape observation, so numerous as to defy human powers of computation, so far reaching in their remoter effects as to be lost in the mists of the future. This view of the case makes no pretence to novelty; it is accepted with some modifications by all thinkers and writers on the various topics now grouped together as socialology; every medical writer

knows it ; and every sanitary reformer is one moment daunted by it and another encouraged and spurred on. Granting, then, as I believe they all must, that which we are depends in large measure on others, and in some degree on generations long crumbled into dust, and perhaps least of all in ourselves, unless we possess cultured and highly trained minds enabling us to rise superior to adverse circumstances and for this well developed mind we are more indebted to others and to early surroundings than to any merits of our own—granting this, I say it must at once occur to us that we stand in like relations to others who will succeed, and that what the men and women of 1978 are in physique, in culture, in wealth, and in morals will depend in no small degree on what we labour to make them. Truly, no man liveth unto himself, and the random word, the unjust deed, may be fraught with consequences we little foresee.

To deal with the science of health as if much depended on our own individual exertions, as if a man of twenty, with habits comparatively improved, and growth not yet completed, could say, "I am determined that I, now in life's early morning, shall lay the productions of those habits that will conduce to my happiness here and hereafter," would be absurd. "Yes," we should have to reply, "you can do something, but less than you suppose. If from your parents you have inherited a fragile body and a feeble understanding, where will your hopes end? or if badly brought up, evil habits are slowly forming, and long before a change can be effected the hand of death sweeps you away, cutting short all your labours, what then? And if in the case of the young man of twenty the difficulties are so great, what are they to the man of fifty or sixty, who, for the first time, determines to form habits commending themselves to his understanding, to be charitable instead of malicious, generous instead of selfish, truthful instead of false, active instead of indolent, hardworking instead of idle, frugal instead of self-indulgent, will he not despair of self-reformation, and mournfully cry too late. But suppose a father and mother determine to train up their children aright, to give them a sound mind in a sound body, how often, even then, the hopeless cry would be raised 'too late, too late.' Yes, the time is long gone by ; for your anxious father and mother have given your children constitutions tainted with disease, feeble frames doomed to misery and suffering, dissipations that will need almost divine fortitude to check their evil tendencies ; and, worse perhaps than all, your example, your temperament may be the worst conceivable for your tender offspring. You may long to do the right thing in your daily life, and may strive to guide your children well, but the power may be gone ; you cannot send back the shadow on the dial ; you and your children may do something, but you must in great measure reap as you and circumstances have sown."

No easy thing, this source of health. To be temperate, active, hopeful, seems easy, but, alas ! how hard all must confess who have tried. We may often compare would-be health reformers, that is to say people who desire to mould their lives according to a certain model to travellers who wish by an hour not far distant to reach a station on the South Western line ; unfortunately they get into an express train bound for

a distant town on the North Western. Suddenly, after an hour's swift travelling, they awake to find themselves going in the wrong direction. They cannot stop the train, and when they reach the first stopping place it will be too late to return. A desperate remedy offers the only chance of success—to leave all their luggage, and to throw themselves from the train, then to hasten to their proper goal. How great the probability of a fatal, a most serious accident, how small, at least, the chance of success. He would be a bold man who would venture to run the risk, and to face death, or a broken limb, or the ridicule of friends, and his own fears, and I know not what besides; yet some there might be who in a moment of desperation could muster up courage and run the fearful ordeal—one leap, one moment of dread uncertainty, and the worst would be over. But how different this, from changing the habits of years—let those who doubt my statement try in their own persons—let them, if drunkards, fling for ever away the darling beverage; let them think of others rather than of themselves; let them be large hearted, generous, sympathising, trusting; let them, after a life of sin and self-indulgence, turn their faces leawards; will it be easy, think you? Hell is paved with good resolutions, and the inability to stop is a fatal hindrance. Better than the pomp of kings and the glitter of courts; better than proud titles and broad acres are a sound constitution and temperate habits derived from honourable, christian, upright parents, who will point their children right, and themselves lead the way. Then, indeed, would soundness of mind and body go together.

1878.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-eight
May mercy and truth the world await!
Too long have oppression and fraud been rife,
Polluting, poisoning the stream of life;
Too long has war, with its blasting breath,
Spread pestilence, famine, despair, and death.

Too long has intemperance drained the bowl
That ruins body, and mind, and soul;
Too long has unchaste indulgence piled
Its loathsome curse upon lands defiled;
And cruelty, hatefulest birth of hell,
Inflicted horrors no tongue can tell.

But a glorious change shall be wrought, we trust,
And goodness no longer aside be thrust;
Christ's ever-growing dominion wide
Shall smite the insolvent pomp of pride;
Exalted then shall be modest worth,
And the meek shall inherit the peaceful earth.

Hail, "good time coming," delayed so long,
Foretold in Scripture, portrayed in song.
O England, with light and with freedom blest,
Fulfil thy mission by God's behest;
And do thy part that on thee may wait
Millenial blessings in seventy-eight.

THOMSON SHARP.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

What a gay fellow he was! He used to go singing and whistling about the whole day long. He was always merry, and scarcely anything could make him sad. One day little Dick thought he would have a ramble in the forest, at some distance from his home. So off he set in high spirits, singing and whistling till he made the woods ring again.

At last he reached a clear brook that ran through the wood: and being thirsty, he stooped down to drink. But just at that moment he was suddenly seized from behind, and found himself in the hands of a great, tall giant, a hundred times as big as himself. The giant looked at him with delight, and then put him into a large bag, and carried him off.

Poor Dickey tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to no purpose. He screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear the bag, but the giant only laughed at him for his pains, and went on holding him fast.

At last the giant came to his house—a gloomy-looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in he shut the door, and took Dickey out of the bag. The poor captive now thought his time was come; for when he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it two victims larger than himself roasting for the giant's dinner. The giant, however, did

not kill Dick, but only put him into a prison which he had prepared for him. It was quite dark, with cross bars all round it; and the only food in it was a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. Dick, beat his head against the iron bars, and dashed backwards and forwards, and felt very wretched.

The next day the giant came and looked at Dick, and finding that he had eaten none of the bread, he took him by the head, and crammed some of it down his throat. Poor Dick was too much frightened to think of eating or drinking.

He was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was. The poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sunlight, the trees, the flowers, and the many nice things he used to eat; and then he screamed and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat and tore himself.

The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing as he used to do and be happy and merry. "Sing, sing, sing!" said he; but Dick was much too sad to sing. A prison is no place to sing songs in. At last the giant grew angry, and took Dick out to force him to sing. Dick gave a loud scream, plunged, and struggled, and then sank dead in the giant's hand!

This is a true story. Poor Dickey was a *little bird* and the giant was a *cruel boy*."

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

II.—PROFESSOR FARADAY.

Of all the instances recorded of men who have risen by perseverance, none are more instructive than that of Professor Faraday, the son of a smith, a hard-working man. Young Faraday not being strong enough for his father's trade, was apprenticed to a bookbinder, in Marylebone; he was a lad diligent in business, but fond of reading in hours of leisure. His chief books were those on science, and he liked particularly to read about the wonders of chemistry and electricity; the latter he loved to think about as the wonderful power that flashed from the thunder

clouds and pervaded all things. He found out a shop window, with an electrical machine, and with eager eyes he looked at it. At every spare moment he was there, nothing daunted by obstacles, and he was not satisfied until he knew the shape and measure of every part of the machine, and he determined to make one for himself.

It was in the early summer mornings that Faraday worked earnestly at his machine, and at length to his intense delight, completed it, and found it would act; he touched the knob, and a thrill went through him. On showing it to his kind master, who being a sensible man, was both pleased and surprised at the cleverness and ingenuity of his apprentice, he shewed the machine to every one likely to be interested in a clever boy. Some of the admirers of the lad were fellows of the Royal Society, who were asked for admission tickets to give him for the lectures. Some years after, Faraday was seated in the Royal Society's lecture room listening to Sir Humphry Davy, and witnessing some of his beautiful chemical experiments. He knew not which most to admire, the lecturer or the experiments; his admiration of the lecturer himself was very great, and having been a reader he knew that the great man had come from a remote country town, Penzance in Cornwall, so that he had taught himself all he knew; and now as he saw Sir Humphrey standing before the noble of the land, with the light of genius in his flashing eye, and words of wisdom falling from his eloquent lips, he exclaimed, "If I could only follow in the steps of such a man!" This strong desire produced action, and with his usual promptness, wrote to the great chemist, stating that he disliked the business to which he had been apprenticed, and that he loved science, and would consider himself happy to be used in any way in his laboratory. Although a bold step, his letter was not neglected, and enquiries were made, and his master consulted, who very kindly said he would not stand in his way. The electrical apparatus was a great aid to him in pursuing his studies, and the wish of his heart was granted; he entered the laboratory of Sir Humphrey, and had ample opportunity to study and improve.

Sir Humphrey Davy, the philanthopist and man of science, died, much lamented and honoured, but who filled his place? Who is he whose lectures at the Royal Institution in after years were listened to by royal auditors? The youth who was diligent in his calling, and now the much beloved Professor Faraday!

G.S.

SNOWDROPS.

Snowdrops, spotless snowdrops!

Harbingers of spring;
Welcome is the message
Which ye to us bring;
From the earth upspringing
Beautiful and bright,
Telling that the winter
Soon will take its flight.

Snowdrops, spotless snowdrops!

Decking winter's shrine,
How your fragile blossoms
Gracefully incline!

With unsullied beauty

And a silent voice
Whispering of bright days to come;
Bidding earth rejoice.

Snowdrops, spotless snowdrops!

Hail where'er ye grow;
Blossoms named so sweetly,
Fair as flakes of snow!
Bring us thoughts of holiness;
Point our souls on high,
Where, through one unchanging spring
All is purity.

FAITH CHILTERN.



A GENEROUS DEED.
OR, SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK.

Charley Trevor had been looking thoughtfully into the fire some time, when his mother, surprised at his meditative mood, enquired the subject of his thoughts.

"Oh, not much," he replied, his cheek slightly colouring with a sense of mortified pride, "only the day before I left Eton, I happened to overhear Dr. Dean saying how generous it was of Lord Lansmere to educate me with his only son."

"Well, listen to me, Charley, and I will tell you of one who performed a deed of far nobler generosity," said his mother, with some emotion. "Your father, as you know, was a naval officer, who, before he had reached his twenty-fourth year, distinguished himself highly in several engagements with the enemy.

"When peace was proclaimed his ship was paid off; but as he had been highly commended for his bravery in action in the despatches home, he was in daily expectation of his epaulets, and the command of a sloop at least.

"He had been at home about a month, when one of those fearful gales, which oftentimes desolate this wild coast, came on with unparalled fury; and soon above the howling of the storm, the boom of signal guns were heard. In an instant your father was on the alert. He was hav-

ing a game of play with his baby boy when that signal of a ship in distress fell on his ear; and when you clung around his neck and begged him not to go away from his little Charley, he answered, 'We must mind duty before pleasure, my son,' and placing you in my arms, he kissed us both and hurried down to the shore. There on the Gwenap Sands we beheld a large East Indiaman slowly drifting towards the breakers.

"The sea ran in mountains, and any attempt to rescue those on board the doomed bark was fraught with imminent peril. Danger however did not deter your brave father and others from making an effort, when a woman equally brave, seized an oar to help your father, and in less than an hour they succeeded in reaching the wreck, and rigging a cradle to convey the passengers to shore.

"A pale, delicate-looking lady, almost inanimate with cold and terror, was the first to leave the wreck, and was soon safely landed on the beach, the cradle was swung back again to the ship, and another precious freight was on its way to shore, when a huge wave lifted the frail bark on its foaming crest, and the next instant a woman and child were tossing to and fro in the boiling surf!

"Oh, God! my child! my only son! Will you not save him?" cried the lady in piteous tones, looking wildly up into her preserver's face, on whose arm she was leaning for support.

"To rescue that child was to dare death in its most awful shape; yet your brave father could not reject that mother's agonized appeal—quick as thought a cordon of sailors were breasting the waves with him at the head. The child was rescued from the jaws of death; but the brave young officer with a noble career opening out before him, lay crushed by that mighty sea on Gwenap Sands.

"That boy whom your father saved at the cost of his own life, was the only son of Lord Lansmere."

A SKETCH OF ARMENIA.

ARMENIA, the scene of operations in Asia of the Russian army, once formed a considerable kingdom, comprising districts now divided between the three empires of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. The Armenians trace their origin back to a remote period in history; indeed, they have a tradition that the first ruler of that country was the great grandson of Japhet, son of Noah. Be this as it may, the Armenians appear to have been governed for some centuries by their own kings, who were occasionally conquered by the powerful monarchs in their neighbourhood. Armenia afterwards became a Grecian province, and then became divided between the Romans and Persians. At length the decline of the Persian and the rise of the Saracen power transferred the contest to new parties. When the Turks sallied from Central Asia towards Constantinople, Armenia was in their direct line of route, and the attacks of the Turks became so fearful that about the year 1400 the persecuted Armenians resolved to abandon their country altogether. Since that time they have not been known as a collected nation.

When the reader, therefore, hears of Armenia he must not conclude that it is inhabited by Armenians, but by Asiatic Christians descended from those who once inhabited the kingdom of Armenia, now a Turkish province. Kurds are in general the inhabitants of the mountainous districts near the frontiers of Turkey and Persia. Bayazid is a singular looking place, being built among the clefts on either side of a high, rugged mountain, while a projecting rock is crowned by the castle. Mr. Frazer remarks concerning its singular positions:—"You do not see half of it until you climb up and get into it as into a bird's nest." Bayazid is properly a Kurdish city, although nominally within the Turkish dominions.

From Bayazid on the road to Erzeroum little is met with but Kurdish villages, scattered at wide intervals through a mountainous district, the cold of which in winter is far greater than anywhere in Britain. On reaching Erzeroum the first important Turkish town in Asia Minor is entered. It contains 60 mosques and several churches. The whole town is defended by high double walls, well built and additionally strengthened with lofty towers and forts. It was a flourishing place of trade till 1829, when the Russians overran that country, and caused nearly 100,000 Turks, Armenians, and Kurds to leave and pass into the Russian territory. Of this number 7,000 were from Erzeroum.

At about 36 miles from Erzeroum is Ashkala, a pretty village, inhabited by a small number of families; and further on are similar villages, such as Kara Koula, Karpri Koloi, and several others, the scene of many conflicts in former days. In various parts of Asia Minor are towns bearing the name of Kara Hissir. This implies black castle, and is generally applied to a fortress built on a hill. Erzeroum is the capital of the province of Armenia. Some of the principal towns and cities are—Kars, 150 miles north-west of the capital recently taken by Russia; Trebizond, 100 miles north of Kars; Erivan, 180 miles east of Erzeroum; Batoum, Alexandropol, &c.

THE GRATEFUL SOLDIER.

A few days before Christmas, in the year 1840, a Russian minister was going home from a place at some distance from the village where he lived. Evening was coming on, and it was growing so bitterly cold that it was almost dangerous for any one to be out. He was wrapped in a fur cloak, and travelled in a sledge, which went fast over the hard, smooth snow. As he went along he saw something lying on the ground, and stopped to see what it was. He found that it was a soldier, who seemed to have fallen down exhausted with the cold, and, to all appearance, was dead. The minister, however, would not leave him on the road, but lifted him into the sledge, with his gun, which lay beside him, and drove on as fast as he could to the next inn, which it took about half an hour to reach. He was not satisfied with leaving the poor soldier in the care of the people there; but, although he was very anxious to reach his home, he stayed for an hour directing and helping them to do all

that was possible in order to bring the man to conscious life again, in case he were not really dead. And at length their endeavours were successful, and his senses, and the use of his limbs, gradually returned. Then the minister set off homewards, having first rewarded the people of the inn, and also given them money to pay for a good meal for the poor man before he should go forward on his journey.

As soon as the man was refreshed, and felt able to go, he insisted upon doing so, although the people did all they could to persuade him not to venture out again that night. But he said that he was carrying letters which were important, and he must not delay any longer than was quite necessary. So taking his gun he proceeded on his way, which he found would very soon bring him to the village where the minister lived to whom he owed his life. He reached the place before long, and, though it was now very late at night, he could not forbear going to his benefactor's house, that he might, if possible, see and thank him for what he had done.

As he went up to the house he saw that, though it was so late, there were still lights in it; and as he came nearer he heard loud voices and great confusion within. He hastened to the door, but it was fastened; and without waiting to knock, he ran to the window close by, and looking in, saw the clergyman surrounded by four armed robbers. They had just tied his hands and feet, and were threatening to murder him if they would not tell them where his money was to be found. The soldier instantly forced his way in, fired his gun at one of the robbers, and killed him on the spot. The others attacked the soldier, but he disabled one with his bayonet, and the other two were seized with fear, and rushed out of the house, leaving the minister, as may be supposed, overpowered by astonishment and gratitude for his sudden deliverance. And then his still deeper and happier feelings may be imagined when he found that the poor man, whose life he had saved only a few hours before, had now been made the means of preserving his own.

GOLDEN SAYINGS.

Flavel says—"I bless God for a religious tender father, who often poured out his soul to God for me, and this stock of prayers I esteem above the fairest inheritance on earth."

Luther, when most engaged, said—"I have so much to do that I cannot get on without three hours of praying."

Matthew Hale said—"If I omit praying and reading God's word in the morning, nothing goes well all day."

Dr. Paysen remarked—"Since I began to beg God's blessing on my studies I have done more in one week than in the whole year before."

General Havelock is reported to have risen at four o'clock if the hour for marching was six, so that he might spend some time at the Throne of Grace before setting out.

John Bradford said to his companion at the stake—"Be of good courage, Brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night."

"Hast thou hope?" was asked John Knox when he lay dying. Without speaking a word the devout man raised his hand and, pointing upward, died.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.
A KANGAROO HUNT.

BY CHAS. H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.

To the "new chum," freshly arrived from England, a kangaroo hunt presents the charm of novelty and excitement, and he is anxious to enter at once upon so exhilarating a sport.

To his surprise, however, he finds that it is not so easy as he imagined to get a run with the hounds in the Antipodean regions of her gracious Majesty's extended empire.

He does not find that the old settlers in the country are possessed with that singular passion for sport which the French wit attributed to the true Britisher, when he described him as saying, "It is fine day; let us go and kill something."

The comparative rarity of a fine day in England may have something to do with this feeling; but in Australia, where one fine day succeeds another with almost monotonous regularity, there is no such special inducement to go out killing, as the first clause of the Frenchman's proverb would imply that we require to excite us in our more inhospitable climate.

The laissez-faire and nonchalant squatter, who "has made his pile" out of wool or cattle, does not go in for the honour of becoming the "master of the hounds." It is no treat to him to have a wild gallop over rough and rocky ground, dodging in and out among the innumerable gum trees of the "Bush," at a truly break-neck speed, in order to destroy a few kangaroo, which he looks upon more in the light of vermin than game.

When these animals become troublesome, and destroy as much grass as would feed a few thousand of his sheep—as often happens in Victoria—then the squatter rouses himself, and goes out hunting.

But this is his mode of performing that operation—

He calls together all his neighbours within a radius of from twenty to fifty miles, and they form a semi-circle of mounted men, who ride over the country and converge upon a given point. At this point is a large enclosure of rough stakes, wide at the mouth, and narrowing towards the end, and it is the object of the horsemen to drive the kangaroo, as they fly before them, into this wide-mouthed trap. Here they are caught by hundreds, and sometimes by thousands; and, when they are shut in, a number of men, armed with clubs, go in, and brain the poor frightened creatures by wholesale. It is unfortunate that the skins are too tender and coarse to be of much use to the tanner, and hence their market value is very small.

Occasionally, however, you may get a run with the hounds in the English style, but this is usually through the enterprise of a few townsmen, to whom a gallop in the wild bush still presents some attractions. These men keep two or three hounds each—no one ever seems to keep a pack—and, at an appointed time and place, horsemen and hounds meet together in the early glory of an Australian dawn.

The kangaroo hound is a great, rough, unkempt, long-legged creature, strong as a deer-hound, and more or less fleet, according to the purity of his breed.

As a rule, he is a sadly untrained animal, and cannot be induced to keep his energy in proper bounds, but will persist in rushing about, and getting up small hunts on his own account. This is very damaging to the true interests of the sport, and often prevents the chase from becoming general, as the whole of the game are driven off before the horsemen can come within range.

Let us suppose that the dogs have been kept pretty well in hand, and that the kangaroo have started off at full speed in various directions. Dogs and horsemen have become separated, and you select one or other of the little bands into which the party is broken up ; and, putting your horse at his topmost speed, away you go.

Take care, however, what you are doing. The ground is covered with thick grass, at least a yard high ; and, amongst this, many fallen trees lie invisible, ready to trip up your horse, whilst the standing trees are so thick, that, without care, you may ride straight on to one of their hard stems, and bring both yourself and your horse to an untimely end. I was tolerably fortunate myself in all my hunts, but I believe I was far more cautious than the true bush rider, who dashes along through a thick grove of gum trees with the same careless freedom with which he would scour an open plain, and at the topmost speed of his horse.

One of these random fellows came to signal grief just in front of me, for I suddenly saw both himself and his horse make a complete somersault, and disappear in the thick grass. He had "collided" a fallen and hidden tree, and I expected to find he had broken his neck at least. Presently, however, I saw him sitting upright in the grass, pale and silent, but he soon recovered his breath and his horse, and was off again as fast as ever.

I found myself and my horse, at another time, making for different sides of a huge gum tree, as he was galloping at full speed, and the effect of our difference of opinion was to bring him straight in front of its huge unyielding stem.

For a moment I thought I must be dashed to pieces ; but, instinctively letting the reins fall loose, the horse swerved on one side, and just grazed my knee against the tree trunk as he rushed by.

It is not at all an uncommon thing for bushmen to meet with fatal accidents by coming into collision with trees, during their wild rides after cattle.

Let us now follow the kangaroo.

The action of these animals is peculiar, and very strange to witness, for the first time. They go over the ground, at a great speed, by a series of long flying leaps, in every one of which they bound high above the tall grass. They spring entirely from their hind legs, and never employ the tail in leaping, except that it stands out, and acts as a rudder. During feeding, the animal sits on its tail and thighs, but it is an error to suppose that it is used as an aid to its wonderful leaps. These are all due to the action of its powerful hind legs.

An "old man" kangaroo may be ridden down by horses alone, without dogs, and then he will generally stand at bay, and shew fight.

In my first hunt, a very large old man did this, and made an attempt to pull me off my horse, with his sharp front paws. In this, however,

he was frustrated by one of the dogs, who rushed in, and, upsetting the tall beast, he rolled with him on the ground, and flew at his throat. The "old man," however, was too strong for the dog; for, clasping him tightly in his short, sharp fore-paws, very much as a fond mother would hold her babe, he lifted up his hind leg, and, with one stroke, he ripped up the poor brute with his formidable, long, middle toe, so that his inside was laid bare, and thus a hound, worth £10, was killed at a blow.

A horseman, who had dismounted, then hamstrung the kangaroo with his long knife, and he was soon slain.

I still possess the hind and fore paws of this enormous beast, and look upon them much as a Red Indian would contemplate a dried scalp. The smaller kangaroo will often give you a long and exciting chase, and I have actually seen the frightened creatures pluck their young from the pouch, and throw it away, when hard pressed by the dogs, though seldom with any beneficial result, as the savage fangs almost invariably were soon afterwards planted in the flanks of their victims.

I must confess that it always gave me pleasure when the poor hunted creatures managed to escape, for there is something truly distressing in the sight of the terrified, timid animal lying on its back in the grasp of a fierce dog, whilst its beautiful soft eye is turned upon the huntsman with a half-human expression of agony and fear.

On one occasion we surprised two splendid Emus, as they were feeding quietly in the plain, and we at once gave chase. The female was quickly overtaken and killed, but the male gave us a splendid run of about five miles, at a speed which defied the utmost power of both dogs and horses.

It was a novel and interesting sight to see this huge bird swinging along over the plain, with his great legs and small wings, and his beautiful tail feathers streaming in the wind.

I am not at all sure that he would have been caught at all had not some of our party, fresh from the slaughter of the other bird, ridden across his path as he doubled back, and thus enabled one of the dogs to attack him in flank, and so he fell.

Although I much enjoyed this fine race after so magnificent a specimen of the feathered tribe, yet I must candidly admit that it is a cruel shame to kill such beautiful creatures in mere sport. The eggs, which are of a dark, mottled green colour, are much sought after for ornaments, and for mounting in silver as inkstands, vases, &c., so that I fear it will not be many years before the Emu may be extinct in Australia, as the Moa has now become in New Zealand.

As for the kangaroos, it will be very long before they are likely to become extirpated, as their flesh is not worth eating, though a very good soup may be made from the tail.

The "black fellows," or Aborigines, live very much upon the flesh of the Kangaroo, Wallaby, and other marsupial animals; but as they—like the Emu—are gradually dying out before the onward march of civilization, it is found that, in many of the settled districts, the kangaroos rather increase than not, and are almost as troublesome as the rabbits, whom some well-meaning, but reckless, individual introduced into Victoria and Tasmania, to the constant loss and annoyance of every sheep and cattle owner.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

THE LORD'S SPECIAL CARE OVER US.

If the Lord is omniscient He must know every thought in the mind of every human being, even before it is expressed. He must know every tendency of our natures far better than we can know it. He must know us perfectly at every particular moment, which even we do not, much less those who hear our words. When the Lord was upon the earth, "He knew what was in man," and He can hardly know less now.

He must, of course, know us personally, because no two persons are alike. He must see every shade of difference which distinguishes one person from another. "Even the very hairs of our head are numbered." His knowledge is individual and particular; it extends to infinitesimal details in all their forms and relations, and possibilities to eternity. He knows what there is in us, which is in harmony with Him, and what there is which is opposed to the principles of His divine order. As He loves us with an infinite love, He must sympathize with us more profoundly and tenderly than any human being can. He knows not only our troubles but the cause of them, and He is doing all in His power, not only to relieve us from the particular trouble, but from its cause.

The true and only way to think of the Lord is to think of Him as a person in His glorified humanity. It is easy to think of Him as a person, by which we mean a being in the human form, as it was for His disciples to think of Him as a person when He was with them upon the earth. The true and only way we know of gaining a true conception of the Lord—one which is adequate to His infinite perfections we can never attain—is to think of Him as He has revealed Himself to us in the New Testament. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. How sayest thou then, Show us the Father."

The universe is a form of the

Divine love, and an embodiment of the Divine wisdom; it is the means which infinite love, guided by infinite wisdom, has provided for the highest good of man. It may be regarded as a machine, always working in the same way, but not as one created in the beginning of time, wound up and set running, like a clock. It is constantly created. The Divine love and care for us is unremittently expressed by it, and just as fully and tenderly expressed as it would be if we were the only created beings in the universe, and its whole mighty framework was created for our special benefit. It is what the Lord is doing for us to-day. It is not constantly changing, because it is specifically adapted to all human wants by infinite wisdom, and infinite wisdom cannot do any better to-day than it did yesterday. It would not do to change the constitution of the atmosphere because it is now perfectly adapted to the nature of the lungs, and to all the wants of the body. To change the nature of light would destroy all power of seeing. The same principle is true of all human relations to the material universe.

If we put all questions of time aside, and think that every means of existence, of comfort, happiness and growth of body and mind are the Lord's special gift, special adaptation of means to secure our highest good to-day, and will think of Him as an infinitely glorious, Divine man, providing and bestowing all these gifts without intermission, as one who knows every want, and is in the constant effort to supply it, many difficulties will be removed. If there is a sincere and earnest effort to discover what the Divine laws are, and to live according to them, all difficulties will vanish, and the soul will come into beautiful accord with the Lord, and there will no longer be any doubt about His personal knowledge of us, and of His special care for us.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

WAR—"It is difficult to realise now-a-days how cheaply, as regards loss of life, generals achieved immemorial victories in past times. Agincourt was won with the loss of less than 100 men. There were only 25,000 Englishmen at Crecy, and less than half that number at Poitiers. Since then the science of slaughter has developed, and already in the Turko-Russian war, more than 150,000 must have been sacrificed."—*The World*.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.—Until one begins to feel the effect of impaired vision he can hardly estimate the value of eyesight; and consequently, from ignorance or carelessness, he is apt to neglect a few simple precautions by the observance of which his sight might be preserved.

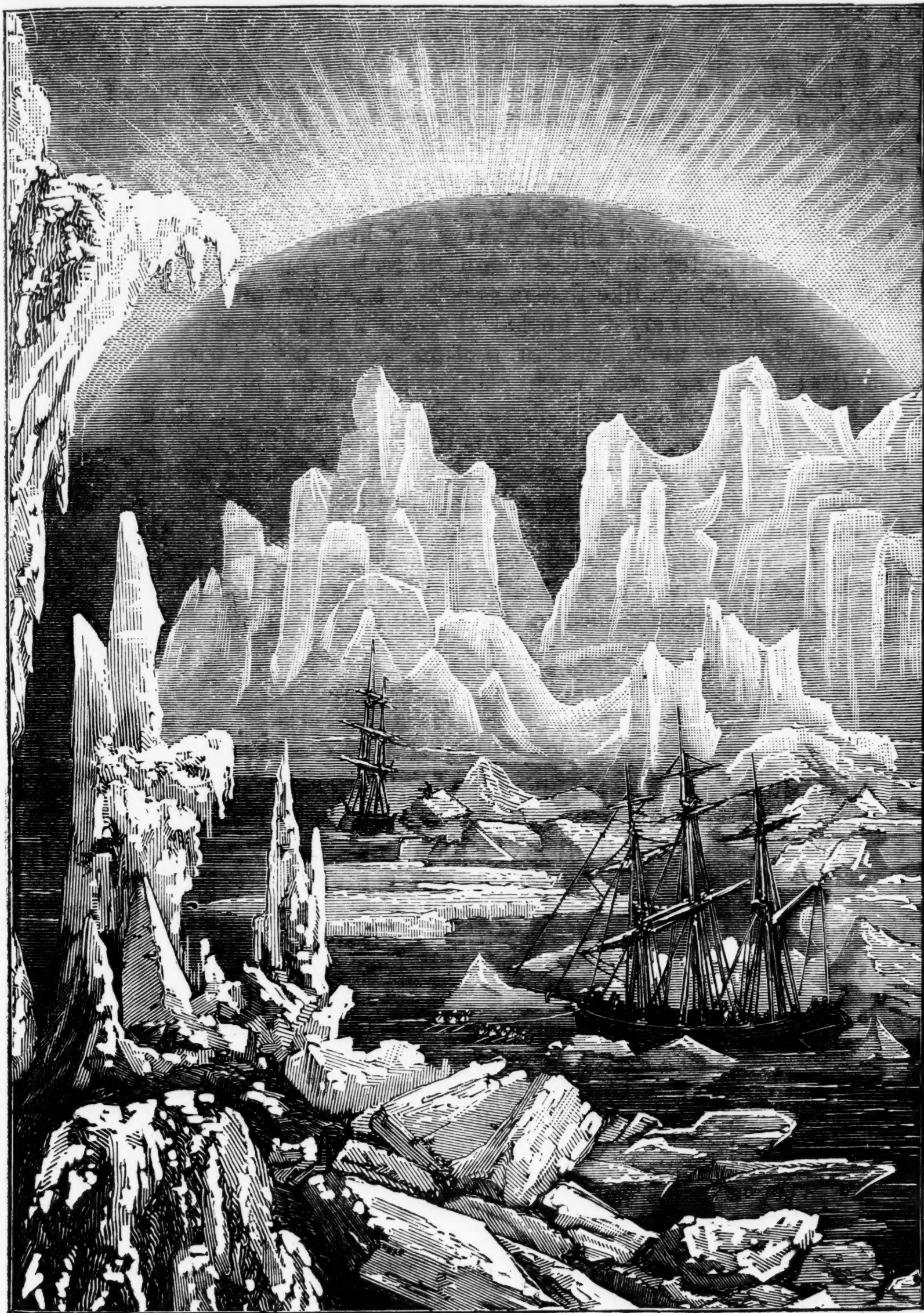
First, never use a writing-desk or table with your face towards a window. In such cases the rays of light come directly upon the pupil of the eyes, and, causing an unnatural and forced contraction thereof, soon permanently injure the sight. Next, when your table or desk is near a window, sit so that your face turns *from, not towards*, the window while you are writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike the eye and injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in front of the window. It is best always to sit or stand while reading or writing with the window behind you; and, next to that, with the light coming over your left side; then the light illumines the paper or book, and does not shine abruptly upon the eyeball.

The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We are often asked what is the best light—gas, candles, or paraffin? Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light of either be strong enough and do not flicker. A gas fish-tail burner should never be used for reading or writing, because there is a constant oscillation or flickering of the flame. Candles unless they have self-consuming wicks, which do not require snuffing, should not be used.

But, whatever the artificial light used, let it strike the paper or book which you are using, whenever you can, from over the left shoulder. This can always be done with gas, for that light is strong enough, and so is the light from paraffin, &c., provided it comes through a circular burner like the Argand. But the light, whatever it be, should always be protected from the air in the room by a glass chimney, so that the light may be steady.

SOUND SLEEP.—Sound sleep is essential to good health (says the *Pictorial World*). It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system exhausted by labour and activity without this perfect repose. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom disturbed by trifles, whilst a wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose, and of sleeping but little. We are inclined to think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of closely limiting the time given to rest have not been exaggerated. Active persons of nervous temperaments can hardly get too much sleep. We know very well that the saving of two or three hours a day from slumber is in one sense equivalent to a considerable prolongation of human life, and we are no advocates of indolence; but the fact still remains that sleep may be so much abridged as to leave the system incapable of as much effective work in two hours as might be performed in a better condition in one.

LIKE MEN OR BEASTS?—"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan, to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or like beasts?" Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."



ICEBERGS AND THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ICEBERGS, or ice mountains, are very numerous in Baffin's Bay, where they are sometimes met with two miles in length, and nearly half that width. They are also frequently found in Hudson's Bay.

An ice-field, when in motion, coming in contact with another moving in a contrary direction, produces a dreadful shock. Let the reader picture to himself a body of more than ten thousand millions of tons in weight meeting with a similar body in motion! "No description," says Sir John Ross, "can convey an idea of a scene of this nature; and as to the pencil it cannot represent motion or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in a winter's storm, the ice which we see in an inland lake or canal conveys no idea of what it is the fate of an Arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that the icebergs are like floating rocks; and then imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide, meeting as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder; breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder till they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; whilst the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses or against the rocks by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences." So violent indeed are these concussions, that, as Captain Scoresby says, "the strongest ship can no more withstand the contact of two ice-fields than a sheet of paper can stop a musket-ball."

" On the frozen deeps repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close
To claim her with their power."

A captain was in great danger of being blocked up in the Northern Ocean, for his vessel was there at that season of the year when the icebergs are floating down in great numbers. Early one morning the captain and crew saw a great iceberg coming towards them. They tried to avoid it, but on it came, crashing against the ship. The keel of the vessel struck upon its base. The ship stood still, and then began to fill with water. The boats were cut loose; the sailors dropped into them, and the captain went last of all, into the smallest boat. When he did so, the deck of the vessel lay lower than the little boat; it was filling so fast with water.

There they were in their little boats among the great ice mountains, which might any moment come down upon them, and sink them into the deep sea.

A few seconds after they pushed off from the vessel, they saw that nothing but the masts remained above the water, and in a moment more they too were gone.

So they rode on cautiously in their boats, hoping to reach the land, which was about eighty miles off. The captain was asked, some time after, how he felt when stepping into the boat from his sinking ship; his reply was, "I felt that I was in my Lord's hands." No wonder, then, if he was not afraid!

Some of the sailors too were pious men. They felt that whether they lived or died, they should be with the Lord. Thus they rowed on among the icebergs all that day, and then night came. It was summer, but the air was made very cold by the ice, and the icebergs were

driven about in the water. The captain and sailors committed themselves to the care of Him, to whom the night is as clear as the day, and sang as they were wont,—

THE MARINERS' MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O, Thou who didst prepare
The ocean's cavern'd cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell:
Toss'd in our reeling bark,
Upon this briny sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to Thee.

Snatch'd from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam,—
Thou, Lord, the trusting soul will keep,
And waft it home!
Home, where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troubled billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

The Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, is a luminous meteor, which generally appears in the northern parts of the heavens, and in frosty weather. It is usually of a reddish colour, and sends out gleams of white light! it moves with great velocity, increases and decreases in size, and assumes a variety of strange shapes. It is often accompanied with crackling and hissing noises.

The Aurora Borealis is doubtless caused by electric matter in the atmosphere.

THE HOME-COMING.

HUSBAND (*throwing down his tool basket*).

Work, weary work! still day by day
The unvarying round of life's dull
way!

Toiling, toiling, ever toiling,
Just to keep the kettle boiling!
Jaded from my work returning,
Mine's a "lane" that knows no turning."

Winter mornings, dark and dreary,
Summer noontides, fiercely fiery,—
Come rain, or snow, fog, hail, or
sleet,—

Shiver'd with cold,—or faint with
heat,—

On, on, I still my task must ply,
With aching limb, or dimming eye:—
And all, that those who pay my wage
May keep their coachman and their
page!

Work, weary work, the same, the
same,

Week in, week out, still, still as tame!
And so 'twill be, until my head
Lies low beneath a grassy bed.

WIFE (*handing him a cup of coffee*).

Nay, husband, yon's a dismal ditty!
You once could sing me songs more
witty!

While this hot cup you sip or quaff,
I'll try a tune (but don't you laugh!)
An echo, lingering in my ear
Of lessons which I used to hear,
When fretful o'er my washing-tub,
Or wearied with my scrub-scrub-scrub.

I.

Work away *cheerily*, work with a will,
Though all's not "smooth sailing"—
and all's not down hill.

No matter for that; if the heart be
but brave,
'Twill not blanch like a coward, nor
moan like a slave.

II.

Work away *merrily*, work with a song;
Set your hours to music, they'll never
seem long.
If work has its dark side, there's also
a bright;
Away from the shadows, and turn to
the light.

III.

Work away *thoughtfully*, work with
the mind;
See what lessons for good in your
work you can find,
You're not a machine, nor a horse in a
mill,
But one whose attention may further
his skill.

IV.

Work away *cleverly*, working your
best;
For yourself—or for others—make
softer the nest.
Oh, strive not alone for the gaining
of pelf,
And live not alone for the welfare of
self.

V.

Work away *busily*, while it is day;
Now the sun's brightly shining, go,
bring in your hay.
Opportunity seizing, while still at
command,
Be thankful for work, while 'tis yet in
your hand.

VI.

Work away *hopefully*; work will be
o'er,
When you hie away homeward, and
shut to the door.

God grant you, as oft as day's labour
shall close,
A share in the sweetness of nightly
repose.

HUSBAND (*presently—refreshed and
nursing one child on his knee, while
riding another on his foot.*)

Rest, blessed rest, a gracious boon!
Calm, soothing like yon silvery moon,
Which turns e'en night almost to day,
And bids the clouds reflect her ray.
Rest, blessed rest! a boon denied
Oftimes to men with purses wide.
I'll envy not my master's wealth;
Not his, like mine, the gift of health.
I'll covet not the mansion great,
Where only hireling servants wait.
For here I find my *heart* at rest,
In wife and children doubly blest;
With joys on earth, and hopes for
heaven,
I'll praise my God for mercies given.
Yet none the less I'll aim to rise
Among the rich, and good and wise.
Ay, if in years to come God bless
My constant efforts with success,
Comforts shall crown your honor'd
head,
And smoothe the path our children
tread,
Now hand the ink down, wifie dear:
Put you the babes to sleep, and hear
Them say, "Our Father." I will
write
To the old home in the Isle of Wight.
My extra hours, last week and this,
Will help us on. We sha'n't much
miss
Five shillings for the good old dame;
(The half I'll send her in *your* name).
WORK, blessed work, that gives us
thus the power
By loving gift to cheer a lonely hour.
E. S. T.

WILLING AND UNWILLING SERVICE.

(By E. CLIFFORD.)

THERE is a marked and unmistakable difference between the genuine, hearty service of the willing toiler, and the lazy, sulky, and ill-rendered labour of the unwilling. The former goes about the required work with a will that makes it light and pleasant; while the latter, with ill-natured reluctance, fulfils just as little of the task devolving on him as will pass

muster—jogging along in a half-hearted, grumbling manner, truly miserable to behold. Every employer is aware of this; the destruction is too plain and obvious to be overlooked. But people frequently refer the causes which produce the unwillingness of servants to the wrong quarter, and are not given generally to penetrating deep enough for the true reasons that may account for it. Servants, of all kinds, in all possible spheres of labour, are generally devisable into these two classes, the willing and the unwilling. But while the superficial judgment might rashly assign the essential contrasts in the tone and manner of working for the master or mistress to the temperament or character of those who serve, there can be little doubt that in a great number of instances these arise from the separate behaviours of those who are served. Those who have observed the kind of treatment which seems too prevalent in regard to people who work for hire must see that the element of “business” enters too largely into the transaction on the part of the hirer; and this hard, unfeeling policy is the root of much unwilling service that is rendered.

Let us expand the idea a little for the benefit of masters and mistresses, giving a hint or two for their consideration. First, let it be understood that we are not about to picture the servant as universally maligned, while making the master assume the portrait of a hard, money-calculating, and selfish slave-driver. There are doubtless many bad servants, and such a statement would be most unfair to the really good and considerate which exist among employers. Nor can we deny that many of those who have laboured for the best of masters have shamefully abused their kindness, wasting and wearing away their forbearance and good treatment. All *that* may be conceded, and equally undeniable is it that some servants exist who would never be satisfied with their lot—even if an angel from heaven were to come down for their benefit—simply because, being by nature idle and indisposed for honest labour, they expect to be let alone in their pleasant path of indolence unrebuked, and not to be remonstrated with, however disgraceful their conduct. But allowing all this to be true, we still declare emphatically, from personal observation and a pretty good experience amongst the toiling millions of this great city, that if those who employ others were to treat their “hands” with a little more of feeling and sympathy, they would be more than repaid by the increased energy and willingness of these, while the work would be far better executed as a consequence.

Speaking of “hands” reminds us that it is in that very word that the error of employers, which is so common, resides. Masters and mistresses seem too often to be under the impression—an impression which some of the worst have ripened into a firm, unchangeable conviction—that they best serve their own ends by regarding the servants as mere machines, a part of the arrangement or plant of the business, or domestic paraphernalia, which demands so much expenditure in the year, and brings in so much profit or ease. Really, with some masters, one can easily see that their employes, no matter how long and faithful their adherence to duty, stand not in the relation of one human being to another, but as of an active mechanism that has to perform a certain

number of strokes in a day, with this pleasing difference, that there is the satisfaction of bullying the one if the strokes are not forthcoming, while the other cannot be so reached. The idea of interspersing a kind word occasionally to lighten a wearying piece of labour, or the more extended theory that a good, willing worker deserves, though not claiming, something more than the bare wages "according to contract," never enters their stupid heads. "Did not I agree with thee for a penny?" they say in justification sometimes, misquoting scripture to support their conduct; but of the benignant teaching of that Holy Book where it really applies to them they affect to be oblivious—for it enjoins such unpalatable things as forbearance, charity, and tender consideration for others. Never was a greater mistake made than that which masters thus perpetrate. You cannot get willing, hearty service from a man whom you treat as something of different material from yourself, and whose interests you totally disregard. You are asking an absurdity when you expect that man to study you in the most minute of incidents; and grumbling because you find him indifferent, is like the complaining of a father who is annoyed that his child cares not for him, while he habitually treats that child with neglect. If you wish to get willing service from the hands of those you employ, you must get rid of the conventional idea of paying for it in money alone. Assuming that the employed of this world were all characterized by superhuman perfection, full of self-denial, and ready to do everything in their power that was right, although treated like dogs, then this pure unselfish service you look for might be got from them. But so long as we are frail and human, masters must expect and realise that there will have to be somewhat of give and take to make things go smoothly, and to call forth good feeling on both sides.

It is to this grave fault of masters that very much of the unwilling service so complained of owes its origin. Once let masters and mistresses get the idea firmly fixed that they have counter duties to discharge, once let them realize that they have more than "hands" at their command and in their pay, and how much rancour and ill-feeling would vanish, supplied by the infusion of readiness and good-humour into daily toil! Surely the servant, if deserving, should receive this consideration at the hands of his employer. Often when we hear grumbling about unwilling servants, we think that the fault is not one-sided for the reasons already given. Men must learn that working people have little stimulus to work heartily for those who, if not habitually given to flaw-discovering and fault-finding, yet never seem to think or believe that a word of encouragement is the right of the well-intentioned labourer, who values such notice, and is spurred on to renewed efforts far more effectually thus than by hard, harsh treatment. Some masters, now-a-days, however, will ridicule this creed should their calculating eyes light on our remarks. The prevalent term for such healthy doctrines now is "sentimentalism"—intended to convey that while your ideas are very benevolent, they are not up to the clear-cut, "sensible" views of your critic. Probably some of these "business brains" have evolved the marvellous theory that commendation instead of a good is a positive evil to the servant, making him lazy

and careless. This is a favourite maxim of the unfeeling sharper who employs others to serve his interests and trusts no one, being untrustworthy himself. It is a gross error, and can only be based on a most one-sided estimation of human nature. With the depraved, of course, praise is too frequently thrown away; but with the true-hearted labourer it is a most encouraging and pleasant adjunct to toil. Often does the labour seem to be lightened by it, and then the drudgery of toil disappears in the remembrance that it is undertaken for a master appreciating willingness, and the ready thoroughness which mark the servant. Depend upon it, generosity and kind consideration pay the best in the long run, and the histories of many noble masters and mistresses who have grasped the truth that responsibility attaches to their power prove the assertion, since they, by behaviour never forgotten by their employes, have endeared themselves in a manner that no selfish, worldly despotism would have ever effected.

Necessarily we have been brief in these remarks on service, but our meaning by this time must be obvious. We cannot deny that there are lazy, incapable, never-satisfied servants, but we say that there are also far too many illiberal and inconsiderate masters who are accountable for the qualities they complain of. In respect to many employers it is a foregone conclusion that nothing done will please, nothing be satisfactory, nothing draw forth a little praise or benevolence. Thus the better feelings of the servant are crushed and stunted, and he, in turn, studies self only, and neglects the interests of his employer. The policy we have condemned is a bad one, however much in vogue it may be, and has not even the merit of being good from a business point of view, for it proceeds from a mistaken starting-point. Masters cannot always be at the elbow of their servants to see that duties are fulfilled to the extent they should be, in spirit as well as to the letter, and therefore they must trust in a measure to chance. But if they would so behave as to create desires to do the work well and quickly, how much would they be the gainers! Then a trust could be repaid which would far surpass in its effects the miserable, suspicious vigilance required to ensure the necessary result, and while proving far more effectual, it would also be infinitely more pleasant and agreeable to both. The thickheadedness which is stupid enough to preach the theory that bullying and severity will make servants lively and willing has need to receive a little light from facts before it assumes the duty of employing human beings, capable of the same feelings as masters themselves. And if some of our readers, to whom the subject is a very pertinent one, will listen to the hints we have thrown out, they will find that it is not so great an impossibility after all to secure, willing and energetic service from those they employ. But it must be recognised that there exists no difference, necessarily, beyond that of *position* between the two parties in the contract; for the jewels frequently are found among the toiling millions, while the worthless rubbish as frequently appears in the guise of power and unlimited influence.

AN INCIDENT OF TENT LIFE IN SIBERIA.

“One night, as we were encamped on a great steppe north of Shestakova, the happy idea occurred to me that I might pass away these long evenings out of doors by delivering a course of lectures to my native drivers upon the wonders of modern science. It would amuse me, and at the same time instruct them—or at least I hoped it would—and I proceeded at once to put the plan into execution. I turned my attention at first to astronomy. Camping out on the open steppe, with no roof above except the starry sky, I had every facility for the illustration of my subject, and night after night, as we travelled to the northward, I might have been seen in the centre of a group of eager natives, whose swarthy faces were lighted by the red blaze of the camp-fire, and who listened with childish curiosity while I explained the phenomena of the seasons, the revolution of the planets round the sun, and the cause of a lunar eclipse. I was compelled, like John Phoenix, to manufacture my own orrery, and I did it with a lump of frozen tallow to represent the earth, a chunk of black bread for the moon, and small pieces of dried meat for the lesser planets. The resemblance to the heavenly bodies was not, I must confess, very striking; but by ‘making believe’ pretty hard we managed to get along. A spectator would have been amused could he have seen with what grave solemnity I circulated the bread and tallow in their respective orbits, and I have heard the long-drawn exclamations from the natives, as I brought the bread into eclipse behind the lump of tallow. My first lecture *would* have been a grand success, if my native audience had only been able to understand the representative and symbolic character of the bread and tallow. The great trouble was that their imaginative faculties were weak. They could not be made to see that bread stood for the moon, and tallow for the earth, but persisted in regarding them as so many terrestrial productions having an intrinsic value of their own. They accordingly melted up the earth to drink, devoured the moon whole, and wanted another lecture immediately. I endeavoured to explain to them that these lectures were intended to be *astronomical*, not *gastronomical*, and that eating and drinking up the heavenly bodies in this way was very improper astronomical science, I assured them, I did not recognise any such eclipses as those produced by swallowing the planets; and however satisfactory such a course might be to them, it was very demoralising to my orrery. Remonstrance had a very little effect, and I was compelled to provide a new sun, moon, and earth for every lecture. It soon became evident to me that these astronomical feasts were becoming altogether too popular; for my audience thought nothing of eating up a whole solar system every night, and planetary material was becoming scarce. I was finally compelled, therefore, to use stones and snowballs to represent celestial bodies, instead of bread and tallow; and from that time the interest in astronomical phenomena gradually abated, and the popularity of my lectures steadily declined, until I was left without a single hearer.”—KENMAN.



FOR THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RUINED HOME.

LITTLE Margaret Sanderson was only six years old when she came to live in the shepherd's lonely hut on the bleak hillside of one of the mountainous districts in the north. The rough people in the neighbourhood called her "Lily," and so far as delicacy of face and form went, the name was well applied. But as years went by and "Lily" grew to girlhood, there was evidence of a firmness of purpose and strength of character that seemed little to match her fragile appearance.

At six years old, then, Lily came to Hurstdale; very unfairly named as regarded her father's hut, for, far from being in a dale or valley, it was built on the side of a steep hill. A rough dwelling to look at outside, but firm, and within cosy enough when Sanderson's goods had been moved in and arranged to his liking; for Sanderson had filled a better position in his own country—had been a small sheep farmer on his own account, but had now fallen to the post of head shepherd to a strange master.

But at six years old a change of scene compensated for many losses, and Lily missed few comforts in her new home. The walls of rough stones, thick and firm, kept out wind and cold, the hillside was a pleasant playground, and old Dame Mattison, who came in to "do up" the place, cook, clean, and mend, was kindly in her ways, and won the child's liking quickly. Better than all, "father" was gentler to his little girl, gave her more of his company, and gradually there faded from the young memory the outbursts of passion, the fits of moodiness which had so often terrified her in the past, and made her wonder "what ailed father."

Alas! for little Lily, the pleasant time was all too short. The moody hours, the passionate temper came back little by little; but Lily was older now: she needed not to ask "what ailed father?" she knew that what ailed him was—*drink*.

Yes; Sanderson was just another self-ruined man, another victim to the insinuating, crushing power of drink. He had begun life well placed, had married well, but drink had emptied his purse, soured his temper, aged him while yet in his prime, turned him out of the little farm that had been his father's before him, broken his wife's heart and sent her to the grave, and compelled him to seek service where none should know of his follies and his shame. Drink had done this for him; at it has done—alas! is still doing—for thousands more who play with the temptation till they become its slave.

On first coming to Hurstdale Sanderson had sworn to himself that, for Lily's sake, he would be moderate, and for some time he kept his vow. The keeping it was easier, inasmuch as he was away from all his old companions, and was not very ready to form new ones among the less educated people with whom he was now associated. But after a few months the old craving returned, the memory of past misery and disgrace grew dimmer, one glass led to another and another, and so ere Lily was eight years old, she learnt poor little woman, "what ailed father."

The knowledge came gradually, but it filled the child's heart with sadness, and clouded her young life. Hers was a solitary life, and she had many hours, when her father was away and Dame Mattison in her own cottage, in which to ponder over her father's failing. She was deeply religious for one so young; the teachings of her mother's death-bed had influenced her greatly, child in years as she was at the time; and that influence had been strengthened by the books her mother had left behind, and which had come with their furniture to the shepherd's hut. Dame Mattison and her father had taught her to read, and her quiet thoughtful mind had done the rest.

Lily loved her father with the earnest love of one who has few objects of affection; and as she left childhood far behind her, his sin weighed heavily on her mind. All that a loving daughter could do was done. She pleaded, she coaxed, she laboured beyond her strength to make the home cheerful (for she knew how slatternly or unkind homes fill public-houses and make sober men drink); but though she often subsided in keeping him steady for a time, sooner or later he fell again.

"'Tis the first glass does it, father," said she; "if you never took any——"

"I can't live without it," he interrupted. "I don't say I couldn't do without so much as I take sometimes; but I must have some. Why, girl, I'm not a young man to change my ways of life; I'm sixty, quite. If I were to give up my glass for good *I should die.*"

"Better die, father," cried Lily, "than be ever offending God; better risk broken health than losing your soul. Oh, father, I don't believe it would hurt you to give it up; not after just the first, it maybe; and you would gain so much! Father, if my dying would make you never touch drink again, I would gladly die for it."

After this appeal Sanderson strove to "keep within bounds," as he called it, but the resolution was made in his own strength, with no true insight into the sinfulness of his own heart, and again he fell.

The winter of 186—set in early, and with unusual severity. Before the end of December the hillside was covered with snow; later on large drifts were formed in the valleys, and the moors around were desolate indeed. But Sanderson, in spite of cold and snow, would often trudge off after dusk to the house where liquor was sold; and as he came stumbling home, guided by the lamp in the window that Lily placed for him to see, never gave a thought to the long, lonely evening that his daughter had spent in anxious thought and prayer for him. Before his face she was bright and cheerful, to keep him at home. He knew not yet of the bitter tears, the crushed hopes that his sin was causing her.

One night, early in the new year, long after her father had gone down to "Archie Powell's," the snow began to fall, at first in light flakes, then heavily, and Lily became anxious. By this time he would have set out for home, and though he knew the path well, there was risk in such a blinding storm. She flung an extra log on the fire, retrimmed the lamp that its light might be bright and steady, then sat down again to her weary watch. Slowly the minutes passed, yet no steps came. The usual hour for his return was over. Had he foreseen the storm, and remained at "Archie Powell's?" Then came the familiar sound of Jockey, the sheep-dog, scratching at the door; with a lighter heart Lily opened it. But no father was there; only Jockey, who made no attempt to enter, only looked into his mistress's face with a piteous whine.

She guessed the truth at once. Her father had sunk in the snow, or was unable to come further, and the faithful dog had rushed to her for help. She flung a large shawl round her head and shoulders, lit a lantern, and prepared to go out into the stormy night with no other guide than Jockey.

No other guide, did I say? Poor Lily, if that were so. But Lily, in

the school of sorrow, had found a Divine Teacher who was Saviour, Guide, and Friend. In the dark night she knew that he was near her, alone though she seemed; to Him she cried in her distress as she painfully plodded on.

In time there was a cry of delight from Jockey, a bound forward, and Lily almost stumbled over her father, lying on the snow, not hurt, limbs sound, only disabled by drink.

He was not quite asleep when Lily found him, and his daughter's voice aroused him, though not fully. He sat up and then strove to walk, but the tall, once hale man was weaker than a girl, and soon reeled and fell again.

The snow was now falling less heavily, and Lily again urged him to rise, and succeeded in getting him on a few steps. To give him extra warmth she took off her shawl and wrapped it round him, and coaxed him again and again to walk a little way.

How long it was before they reached the hut Lily never knew; that night seemed to her of interminable length; but at last home was gained, and Sanderson, warm and dry, forgot himself in sleep.

Later on, Lilly, too, went to bed; but she never rose from it again. The cold and exposure had settled on her lungs; she rapidly grew weaker day by day.

Great was the kindness shown by all the country people round. In spite of the heavy snow the good wives came with little delicacies for the dying girl, and no lack of rough but kindly hands ministered to all her wants. She had come among them in her fragile beauty, with air and manner different to themselves, and had grown up among them to a lovely loving womanhood; there was nothing now they would not do to keep her among them longer.

And her father saw her dying; saw death coming nearer, nearer day by day, and knew that he had done it. In the nights as he sat keeping watch beside her, one slight thin hand clasped between his own, he heard her going through that weary walk, or pleading to the Saviour on his behalf, or urging him to flee from his besetting sin. Her heart was laid bare, and he saw his guilt as he had never seen it before; saw it in all its blackness and vileness, and utter selfishness; and remorseful agony filled his soul. Would she not know him and forgive him before she died?

There came a change; the delirium passed away. She knew him, and could speak only with difficulty. Holding her hand and gazing at her as she watched him, or slept, he thought she must recover; she looked like his own Lily again. Once he told her so.

"No," she answered, feebly, "dear father, don't deceive yourself. I have not strength to get well. And now—truth is always best—I will tell you what has helped to kill me. Drink! Better you should know—what an awful thing it is!"

His lips faintly murmured, "I know it now. *My* drunkenness, *my* sin has murdered you!"

Whether she heard him he could not tell, for words were difficult to utter while his heart was so full, but she pressed his hand gently, and went on with faltering voice: "It is kindness to tell you, for I shall

soon be gone; it has preyed on my heart—it broke my spirit to know that you were always falling into sin. But if you would ask Jesus, He will forgive and help. Oh, ask Him, father dear, and my loss will be a gain to you if it sends you to Him.”

“Better have left me to die in the snow, Lily. Child, what was my life compared to yours? What good am I that you should be taken and I left?”

“I thank God it is so,” said she, for, father, *you* were not fit to die. What if I had not found you and got you home, and you had passed from a drunken sleep into the presence of God?” She shuddered as she spoke. “Oh, dear father, by the memory of that fearful night, by His great mercy in letting me come to you, resolve never to offend Him again”

She had spoken with something of her old energy, but it was all spent now. She sank back exhausted, and fell into a fitful sleep. Her father still sat beside her, her hand in his, his favourite attitude, as if he could thus retain her in spite of death, and by degrees her slumber deepened, and she lay quite still. Through the night he sat motionless, not knowing till the morning brought other watchers that she was gone.

* * * * *

In the hut at Hurstdale still lives the old man, bowed down by age and sorrow, but a drunkard no more. Lily had not suffered in vain. Her words, blessed by the Holy Spirit, had shown him his ruined, wretched state; and he had felt the need of a Saviour, and had sought Him, to receive pardon and grace. Lonely and sad must be the remaining days of his earthly life; fitting penalty for his weakness and sin. May his sorrows be a warning to others to shun temptation ere it becomes too strong, and may they see that since one glass ever leads to another, and yet another, the wise will abstain altogether, lest they fall into the snare.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

LESSONS FROM SNOW.

“Every season of the year brings with it fresh manifestations of God’s character, and new lessons of instruction for all those who are willing to learn. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, show forth the Divine wisdom, power, and faithfulness. The blooming forest, the laughing plain, the howling tempest, the binding frost, and the driving snow, alike proclaim that the Lord he is God, and invite us to study his character and ways. The book of God has many references to the book of nature, and borrows many illustrations from it.

The snow, with which our eyes are frequently familiar at this season of

the year, is often referred to; and it would be well for us if, when we beheld the beautiful white flakes descending, we inquired what the word of God says concerning it. Upon turning to the Bible, we find that it refers to the snow, as a production of the God of nature: “He saith to the snow, be thou on the earth,” Job xxxvii, 6. And God himself asks the question, “Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?” xxxviii. 22. In Psalm cxlvii. 16, it is said, “He giveth snow like wool,” showing the beautiful properties thereof, and how it serves as a protecting covering to secure vegetation from the killing

frost. How wise, how kind are all the Divine arrangements; even those which seem at first most severe and most unlikely to be beneficial in their results! This shows us that we should quietly submit to all that God does, and not overlook his hand, either in nature, providence, or grace. God is represented in both the passages just quoted as managing and directing all the treasures of the atmosphere for the benefit of the earth. What a world of wonders does that atmosphere contain! The word, says Mudie, is literally 'the receptacle of little things,' and it may well be called 'Nature's grand laboratory.'

There God is continually working, and thence we are continually receiving blessings from his hand. His operations in the air are of a most useful character; winds and lightnings purify, rain nourishes and fertilizes, frost destroys the destroyers, and snow, as we have seen, protects. Do we not then see the propriety of the psalmist's language, when he calls upon the fire, hail, snow, and vapours, and stormy wind to praise the Lord, Ps. cxlviii. 8; and ought we not to praise him for whom all these things were created, and for whose glory they still exist?"

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Madeline goes upstairs too hurriedly on her arrival, to have more than a vague impression of great bare stone halls and narrow, winding stairways. She finds later that the emptiness of the rest of the house is in part to be attributed to the gathering together of the massive antique furniture in these especial apartments of the master. Through the open doorway into the inner room, she catches a glimpse of a huge canopied bed, with brazen griffin perched a-top and clawing back the faded curtains. Some old-time creature in dim brass also mounts guard on the high carven back of the invalid's chair, drawn up before the hearth where is no fire on this warm June day, but the feathery green of asparagus branches filling the cavernous depth. Above the chimney-piece, frowns down an old portrait.

"You seem to be taking quite a family interest in that picture." Old Horace Trelawny's words strike sharply in across Madeline's thoughts, for she has heard something of the portraits from Austell, and is trying to identify them. "That foolish fellow with the scowl—he looks 'fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,' doesn't he?—yet he got but little of the last, but lost his own hereditary lands, when Perkin Warbeck played the coward and surrendered, leaving his Cornish followers in the lurch. There'd have been but few acres in Cornwall, in that branch of the family, if it hadn't been for his grandson, who cleverly seized hold of this old Priory with its lands, instead, in bluff King Harry's days of open-heartedness with other people's goods. The grandson—that's the picture over there—you may read the story to me after dinner."

Madeline turns as she is bidden. But she must be looking in the wrong direction; for in that recess between those two long rows of bookshelves, there hangs but one picture, with its face turned to the wall. She wonders a little, letting her glance range further. Yes, yonder in the next recess, a full-length figure, resplendent in court-dress of Henry the Eighth's time—that must be John Trelawny.

Horace Trelawny has never observed her mistake, but has gone on, garrulously: "For I shall be glad to have you here to read to me, you

see. The family have long thought it lonely for an old man like me to live by myself," he continues. "But, you see, as long as I could get about on my legs, Leah was all I needed. So that I had my morsel to eat, and drop to drink, I was satisfied. But now that I am tied down to my chair, it is different, and I require some one who can write a letter, and read to me, and talk of something else than the neighbours' affairs—all of which Leah can't do. It is a sign of age, perhaps, but I thought I would take a deft young girl, who would not worry me to death with musty old ways and old sayings.

"They can't say I'm wrong," he goes on to remark, having waited a moment for Madeline's assent, which does not come. "For, you see, I've the Bible on my side. There was King David with just the same notion: for when he grew old and helpless, little did he care for his old wives, but would have a pretty, handy girl to wait on him. I'm not the king of the Jews, to take my choice of the pretty ones, so I must be contented with a young one. Winter looks to spring, not over his shoulder at autumn. That's nature, you see." And old Horace chuckles at the conceit.

Still Madeline stands there silent and uncomfortable. She has ceased playing with her hat-riband, the hot, angry blood has died out of her face, and she is fast becoming frightened.

"There, there, you must not mind the old man," he says, cajolingly. "Rich old fellows like me get spoiled, and are impudent dogs. You need not look as if you had never before heard that I'm rich. Every member of the family knows I have lands here and there and where not—well, acres upon acres; and then there are mines, and Indian investments, and who knows what all besides. To be sure, I say I haven't anything of the kind; but who believes that is not a jest of the old fellow's? I don't live like a rich man, with the old house tumbling about my head; and Leah and I eat hardly a pennyworth a day. Eh, but you'll starve here. Pilchards and potatoes, and potatoes and pilchards for a change! for, you see, old folks are not troubled with too much appetite. But what is the use of my talking? There are none of the family who don't believe I could swallow down gold if it were fattening; and as to the neighbours, *they* say I am a miser. You needn't try to look as if you had never heard the word applied to me before, for you have heard scores of times, and will hear scores of times more, that 'Old Horace Trelawny is a miser.' The family like to believe it; and won't they be ripping up my bed, and pulling up the floors when I am gone, searching for the gold! And won't they find hoards! hoards!" and the old man leans his head back on the cushion of his chair, and laughs until the tears stand in his eyes.

Madeline draws off to a safe distance, and looks wonderingly at her guardian. His jest seems such a dreary one, to cause so much mirth.

"There, you may go now," he says, when he recovers from his fit of hilarity. "Go downstairs and find Leah, and tell her to give you a mouthful to eat. Maybe she has the drum-stick of a chicken. Neither Leah nor I can eat drum-sticks. I've always thought it a pity fowls had such appendages—sheer waste. But now you've come, it is all the better."

Madeline goes away quickly, scarcely waiting for the end of the long speech. She gladly shuts the door upon the dreadful old man, and gives no promise of a speedy return, though he calls out to hasten her.

She has to grope her way down the dark halls, all the innumerable windows of which are boarded up.

Madeline breathes more freely, now that she has reached the hall below; and willingly would she run the whole length of it. But instead, in her search for Leah, she opens a succession of doors and peers into the darkened rooms.

The great central hall must have been the monks' refectory. Three hundred years of Trelawny generations have made few changes there.

Madeline wanders, and she suddenly discovers the goal of her explorations.

A large old-fashioned kitchen, made cheery by whitewash and daylight, and the only signs of occupancy which Madeline has yet found downstairs. A turf fire is burning on the hearth, a great black alcove, in which Madeline could have stood erect and not have touched with outstretched hands its either wall, liberably provided with hooks for pots and kettles. A wooden-backed "settle" offers to seat half-a-dozen guests at one end of the fire-place, the other end of which is occupied by the wood-corner, out of which a still scented yellow furze-branch thrusts itself. But what attracts Madeline just now is the evident preparation for dinner. Here is a chicken roasting before the fire, in a primitive way approved by gourmets—suspended by a string from a nail in the chimney-piece. The fowl is leisurely turning by its own weight, as if being roasted even in June were a luxury; and great drops of gravy ooze out of the crisping skin, and fall with a sputter of satisfaction into the pan beneath. There is also something savoury simmering in a saucepan on a trivet; while the great fire-place still offers room and to spare for the broad iron plate and kettle turned down over it, heaped with turf-embers, under which the hungry Cornish girl easily guesses bread is being baked.

Everything about the house is odd and mysterious; even the dinner is cooking unwatched and apparently unthought of. Madeline crosses the kitchen to the door which stands open on the court. Over the sill the sunlight is gradually crawling. When it gains a certain board Leah will serve dinner without consulting the corner clock.

At the well in the centre of this court, toiling at the creaky windlass in her efforts to raise the bucket, is Leah, who has already given the newcomer a chary welcome on her arrival. For an instant, Madeline hardly observes her; from the doorstep she is looking round and up at the house.

While Madeline takes her notes, Leah has mastered the well-bucket and filled her own, and turns her sharp old face toward the door where Madeline is standing. Madeline good-naturedly goes to the old woman's help, and relieves her of her heavy burden.

"You're not much used to carrying a weight," says Leah, critically, though by no means loth to give up the bucket to stronger and more willing hands.

"But one need not go to school to learn the method," answers Madeline, laughing.

She is so glad to be in the open air, to hear the singing in the apple-tree at the gate, and the careful hen clucking to her brood of the great risk they are running of being stepped on by Madeline's small feet. She would gladly have carried fifty buckets of water, one after the other, for the simple luxury of once more being out of doors.

Leah is comely in the sunshine, Madeline thinks, with her freshly-colored, strongly-marked old Cornish face, framed by black hair just flecked with white, under the broad hat such as the fish-wives wear; and the white touser, or quaint apron, gives a natty look to the short-gown. Her homely occupations are the only bit of real life Madeline has yet found in her new home.

"So you've seen the master," Leah remarks, as she busies herself over the fire.

Madeline is standing in the doorway, looking out on the rather untidy "town-place," as Leah is pleased to call the court.

"He's not the man he were," Leah goes on to say. "A year ago he were just like any Christian gentleman should be, a riding over the farm, and talking to the men, and smoking his pipe over his old books and papers of an evening. But now it's, 'Leah, can't you come and sit awhile?' or, 'Drat that woman, can't she find time to talk?' and me with no more words to waste than a baby, with my mind on something burning on the fire down here. And the strangest thing of all, when Maister Seth's about, and one 'ud think as he'd be company for the maister, it's then I'm wanted most."

"What of Mr. Seth?" asks Madeline, who, it must be confessed, is thinking much more of the chicken over which Leah is pouring small streams of gravy, in the fashion cooks call basting.

"Maister Seth," repeats Leah, slowly, her thoughts, too, being engrossed in that nice operation. "Oh, Maister Seth! Why, he's a queer sort; he's neither fish, flesh, nor pickled herring, isn't Maister Seth. He's the maister's grand-nephew, you know, he's on the mother's side, and the Trelawny's be cousins on the fayther's, and you,—you be no kin at all, so I can speak my mind plain out to you, and no harm done."

"Oh, yes, you can speak out," Madeline says.

"'Tis truth I'm telling, then, that Maister Seth comes and goes here just as he's a mind to, and bullies the maister like as if he were his wife. And the maister, who'll stand never a word from anybody else, he's as mild as milk when Maister Seth's in the room. When he comes, 'tis then we ha' the housekeeping on the scales of pilchards and potatoes. Never a chicken killed, nor bit of meat pie goes a-nigh the brandice. Just the very best way to get quit of a body as you don't want to stay, is to live low. Their stomachs never will stand it," adds Leah, with the authoritative air of one who has well tested her rule.

"Will you try to get rid of me in that way?" asks Madeline, laughing, and looking anxiously at the chicken, which is literally done to a turn.

"The maister wants you, he'll make out, because you're young, and can cheer him. But it's my belief it be just an excuse not to be too much alone with Maister Seth."

Madeline makes an exclamation of surprise ; but before she can ask a question, Leah adds, graciously :

"A half-hour yet to the maister's dinner-time ; but if you've a mind for a bite you can ha' en now. Fill the sack, then it can stand, the saying goes. Now, if you'd rather ha' your dinner here, instead of in one of they rooms they call the parlors, with the rats a-watching you, and the beetles floundering round as if it were night——"

"Thank you," says Madeline, quickly, "I much prefer the kitchen and you, to the parlour, and the rats and beetles."

"I often wonder, I do," remarks Leah, who is much pleased with Madeline's preference for her society over that of the rats and the beetles, "how Maister Seth puts up wi' en, though he do talk at the skimmage they make. But he'll seldom come into the kitchen, please fayther, except to give his orders."

"You'll be for taking up the tray with the maister's dinner," she proposes blandly. "'I be going to send to Mary Trelawny," says he, for my ward, and you're to get ready one of the east rooms for her, and she'll bring my meals, and read to me, and write my letters, and I'll be spared your blunders.'"

"So here is my dinner at last !" Madeline hears when she opens that upper door, which is to the poor child the entrance to her servitude. "That old gossip, Leah, has been talking you to death, I suppose ; however, *you* can run away. Eh, eh, it is a bad thing when one has to sit still and take it, whether it is Leah's clacker or Seth Badger's insolence. But I'll be even with them yet, I'll be square and even with them !

Madeline has put down the tray, and is arranging the table for the old man's dinner. She is surprised to find how easy it all is to do—still more surprised, when Mr. Trelawny, watching her with hawk's eyes, and detecting no blunder, is pleased to commend her as "a handy little body : " Madeline, who has always been considered left-handed.

Mr. Trelawny intimates that she can read to him while he dines. In general, it will be as dreary as one can imagine the reading of some monk during the monastic meal. After dinner the old man would sip his port leisurely, while Madeline plods on through some dry-as-dust tome among those musty lines upon the walls ; hard, learned essays on Mr. Trelawny's favourite subjects of antiquarian research—Cornish, Druids, cromlechs, cairns, dead languages—dry branches fallen from the tree of knowledge, out of which one spark of the Promethean fire of genius might kindle a beacon-light for the ages ; but which the mere groping glow-worm of learning will not illumine for poor, tired, little Madeline. Her voice will grow lower and more monotonous, which is all the better for a lullaby ; but if she stops, or nods over her task, the sleeper will be roused, and call out, "Eh, what was that ? " And Madeline must begin again, till twilight drops her kindly curtain for the weary ones.

For this one first evening, however, old Horace is disposed to make some slight effort to interest the girl. He has reverted to the portrait which before dinner caught her attention ; and he points out a broad, fairly engrossed volume clasped with silver, which she lays open on her

knees, and out of this book of family legends reads how history repeats itself, and how in Henry the Eighth's time it befel a Trelawny, as old Carew has told it of another name, that "when the golden showre of the dissolved abbey-lands rayned well-nere into every gaper's mouth, some two or three gentlemen (the king's servants and master Trelawny's acquaintance) waited at the doore when the king was to passe forth, with purpose to beg such a matter at his hands. Our gentleman became inquisitive to know their suit; they made strange to impart it. This while, out comes the king; they kneel down; so doth Master Trelawny. They preferre their petition; the king grants it; they render humble thanks; and so doth Master Trelawny. Afterwards he requireth his share; they deny it; he appeals to the king; the king avoweth his equal meaning in the largesse; whereon his overtaken companions were fayne to allot him this priory for his partage."

Madeline looks across at the merry rebuilders of the Trelawny fortunes, and his eyes seem to twinkle at her as she smiles over that scene, the shrewdest of all his "pleasant conceits." And then in the twilight Leah opens the door, and brings in tea for both guardian and ward. And old Mr. Trelawny wakes, and tells Madeline of the days of his youth, and calls men long dead and forgotten by their Christian names, as if they were still boys. And the girl wonders if there is some secret by which memory, after such a lapse of time, can bring back word for word what we have said and heard; or whether imagination does not play tricks with us in our old age, glamoring the past, even as she does the future in our youth.

(To be continued.)

GOLDEN SAYINGS.

Dr. Payson once, when travelling, had occasion to call on a lady when she and some of her friends were sitting down to tea. She would have him stay, and treated him very hospitably. When he left he said, "Madam, you have treated me with much kindness and hospitality, for which I sincerely thank you. Allow me to ask you one question before we part. How do you treat my Master?" This led ultimately to the conversion of the lady and her household.

A lady when dying heard some of her friends say, in a whisper, "She is sinking fast," when she opened her eyes and said, "How can I sink through a rock!"

Lady Jane Grey was once asked by one of her friends, with a tone of surprise, how she could consent to forego the pleasures of the chase which her family were enjoying, and prefer sitting at home reading her Bible. She smilingly replied, "All amusements of that description are but a shadow of the pleasures which I enjoy in reading this book."

Towards the close of Bunyan's imprisonment, a Quaker called upon him, hoping to make a convert of the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." He thus addressed him—

"Friend John, I am come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for thee in half the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last."

"If the Lord sent you," sarcastically returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail these last twelve years past."

WINDOW FLOWERS FOR MARCH.

Different kinds of spring flowers make cheerful many a window-sill in kitchens, or small wayside dwellings.

Tulips.—First is the Van Thol Tulip, which looks especially well, when placed by the side of the peerless white snowdrop, with its small green hood. Tulips are general favourites, and may be divided into the early and late flowering. The first adorn our window and ornamental stands, are shorter stalked, with smaller flowers, and gay lively colours; the second pertain rather to garden borders than window sills; they blow later, and are of comparatively tall growth. Vast quantities are annually brought from Holland, the Dutch being famous for raising the most beautiful and costly kinds.

Winter Aconite, or Peeping Nanny.—None, perhaps, among the earliest children of the spring are more welcome than this interesting flower. When first emerging from the earth, like a small yellow globe, it peeps forth, as its name implies, and seems to look around, as if fearing, though desirous, to lift up its head, while as yet the weather is often cold and cheerless. The winter Aconite grows wild in Lombardy, Italy, and Austria, affecting mountainous situations, and often flowers with us in February. It is propagated by offsets. These should be taken up and transplanted after their leaves decay, which is generally by the beginning of June. Care is required in searching for them, as the roots are brown and small. When taken off they should be planted in little clusters, either in flower-pots or borders, and placed alternately with snowdrops.

Anemone Hepatica.—This very pretty flower is found in a wild state,

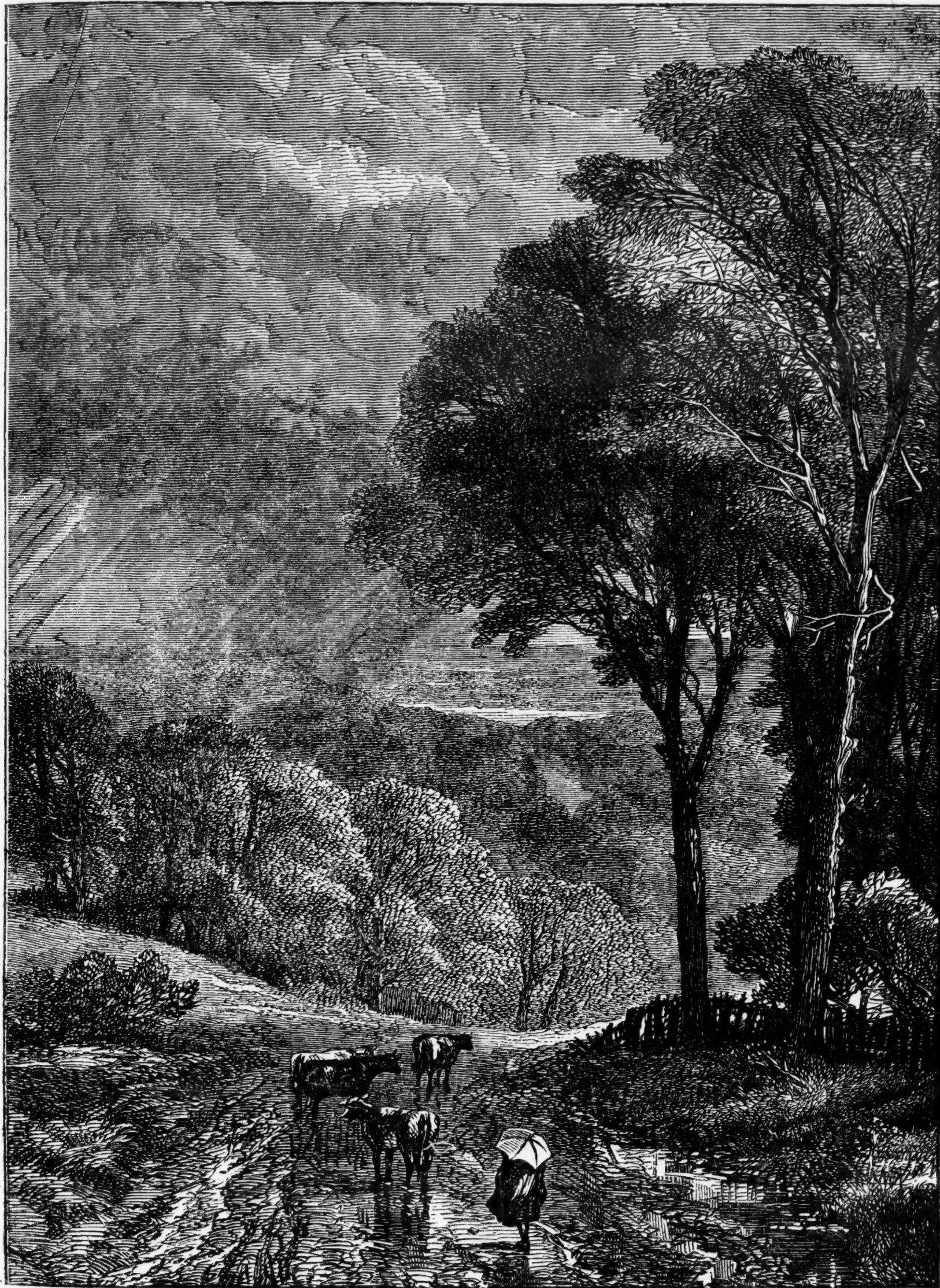
either red, or blue, or white, in the woods and shady mountains of Sweden, Germany, and Italy. The red double-variety is most frequent in our gardens, and may be readily obtained. The single sorts are raised from seed, the double are increased by parting the roots, which ought to be done in March, when the plant is in bloom; it must not, however, be divided into very small heads, and if often removed and parted, it never attains much perfection, but when left undisturbed for years, it thrives exceedingly, and becomes a beautiful window ornament. This plant delights in a loamy soil, and requires the morning sun.

Double Lilac Primrose.—The common primrose is a general favourite, and not less so is the double lilac, which is produced by cultivation, and owes its origin to the sulphur coloured primrose, which grows in meadows and on banks. The present variety requires a stiff loam, it thrives on moist and somewhat shady places, or even on the north side of rock-work. Every second or third year the roots should be divided, which may be done either in spring or autumn.

Great Double Daisy.—The daisy, a plant common throughout Europe, delights in open and moderately moist situations, and yet grows well in flower-pots. The variety which is mostly cultivated, often yields flowers nearly the size of half-a-crown of a deep red colour; on the under side, and beautifully varied on the upper, with pink and white.

The Hen-and-Chicken Daisy is a singular variety, in which a number of flowers, standing on short footstalks, spring circularly out of the main flower.

A PAPER-MAKING SPIDER.—In central Africa there is a spider which makes paper of a very fair quality. After selecting a spot for her nest, she works backwards and forwards over a square inch of surface until the space is covered with a pure white paper, in this she places from 40 to 50 eggs. She then makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with it carefully glues the square together. The spider wages a fierce war with cockroaches, or any other insect that comes near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother leaves her nest in the day time to hunt for food, but she always returns at night until the young are strong enough to cater for themselves.



EARLY SPRING.

By B. GOUGH.

Up! in the Early Spring,
Before the sunrise glory;
Up! for the skylark is on wing,
Mounting the heaven before ye.

The southern breeze is whispering
Of brighter beauties coming,
And the woodland thrush is singing,
And honey-bees are humming.

Up! while the dew is shining
 Like jewels on the grass,
 And new-blown flowers entwining,
 Shine on you as you pass;
 Sweet Spring, with flowing tresses,
 Comes down the mountain side,
 And her loved footstep presses
 The field-paths, daisy pied.

The gush of life returning
 Runs through Creation's veins,
 And Nature—full of yearning
 Awakes o'er hills and plains.

Streams from their icy capture
 Leap, and of freedom sing,
 Enjoyment swells to rapture,
 The bliss of Early Spring.

Up! sleeper, from thy slumbers,
 Drink in the pure delight,
 The harmony of numbers
 Thrills from each rural height;
 Lift up your voice in blessing,
 Lift up your heart and sing,
 Earth smiles in heaven's caressing,
 Up! in the Early Spring.

“HOW TO SPEND LEISURE RATIONALLY.”

SECOND PAPER.

IN the last paper I endeavoured to point out the great advantages the study of practical natural science has to offer as a means of recreation. At the same time I am aware that many persons have no special taste for Natural History, and to whom the study of any of its branches would prove far from interesting. But this—misfortune I may call it—will not prevent them deriving great benefit and pleasure from a good walk in the country, more especially should their ordinary work confine them for many consecutive hours to close workshops, amidst, perhaps, the perpetual din and clatter of moving machinery. Everyone, whether naturalist or not, can appreciate to a greater or less degree the lovely scenes he will find within easy distance of even the largest, busiest, and smokiest towns of this nature-favoured country. But bear this in mind, it is not of the slightest use expecting to derive any benefit from your country walks, either to body or mind, if you allow your head to be full all the time of some business matter, or any of the troubles and anxieties inseparable from this life; trying, for instance, to think how you can possibly contrive to raise the money to pay your next week's or month's rent, or where you can look for employment when your present job is completed, and a host of similar worrying matters. No, you must “make an effort,” as Charles Dickens says, and dismiss all such questions from your mind altogether, otherwise you might almost as well be at home or at work for all the good you will get. Take your wife, your sister, sweetheart, or children with you if possible; point out to them all your favourite little bits of scenery, and tell them all you know about the many objects of interest you come across in your ramble; do all you can to make the walk pleasant and enjoyable to them, and believe me, you will be taking the most effectual means to enjoy it yourself; you will very soon forget your troubles and annoyances, the lovely sights and pure bracing air will do you all the good in the world, and you will afterwards be all the better able to find some satisfactory way out of your difficulties; you will see the bright side of things generally, and take altogether a more hopeful view of life than when your body and mind were jaded with, it may be, a week's monotonous toil.

There are many who find great enjoyment in athletic sports and such games of skill as cricket, football, &c. If this be your case my reader, by all means spend a portion of your leisure in such amusements; you will get all the benefit of the fresh air and the exercise, and I am *quite sure* that you cannot find room in your brain for any of the perplexing questions above referred to, during the excitement of a cricket match.

To others, boating and fishing afford great attractions as outdoor amusements. The former is, perhaps, too expensive an amusement to be indulged in often; still, as a means of spending and enjoying, say an occasional Saturday afternoon or evening in summer time, what can be pleasanter than a few hours' row with a chosen companion or two, up the nearest river or navigable stream. One or two such trips stand out in my own memory with great distinctness, especially one occasion, when, on a lovely August evening, a friend and myself rowed a few miles up one of England's most beautiful rivers, the Dart, which has with justice been called the English Rhine. By the time we returned, the sun had set, and as we rowed home again in the deepening twilight, the splendid full moon arose, shedding her soft light upon the placid surface of the broad lakes into which the stream continually widens, whilst on either side the banks rose steep and high, densely covered with noble woods, with here and there a white house peeping from between the trees, and far ahead twinkled the lights of the quaint little town of Dartmouth. The silence was unbroken save by the distant cawing of a few benighted rooks flying homewards far above our heads. Altogether the scene was one of peaceful loveliness beyond my power to describe, and which I shall never forget. Of course, *Darts* are not to be found everywhere, but nearly all our rivers have numerous lovely little bits of scenery along their courses—many parts of the Thames, for instance, within very few miles of London Bridge, are unsurpassed for beauty of their own peculiar style—and a trip up one of them, such as I have described, cannot fail to be thoroughly enjoyed by any one capable of appreciating the beauties of nature.

Fishing is a pastime which has been popular for ages with all classes of society. The ragged little street arab with his pickle bottle and a bent pin for a hook, fishing for "tittlebrats" in the cloudy waters of a local canal, and the accomplished salmon fisher with his elaborate rod, book of artificial flies, landing net, and other expensive apparatus—alike find intense excitement and enjoyment in the pursuit of the finny tribes. I need not here enter into the old controversy as to whether or no fishing for amusement is *cruel*; suffice it to say that the Rev. C. Kingsley, to whom we have already alluded, and who was one of the most kind-hearted of men (together with many others noted for their humanity) was a most enthusiastic fisherman. Fishing certainly affords a very pleasant, restful manner of spending a few leisure hours, and is especially attractive to persons preferring quiet rather than active exercise after their work. It is hardly, perhaps, a sociable amusement, for anglers are proverbially silent, and seldom indulge in much conversation whilst engaged in their favourite pastime. One of its recommendations is, that it is not an expensive amusement, for the costly apparatus used by wealthy followers of the art, is by no means necessary—indeed it has

often appeared to me that the simpler and humbler the instruments employed, the greater is the pleasure derived. A fisherman has something more to do than merely sit or walk by the margin of the water and watch his float; considerable skill is required to be attained only by practice, to make a successful angler; consequently the mind has occupation as well as the body, which is the secret of all true recreation.

J. W. BROOKES.

A SKETCH OF MR. H. M. STANLEY'S EXPLORATIONS.

Nothing in the history of modern enterprise is more interesting or romantic than the simple story of those exploring expeditions under the charge of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the Commissioner of the *New York Herald* and *Daily Telegraph*. His first exploration was to find and relieve Livingstone, the pioneer and the great Missionary of all African Exploration. For eleven months he pursued his way along the eastern coast, compelled to fight the warlike Arabs that forbade his passage through their dominions; contending with the fevers of the interior, and at times almost deserted by his native attendants; at last, after travelling over 2,000 miles he reached Ujiji, which place he entered firing guns, where an immense crowd of natives was collected by this strange proceeding; among them Stanley noticed a grey bearded white man wearing a red woollen jacket. The venerable traveller and his youthful deliverer were at last face to face. Stanley advanced with outstretched hand, simply saying, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume, receiving the smiling answer," "Yes." This finding Livingstone who had passed beyond the gaze of the civilized world since March, 1866, was a feat which might suffice for a man's life; but not content with this, he undertook a second journey, spending three years in tracing the Congo to its head source, thus opening up this great continent to civilization and for the far higher object of Christianity. Mr. Stanley says, "The old Explorer, *i.e.*, Dr. Livingstone, in his dream would not take the Congo, he wanted the Nile. Here was a mighty river with 124,000 cubic feet of water flowing past per second, while the maximum of the Nile did not exceed 550,000 cubic feet and the minimum about 25,000 cubic feet; the river expanded from two to ten miles wide with islands innumerable. For five months they battled with every obstacle till they reached the Congo with Lualaba. At this juncture, we must not forget those brave and faithful followers of Stanley, the young Pockocks who have given their lives to the cause of African discovery, as their uncle gave his life to Arctic Exploration under the leadership of Sir John Franklin. There are tears for human sufferings, and Stanley's victory, great though it be, is overshadowed by these sacrifices. But victories whether of peace or war, demand their victims.

Mr. Stanley has now returned to England after three long years of unexampled enterprise in this field of discovery, and is able to report as the result of his journeyings, following the course of the Congo, the opening out of about 3,000 miles of water road.

In the history of African Exploration, the name of Henry Stanley will rank beside those of Lovett, Cameron and David Livingstone.

ODE TO A STRAY SUNBEAM.

BY AMELIA FOXALL.

Bright sunbeam, struggling through the dirty pane,
 Fresh from the vault of heaven, serene and still,
 Why leave thy radiant brethren on their way,
 To lose thyself within the clanging mill?

Child of the sun, what joy is it to thee,
 To dance upon the rugged factory floor?
 Should'st thou not rather flicker o'er the waves
 Of the wild sea, than 'midst this endless roar?

Should not thy golden mantle brush the hills?
 Thy dainty footstep flit among the flowers?
 Yet here thou laughest 'mongst the dirt and moil,
 Where the wheels ever roll, as roll the hours.

A poet sleeps upon a distant strand,
 Thy brethren rouse him with their wanton play,
 Their fiery darts strike home, he wakes to life,
 He sings of love, and gladness, all the day.

No poet here, but throbbing human hearts;
 Bright thing, thou cheer'st them with thy gladsome beam,
 And one there is whose longing soul thou fill'st,
 And while the wheels go round, he dreams his dream.

He dreams of daisied fields where once he played,
 Of merry gambols on the breezy moor,
 Of craggy rocks he climbed when yet a boy,
 And the mill wheels seem the distant ocean's roar.

He dreams of parents lost alas! too soon,
 Of brothers early snatched from want, and sin,
 Of sister dear, far off in foreign land,
 And still the wheels go round with endless din.

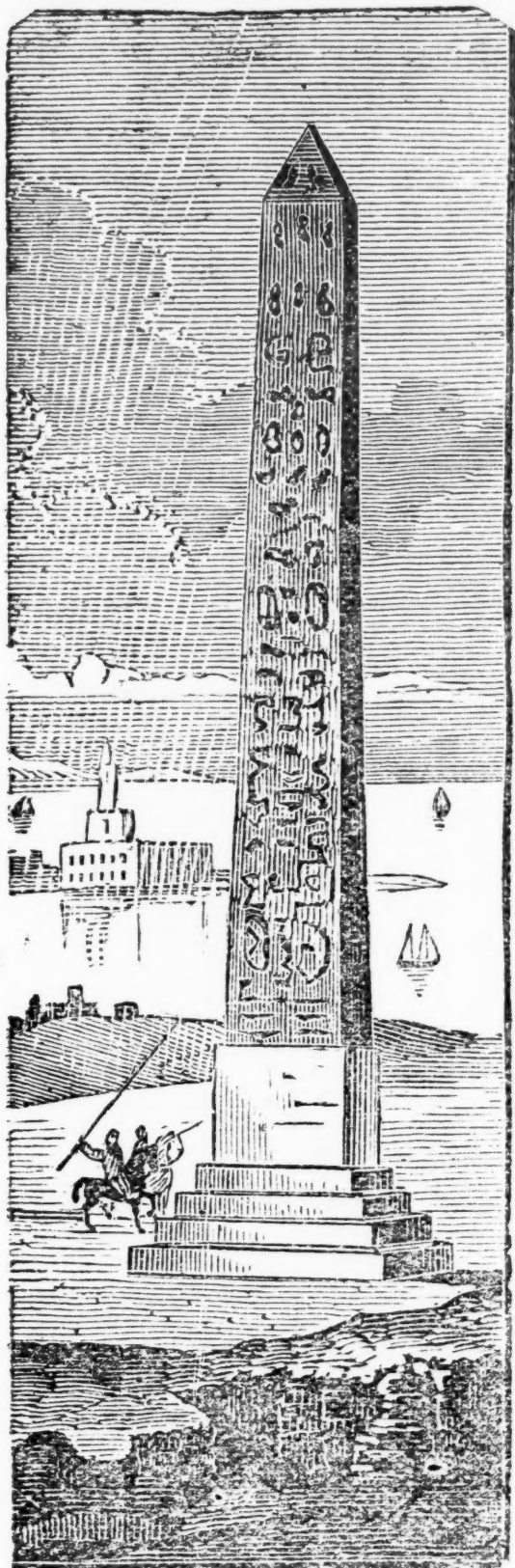
He thinks of neighbour's child, so sick, and sad,
 All lonesome till the day of toil is o'er,
 And plans to tell her merry tales to-night
 Of the mad sunbeam dancing on the floor.

The sweat pours from his dark and rugged brow,
 But from his lips break forth a quaint old song,
 A silent lay for song, not speech is heard,
 Nought but the deafening wheels the whole day long.

For him, no songstress trills her matchless lay,
 For him, no glorious things of sight, or sound,
 No painted stories tell their speechless tales,
 To him who toils on while the wheels go round.

Then hail! bright vision from the fields of light,
 Bringing such gracious teachings to the soul,
 Sweet messages of love, and hope, to all,
 Who live and labour where the mill wheels roll.

FOR THE YOUNG CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE



Is destined to find a new and appropriate home in the greatest city of the world. Dug out of the sands of Alexandria, where it has been buried for ages, it will occupy a conspicuous place at the centre of the world's metropolis, and will continue, we may believe, for untold centuries, or at least till the New Zealander gazes on the ruins of London from a broken parapet of London Bridge, to bear witness to the enormous industry and advanced civilization of Ancient Egypt.

Cleopatra's Needle is by no means small, as one may see from the "case" that contains it. That case is ninety-two feet long, and fourteen feet in diameter; but the needle itself measures nearly seventy feet in length, and is more than seven feet wide. It is *one single piece of stone*, cut out of the famous quarries of Syené, or As-Souan, and weighs 186 tons. The material of this monolith is the same as *some* of the granite of Mount-sorrel, and is called Syenite. It is very hard, and dense, somewhat dark in colour, with a tinge of rose-red, and is susceptible of a high polish.

This needle was first brought to Heliopolis, the city of On, of which we read in the Bible. On was in the land of Goshen. There JOSEPH began his life as a slave; there he was put into prison; there he was victorious over temptation; there he became an Interpreter, and from thence he went to be the Deliverer

of Egypt from the perils of a desolating famine.

Marvellous as this journey of 3,000 miles from Alexandria to London is, it is not its first voyage. Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian Queen, had it removed from On to Alexandria about thirty-two years B.C., and after it had been 1,500 years at Heliopolis. But the centre of the world's life has moved from Alexandria, and it is fitting this great stone giant should accompany this movement, if only to remind us of the unspeakable debt we owe, through the Hebrew race, to the people of Egypt; and to witness to that blending of the silent but operative past with the eager and aggressive present, which is the condition of all true and abiding progress.

We hear that it is decided to place it on the Adelphi Steps near the Thames Embankment.

WINDOW GARDENING.

THE CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

Thousands of persons purchase vigorous, beautiful plants from the green-houses every year, and are pained to see them lose all trace of beauty, and finally droop and die. How can we prevent this? Plants, like ourselves, need air, light, warmth, food, and drink; and must have all these in sufficient quantities, or they will suffer, and finally die.

Where good earth is used for potting, plants seldom need any special manure. The best soil for plants is found in old meadows the corners of fences, &c., where sod has grown a long time. A pile of sod laid up to rot makes excellent potting-earth; and if taken from a soil with a good deal of sand, nothing can be better. Many persons think if they can get a little black muck from a swamp, they have the perfection of potting-soil; while it is the poorest soil that can be procured. About a table-spoonful of guano in a pail of water, makes a good fertilizing material; but must be used cautiously, and is not often needed.

Most of our plants are injured by too much heat. For a general collection of house-plants it is not best to allow the thermometer to be above 70; and if they could be kept in a room where the thermometer would usually not range much above 65, it would be the better. In the night-time 50 is high enough. Give a little fresh air every fine day, and all the sunlight

attainable. Every one knows that a plant grown in the dark is weak and colourless; and if it has plenty of light and little air, while it will have the natural colour, it will be slender and sickly. Plants will suffer from a current of cold air just as their owner would; but will be benefited by an invigorating breath of fresh air. Provide, therefore, for air in some way, especially on pleasant days.

Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of plants as to that of animals; and it is therefore necessary to secure them from dust as much as possible, and also to cleanse the plants frequently by syringing or washing. Even here a little caution is necessary, for while the smooth-leaved plants are benefited not only by showering, but even by washing with a cloth or sponge, the rough leaved plants like the *begonia rex* do not like to have the surface of their leaves frequently moistened. It would therefore be best to remove such plants before syringing. Take every precaution, however, to prevent the accumulation of dust upon the plants; and above all endeavour to screen them from that terrible infliction—carpet-sweeping. The essentials of success in plant culture are suitable soil, air, light, moderate and regular heat, a moist atmosphere, regular moderate watering, and freedom from dust and foul gas.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

At nine o'clock precisely, Leah comes up-stairs, and intimates to Madeline that her day's work is over, and that she is at liberty to go to her own room.

"It be right next the maister's," she whispers. "And if you hear a rapping on the wall, you'll know he's wakeful. It's too high above ground for the knockers to disturb you—though folk do say there's a

lode of tin aneath the house. But there, there, never let Maister Seth hear that, or he'll be for pulling the house down about our ears."

"Eh, eh, what's that?" asks Mr. Trelawny, with the curiosity of one growing deaf.

"Only, your honor, if she hears a knocking on the wall she may know you want something," Leah says, raising her voice, and speaking affably.

Madeline does not need Leah's information as to her neighbourhood, so plainly can she hear the buzz of the two voices. She soon discovers these nightly talks between the old master and housekeeper to be a household institution. For the next hour Leah will recount not only the doings of the day, both in the house and on the farm, but also the gossip of all Perranzabulo parish, which she manages in many ways to gather up. It is wonderful with what patience her master listens to her recitals. He does not hurry her in the least, nor snub her, but waits in the evident hope that amongst all the chaff there may be a single good grain.

Madeline finds her room scrupulously neat and white, but bare as a nun's cell. In the walls, the rats make a frightful noise, and she wonders how they manage to scamper and fight and tumble one over the other on the perpendicular, and why they escape the fate of the Kilkenny cats, in such a warfare as they carry on.

Her window opens on the court, where there is nothing to be seen but the dark steady shadow of the north wall, the flicker of the ivy trailing from the well-arch, or the blur of the apple-tree within the gate. Madeline presently sees nothing of all these; hears nothing of the hum of voices in the adjoining room, and is deaf to the noisy warfare in the wainscoting. She dreams of Austell and the old home, and it brings an unwonted blush into her cheeks. Madeline does not know herself.

Madeline, on coming down stairs, stops short in the doorway in blank astonishment. What has come over everything!—over Leah, over the kitchen, even over the hen scratching broodless and companionless at the outer doorstep opposite?

For a moment Madeline can hardly detect wherein lies the change in that usually most cheerful room. But she soon sees that the walls and great dresser are denuded of the bright tins, their chief ornament, and that there is a disordered air about the apartment, as if it had been hurriedly re-arranged. The smallest of smoky turf-fires smoulders on the hearth, and Leah is bending over it, stirring the most meagre of gruels—not so carefully, however, that she cannot turn at Madeline's step, and ask, with much gloom in her voice: "Be the maister asleep? It's little of a nap he'll get, since it ha' pleased Maister Seth to come back in such a hurry."

"Has Mr. Badger arrived?" asks Madeline, with curiosity; adding, with a little air of authority: "He must not go upstairs until Mr. Trelawny wakes."

"He will, though," answers Leah, coolly. "That be his way. Your not seeing through a millstone don't betoken blindness. Don't 'ee be saying before Maister Seth aught about the meals, now." Leah gives the caution for no other reason in the world than because she likes to

deal out that article liberally. "That the maister has his freaks and whims, I'll not deny; but that he's a right for to have'n I always maintain. 'Starve him out! Starve him out!' the maister keeps saying to me; and if bad cooking can do it, it shall be done."

Madeline laughs. "But you will get a very sorry reputation, Leah, if Mr. Seth Badger is your only guest."

"We ha' got that already. All the neighbours say we're starved; and we'll not worry the family by the sight of a full pot." And then, suddenly raising her voice many keys higher, "you needn't be feared of rain, for last night the new moon were flat on her back, and not a drop of water can she spill in that fashion."

Madeline turns with surprise to look at Leah. Has the old woman gone suddenly mad? But Madeline sees at once the method in her madness; for there is a man coming in at the opposite door, of whom Leah has certainly caught a glimpse or the sound of his footfall, though nothing in her face shows this.

"So, this is Mr. Seth Badger," Madeline thinks, and takes as full a survey of him as good breeding will permit. She is not at all prepossessed. He is by no means ugly, she admits, notwithstanding a decided red hue in his hair.

"What have you there, Leah?" he asks, walking toward the fireplace, where Leah is still on her knees, stirring the gruel. "I am hungry enough to eat you."

"I'd be sure to disagree with you," answers Leah, sharply; then adds, with a decided whine in her voice: "There's not much in the house. I be making a drop of gruel for the maister. But there's a salted pilchard, and a bit that were left over of a parsley-pie."

"I don't want your parsley-pie!" says Seth, roughly. "Have you any eggs?"

"Eggs be scarce, and my eyes just capsized with this smoke—it's been the work of the world to tine the fire."

"You must manage to get me something while I am here."

He is searching with finger and thumb in his breast-pocket while he speaks; and now he brings out a bank-note, which he lays open on the table, in the evident expectation of overwhelming Leah with the amount of his liberality. But Leah, as if she had not an idea of its worth, takes it up as she would a common bit of paper, and says, discontentedly, slowly rolling the note through her fingers: "Suppose I'll ha' to go over and see if 'Trenoweths ha' any chickens to sell. Maybe they ha', though there been a deal of cholera amongst their fowls."

No doubt Seth Badger misses the conclusion of Leah's remark; for just then Madeline leaves the kitchen, on her way upstairs. She does not speak to Leah, who has dived into the wood-corner, in search of a basket, of which there seems to be a goodly number, handleless. But at last she emerges with one that suits her purpose.

"You'll look out that the gruel doesn't burn while I be gone?" she requests of Seth, reaching for her broad flapped hat, which hangs conveniently on the door.

He exclaims roughly, "What kind of girl is that who has just gone upstairs?"

"She's nothing pridy," begins Leah.

"Pridy!" Badger repeats, in a fine natural scorn of what one does not understand.

"I mean she's no beauty," Leah graciously explains the provincialism.

"I can see so much for myself, What I wish to know is, what sort of disposition she has?"

"She's a kind of soft," answers Leah, with a knowing little nod.

"Leastways, that be my notion of 'en. For the way she bears the maister's whims and crotchets would break down an ox in my opinion."

"She may be deep as a well in that particular," says Seth, regardless of the mixing of metaphors. "A rich old man's whims are worth putting up with." And then he adds abruptly: "How long has she been here?"

"How long? Let me see," with an air of consideration. "This is the last part of July, and she came here about midsummer; yes, I think. Maybe you can count that," she adds, as if uncertain of her arithmetic.

"I should think I might. She will thrive here," says Seth, with a shrug of contempt.

"Na, I can't say if its healthy or no; though the old place do seem always to agree with you, Maister Seth," returns Leah, blandly.

"Too light a diet is the matter in this house," said Seth, dogmatically. "Eat some of my dinner, and see if you don't feel twice as strong when you finish."

"Oh, your dinner!" exclaims Leah, with sudden remorse in her voice. "And here be I standing, with the chickens not only to buy, but to kill and cook, and you complaining of starving! I only hope you can eat 'en when you get 'en, for the Trenoweths be none so particular as to the age of their fowls. I must be quick, or the maister's gruel will burn, and he's monstrous particular about his gruel, is the maister."

"I'll go up and see him while you are away," and Seth moves to the door.

Leah waits until she hears his heavy step well mounted up the stairs, when she sets down the basket and takes off her hat.

"Maybe I can find a chicken nearer hand than Trenoweths," she mutters to herself. "And, like Maister Seth, manage to keep hold of the money. He'll be none the wiser, nor none the poorer, for the matter of that."

And the deceitful old woman goes out to slaughter one of her own fowls, hidden away in an outhouse.

"Seth Badger opens Mr. Horace Trelawny's door, hardly using the ceremony of knocking. A frown comes over his face when his first glance discovers Madeline seated by the window reading. It is to her, no doubt, that he owes the fact of his visits being no surprise to his uncle. Seth Badger does not care to be looked for, as that interferes with certain little projects of his for the future. He would have felt no relish for the account of Leah's tactics down-stairs, which Madeline has been giving her guardian, though much astonishment at some of the revelations made therein.

"Hush!" old Horace interrupts her, although he has laughed at her

recital until the tears roll down his cheeks. "Hush!" he repeats; and Seth's step is heard in the great, bare hall.

Madeline takes up a book, and over it watches her guardian hastily wiping away the traces of his recent mirth; there is something pathetic in the act to her.

"Well, Seth, is that you?" Mr. Horace Trelawny asks, when his nephew enters and stands before him. "You are like the wind, my boy; no one knows where you are from, or how fast you travel."

Seth seems perfectly contented with this welcome. So he only nods, and says: "Yes, I am here."

"Very likely, very likely. Who cares for the property, when the master is an old log like me? But it would make no difference, you know, if the land should happen to be mortgaged, whether it is in good order," he adds, with a chuckle.

Badger is standing on the hearth, his back to the fire-place, and is facing his uncle—a position in which he has a good view of Madeline, upon whom he keeps so protracted a stare that even old Horace's attention is attracted by it.

"You haven't met Madeline before, eh, Seth? Well, you'll know her the next time you meet. She's my ward. The girl Mary Trelawny has had."

Seth adds to his stare a familiar little nod, of which Madeline takes not the slightest heed, until Mr. Horace Trelawny calls out: "Madeline, this is Mr. Seth Badger, my grand-nephew, who wishes the honour of your acquaintance." When she gives a haughty gesture, hardly a bow, and goes on with her reading. It is plainly to be seen that Madeline has taken no great fancy to her guardian's grand-nephew.

"Why does she not go away?" asks Seth, in an audible whisper aside.

"Perhaps she likes to stay," Mr. Horace Trelawny answers with a laugh. "But you can ask her yourself."

"Madeline may as well be stone deaf and stone blind, for all the effect Seth Badger's polite questions and dark looks have upon her.

"Send her away," he says, abruptly. "I have no time to play the fool, even if I had the inclination. I have something to say to you."

"Something of importance?" asks old Horace, with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"You don't suppose I have come all the way from London to talk of the weather, do you?" sneers Seth. "That is like me, isn't it?"

Money, Seth, only money, the root of all evil, the filthy lucre, has brought you thus far from home; and you cannot deny it—not you."

"If it has, *you* needn't preach."

"Eh, so I hear, so I hear. Leah tells me there is some such chatter among the neighbours. That proves what nonsense amuses people when they discuss the affairs of others. But you, you know better, you know;" persuasively, raising himself with some difficulty by the help of the arm of his chair, and bending forward to peer eagerly into Badger's discontented face. "Look at this room, and tell me if it has the air of one belonging to a rich man? Answer me that, Seth Badger."

"The room does well enough." Seth casts a careless glance around at the old man's bidding. "Perhaps you, like my grandmother, have a

fancy for the hymn, 'Man wants but little here below.' Not that she didn't take all she could get; nor was she altogether content with either quality or quantity. But if you had asked me about the rest of the house, instead of this room, I could not have praised the comfort of it.'

"Yet that is just what people see, who chance to come here," says his uncle, with eagerness. "Not many ever get up to this room. And yet they will call me rich; and what they go on, no one knows."

"Go on! Why, they know you have money, and you don't spend it. No one supposes that you give it away. The world is wider awake than you imagine."

"Are you going to send that girl away?" asks Badger, this time dropping his voice, but looking with evident impatience across where Madeline still sits.

"Of course, of course. And this is not the first time you have as much as asked her to go. How forgetful one grows with one's years. It is in at one ear, and out at the other. But it can't be helped, you know." And then he adds, seeing a gesture of impatience from Seth: "Madeline, my dear, your cousin—no, but he is not your cousin—no relation whatever, you know. Mr. Seth Badger has something to say to me in private, and, perhaps, you had better leave us for a little while."

There is an air of precision about the words, very unlike his usual mode of giving his commands: an evident desire, so Madeline thinks, to linger over her dismissal. She laid down her book when her guardian began to speak to her; and now she has risen, and comes behind him, resting her two hands on the back of his chair. She is facing Seth Badger, and her steady gaze never quails under the look he is giving her, of bold and indubitable admiration.

Madeline has never seen that look in any other man's eyes; in Seth Badger's, it is one which might bring a blush into a modest girl's cheeks. He is saying to himself: "If she is not pretty, she has eyes that compensate for it. It is worth while to make her angry, just to see them flash. I have heard of eyes flashing fire, but I always believed that a fiction, until now."

But Madeline has not a thought of herself, nor of Badger's opinion of her. The old, helpless man in the chair on which her hands were resting, has really her whole and undivided attention. For him, not for herself, is she angry with Badger; therefore is she able to say, quite firmly: "Do you wish me to go? For if it is only Mr. Badger's desire, I would rather stay."

"This old man shall not be bullied by you," Madeline's eyes, as she looks steadily at Seth Badger, are saying, just as plainly as if she spoke the words. It is absurd; for what can such a mere girl do to protect him? Badger laughs outright at the idea.

"Uncle Horace does not wish to discuss business before you. I should think," he adds, not unkindly, "you would be glad to get out of this musty old room for a little holiday."

"Yes, yes. It is business Seth has to speak of, you know. Run away, Madeline, child. Go down stairs awhile; but don't be gossiping with Leah till you forget to come back. Keep near; for when Seth has

finished talking business, I'll be sure to need you: But you can go now."

Thus dismissed, Madeline only lingers to give Badger a haughty little glance of defiance. She is puzzled to know why, if her guardian dislikes his nephew, he should permit him to take such complete mastery here. Of one thing she is very sure, as she goes down-stairs into Leah's domain: she might cordially hate this Seth Badger, but would never be afraid of him.

This certainty Madeline repeats to herself on her way down; so it may be at least questionable if she does not at heart feel a shadow of dread of this man who can dismiss her from the room with no more hesitation than he would send away a child; and who stares at her as long as he finds it convenient so to do.

Perhaps Seth Badger had committed a mistake in making Madeline dislike and suspect him.

Leah is not in the kitchen when Madeline reaches it; and as she comes to the outer door upon the town-place, and catches the flutter of a gown just disappearing in the only out-house which can stand without a prop, a smothered sound as of a chicken in the article of death, deters her from following.

Presently Leah comes out, bearing aloft a headless chicken, while, as if to prove it was not hatched in that condition, with much dexterity she throws the missing head into a flock of ducks, whereupon at once begins a squabbling for the dainty.

The girl strolls slowly across the court, where green moss-seams between the flags show how few footsteps tread this way to break the loneliness. A sudden restlessness comes over her; a wild longing to follow that road, on, on—to escape. But the old man may need her—all the more, Leah has said, because Seth Badger has come.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READING.

"He shall cover thee with His feathers."—Psalm xci., 4th verse.

IF this expression were not in the Bible, we should think we were speaking of God almost irreverently in speaking of him thus. And yet what indescribable beauty there is in the sentence! It is one of those very beautiful scriptural expressions that seem by their very beauty to check your hand when you would touch them; seeming to call you near with heart, and mind and spirit open, that they may pour upon you their celestial light, and that their sweetness and

fragrance may gently fill your soul. It is, of course, a poetical expression: but what is poetry? Poetry is, truth clothed in her celestial robes? To take such a sentence to pieces and look at it piece by piece, is like taking a flower to pieces, separating the parts, and so losing much of the grace and harmony and beauty of the whole. In the 3rd verse we are likened to poor little birds, easily lured to destruction by the cunning "fowler," easily caught in his "snares:" but here we have the

wings of the parent bird, affording us the most perfect protection. Remember that the words are written concerning those who "dwell in God's secret place," who live in close communion with him. The first thought they suggest about the protection with which such are favoured is, that there is something very *natural* about God's method of shielding them.

Nothing could be more natural than the way in which the parent bird protects her brood. Let a sound of alarm be heard or a cloud darken the sky, and instantly the helpless little ones hurry away to the protecting wings.

We have great need of this lesson, for we have so heathenized our life, so paganized it, that unless God adopt some startling method of delivering us, and comes to our rescue in some unnatural or unlooked for way, we fail to see God at all. If he delivers us from the "snare of the fowler" by means of the society in which we move, by companionship, by family life, by home relationship, by our little children; or, if He delivers us by the return of the Sabbath, by the ordinary ministry of His Word, by the gracious operation of His Spirit; or if he delivers us by naturally turning our feet into some other path, away from the unseen "snare," then, as a rule, we fail to see that to us the promise is fulfilled, and we are really "covered with his feathers." Yet these things often prove to be the feathers with which he covers us. Nay, if we were wise enough to understand God's ways, we should find sometimes that the sicknesses that come to us, and the very infirmities that cling to us, are used by God to shield us from dangers to which otherwise we should be exposed. All these things that tend to keep the darkness from us, to keep the light of the other world about us, to keep our feet in the way of life, to protect us as children of God as followers of the Saviour, as pilgrims to the far-off land,—are the feathers with which God covers His chosen.

But while the method adopted is a natural one, there is also great *gentleness* about it.

How gently do the feathers of the parent bird fall about the little timid

frightened things that run for shelter! How gently the wings embrace them, and how completely they *cover* them. They are not only safe, they are hidden!

It is even so with God. What could be more gentle than those things that are round about us, which tell upon us for good. Keeping from us the baneful influences that would otherwise destroy all that is good and true within us, and leave us at last in the hands of the cruel fowler? What more gentle than the beautiful Sabbath, the influence of the sanctuary, the distilling of God's Word upon our spirits, the relationships of home, the tender love of our little ones, the relationships of Church life, and the frequent recurrence of the hour of prayer? These things enwrap our spirits with all the gentleness with which the feathers of the parent bird cover the brood. And if, at times, God sees that we should be better protected from spiritual dangers by a rougher path, then to that rougher path he will lead us in all the gentleness of a Father's love. "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Besides, he is ever seeking to protect us by making us proof against the evils that now threaten to pierce and wound us: seeking ever to make us pure and true, and lowly, and trustful. Had the Jews in Jerusalem received the Lord Jesus, when he sought "to gather them together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings," he would have made them, by his grace, so different from what they were that they would not have provoked their Roman Rulers, and the awful destruction would not have overtaken them. And what could be more gentle than God's method of seeking to make us proof against evil by working within us?

In many ways God is seeking to cover us all with his feathers—to keep us in perfect safety and peace as His children. Even the sunshine at times can scarcely tempt the little birds from under the mother's wings,—so warm, so safe, so peaceful are they there. Let us be as wise as they, and get under God's wings and there make our abode. H. STARMER,



YOUR CHILDREN.

A WORD TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

IN the sanctuary of home how often have children been taught to break the spell of the serpent, and withstand the wiles of the seducer! Many fathers and mothers have been saved by *them* from the pathway of ruin, and are now in heaven who, but for their children, would have been lost for ever.

Through all the history of the trials and wanderings of the people of God in past generations, in their joys and in their perils, children were with them. Are generations of holy children to succeed them? No virtues of an adult generation can save our land, if godless children are to follow that generation and undo all its work. If Christianity is to possess the world it must make the children its own—it is on account of this that right religious training in the home is all important to the future. The responsibility presses on both father and mother. God expects of *both* the same teaching and example, forbearance, gentleness, and self-sacrifice; and if the children are so trained that they fail to

grow up in the right way, the mother will not be the only one held to account. The father sometimes acts as though he could slip out of this grave responsibility—but he cannot; he is not to lay them in the mother's arms to receive all physical, mental, and moral nurture through her. Children are a mutual gift—a mutual trust. To act as two, and yet as one, is a nice study for father and mother, and can only be realized by united prayer and sitting together at the feet of Jesus. Men can help their wives in many ways, especially by their influence and sympathy. God, the great Father, condescends to the most minute care of *His* children; and should not an earthly father help in his home, bodily as well as morally and get more drawn to home affections and interests? A little nailing and hammering; a little play with the children; providing many comforts at a little cost; helping the sick wife with the sick baby. How happy homes would be if fathers cultivated these little offices of love!

Gentle words and kindly dealing,
 Who can estimate their worth?
 Holy balm and blessed healing,
 For the wounds we bear on earth.
 But whose way was ever brightened,
 Or whose erring steps set right,
 Or whose heavy burden lightened
 By *unkindness, scorn, or slight*.
 How the heart delights to cherish
 All the pleasant things in life;
 Would the consciousness might perish
 Of its bitterness and strife!
 "Be ye kind one to another,"
 Thus the sacred precept reads;
 Let us heed its counsels, brother,
 Fill our lives with kindly deeds.

The parental home training has a vital connection with a child's *conduct in after life*. God has made parents first responsible. He spake to parents of old, saying, "These words which I command thee this day shalt thou teach diligently unto *thy children*."

It is an important question, causing much anxiety, "How to check the depravity and recklessness of our young people as they grow up into life and leave home, many of whom have passed through our Sunday Schools?" Social reformers have suggested many remedies; but they are simply trying to stop a burst pipe with a sponge. Is not the root of the mischief the want of teaching Bible religion from early infancy?—but parents have not known how. A system, promoted by a private gentleman, for teaching Bible religion in the home and school by standard catechisms, has come under our notice, called "*Systematic Bible Teaching*," for parents to train by at home. By this method the children are early taught the religion of the Bible, that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and is a check to evil habits in all after life. God alone can rightly train an immortal soul; but "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the entrance of God's Word giveth light. A *knowledge* of the great God and of His *dear Son Jesus Christ*, is a knowledge that the Holy Spirit can and will bless.

Mothers and fathers! are you teaching your children, as well as praying for them? Have you taught them that they belong to God; that He claims their hearts, their life, their all. Have you taught them the great sin of forgetting Him who sent His Son to *save* them from their sin; and invited them to forsake sin and trust to *Him* for salvation. There may be among your children many a young Samuel, who will hear the voice of God calling to His service, and who will remember a parent's teaching in after years.

Children are keen observers. A mother's face is the first book a child beholds. If a mother loves prayer and reading the Bible, the child will learn to love it too.

Always anticipate meeting your children in a future world. You must meet either at the left hand of the Judge, or in the Paradise of God. How sad the thought of a separation; and how earnest should parents be to obey the *command* to which is added a *promise*,—"Train up a child in the way he *shall* go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

A minister of the gospel, while speaking of the importance of setting a good example, and making straight paths for our feet, related the following incident which occurred within the circle of his acquaintance:—"A man who was given to intoxication was coming home through the drifted snow from his evening's revelry in the bar-room, when, on turning round, he saw his little son trying hard to follow in the tracks he had made as he staggered along through the drifts. That sight sobered him, and he exclaimed,—

"O my God, is this the example I am setting for my children to follow?"

"He took the little fellow by the hand and led him home, and from that time he became a sober man, and tried to bring his children up in the way they should go."

Just after a great snow-storm, one cold winter morning, I observed two little children trying to cross the drifted street. The little girl was anxiously looking at the footprints that had been made all round, to find some that would help them through the snow.

"It's no use, we can't go," said the little boy, discouraged, and in tears.

"Oh, yes, we can," said the little girl, cheerfully; here are steps that go straight ahead; we will follow these."

They did so, crossed the street in safety, and went on their way.

There are many footprints around our path, and they lead in every direction; but the safest and best way is to follow those that "go straight ahead."

G.S.

GOOD HEALTH;

HOW TO GET IT AND HOW TO KEEP IT.

BY ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE was a time, not far distant, when I should have used very different language and made extremely light of the obstacles to sanitary progress—then it seemed to me that there lay before the science of health a grand and hopeful future, and that with the spread of civilisa-

tion, refinement, and education in our midst, there would come a higher standard of health, and that before long the average duration of life would be greatly lengthened, and the enjoyment of existence at least doubled; indeed, I actually believed that any man or woman, whatever the time of life attained, could do much to improve his or her condition. I must confess that some of those very difficult people to arouse to enthusiasm—I mean Conservatives in religion and politics—used to dissent from me, and gloomily warn me that sanitary reformers made too light of the task they had undertaken; this opposition I attributed to the hopeless indocility of people who kept their faces resolutely turned backwards—refusing to advance with the times. Now, without having joined the ranks of the obstructives, I cannot endorse all I once wrote and said on this subject of health—there *are* difficulties due to defective education and infirm constitutions that we dare not dismiss from our minds, and which, however we may endeavour to ignore them, will obtrude themselves at all hours and in all places; then how few people can be expected in the pressure of business to learn enough of the application even if they do of the importance of the laws of health to be of signal advantage to them and theirs, and, moreover, the poverty and half-heartedness of the many millions of down-trodden toilers in our midst will bring to nought many a noble theory as soon as an attempt is made to reduce it to practice. What can we expect of men and women whose circumstances consign them to a life of interminable drudgery—work—morning, noon, and night—as children, and as adults, and in old age only the workhouse ahead; what self-restraint can we venture to ask of these human beasts of burden—how look for temperance, patriotism, morality, cleanliness, attention to ventilation, cooking, and seasonable amusement? Nay, my friend, if *you* think that labourers on a sovereign a week can ever be rational, religious, and virtuous, as a class that is—noble exceptions of course there are which only prove the rule—you know little of human nature, of the sufferings of the poor, of the dreadful tragedies every day acting in our midst. You can hardly even blame these wretched victims of circumstances; if a clergyman you can blame the irreligion of the masses, if a radical you can denounce the land laws and the landlords, if an employer of labour you can abuse trades' unions, if a social reformer of the ordinary stamp you can come out with something rather big and epigrammatic about the mistakes and failures of our modern civilisation, and cheerfully look far ahead, but, if a truly wise man, you will only shake your head and take it all as a matter of course, wondering, indeed, why the rich should have all the good things of this world, and seem to have so much better a chance of entering upon the rest that remains for the people of God. As it was of old, so it is now—the whole creation groaneth and travaileth; one generation succeeds another, millions are born, millions perish, and still the world plods wearily on, and who will say whether it ever gets much better.

Take but one obstacle in the path of progress—look at the rapid increase of population, and reflect upon what it means; Every man knows that population *can* increase, and often *does* too—a far more serious matter—much faster than the means of subsistence; and he also knows that the prosperity of a nation will be in direct proportion to its gross wealth and to its advantages of climate and situation, and to the manner in which

this wealth is distributed. Now in a community in which there are no very poor and no very rich, and in which the average income is sufficient for all the daily wants of reasonable, sober people, there will be a high standard of comfort—the greater the inequality of conditions, though perhaps the result may be a more splendid court and a more powerful and highly-cultured upper class, the greater must be the mass of misery and suffering in the lower strata of society. Now how much better could every English family have a fair income, though this blessing were purchased, as it probably would be, by the downfall and final extinction of a wealthy class. No one would complain who could think of the masses and their happiness, and treat as they deserve the claims of a comparative handful of millionaires and aristocrats; not, however, that I am proposing the subdivision of wealth, for in the present condition of things I question if it would be beneficial or practicable, I only say how much better would it be for all were there no rich people and no poor, none but thriving lower middle-class families, then all might have a real stake in the country, all might have ample leisure, and all could seek to make the most of this life and of the life beyond the grave. But, apart from other causes tending to keep up an inexhaustible supply of pauper labour, we have early and imprudent marriages. Given two men, both similarly trained, both capable of earning the same rate of wages, say forty shillings a week—the one marries at twenty, and at forty is the happy father of eight living children, to say nothing of six whom poverty and foul air have cut off, the other does not marry at all, or only marries in middle life, or, marrying early, has no family, the latter, as everyone acquainted with the working classes knows, is far more likely to rise in the world, while the former not only generally remains where he commenced, but should death cut him off at forty, his children sink into the ranks of unskilled labourers, and toil on as drudges from infancy to old age, which comes early enough to them, poor souls. How, I ask, can the semi-pauper artisan train up his brood of pauper children so that they shall be given a fair start in life and be able to enjoy the blessings of existence? It is wide of the mark to tell me that early marriage was commanded by God himself, that a large supply of labourers is often useful, and that marriage in early life often steadies a labourer. I have to do with facts and not theories, and we *know*, would that it were otherwise, that our towns and villages teem with pauper families unable to rise, unable to help themselves, doomed to labour amidst difficulties of which we of the better classes have small idea; doomed to be decimated by every epidemic; doomed in many cases to perish like the beasts of the field. To go through the squalid hovels where rot these human beings, to see the crowds of sickly infants therein, to hear the mother's whining hope that the "Lord may please to take the baby," to turn with loathing from the rags that hardly cover the aged and the sick, to know what all this means, I say, and then to wonder that the poor are as they are is hypocrisy or folly. Not for such as these can science, learning, and religion do much; from these haunts of excess and want come many of the publican's best customers and the policeman's most lawless foes. From these haunts issue those reckless and brutal roughs the terror of quiet people. There the recruiting sergeant gets his most unpromising victims; there the dockyard labourers herd,

and the cabmen, and the navvies, and the I know not what and who else, and when the few who survive the perils of infancy and adult life get past all work, and that often happens soon after fifty, what happens—why, there's the union and the hospital, but you keep up your inexhaustible supply of pauper labour, and decent people continue to wonder that the lower classes are so wicked, and sanitary reformers, legislators, and clergymen turn pale as they vainly try to cope with the vices and requirements of a class, perhaps, at this moment numbering in the United Kingdom alone 10,000,000 souls, and well keeping up its enormous numbers, perhaps increasing them even more rapidly than the rest of the community. You smile, perhaps, and doubt this. What, will not the zealous Ritualist clergy, and the school boards, and town improvement acts, and the extension of the franchise effect wonders? Never, I reply, in the face of one fact alone—the lamentable increase in the marriages of minors. In the five years, 1841-45, in every 100 marriages the annual proportion of male minors was 4·38, and of females 13·35, but in the five years 1871-75, the annual percentage of male minors had increased to 8·15, and that of women to 22·22, in other words, 16,730 males and 44,764 females under 21 years of age were in the year 1875 married in England and Wales, or, out of every 1,000 men, and out of every 1,000 women living between the mature ages of 17 and 21 in the ten years 1866-75, the annual number of minors married was 17·05 and 47·09 respectively, so that in twenty years the marriages of minors increased among men 60 per cent., and among women 41 per cent. As long as this state of things lasts we shall have no reason to fear that the poor will not always be with us, nor that gaols, work-houses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums will lack tenants.

* * * *Our next Paper will be on Occupation, and its influence on the Body.*

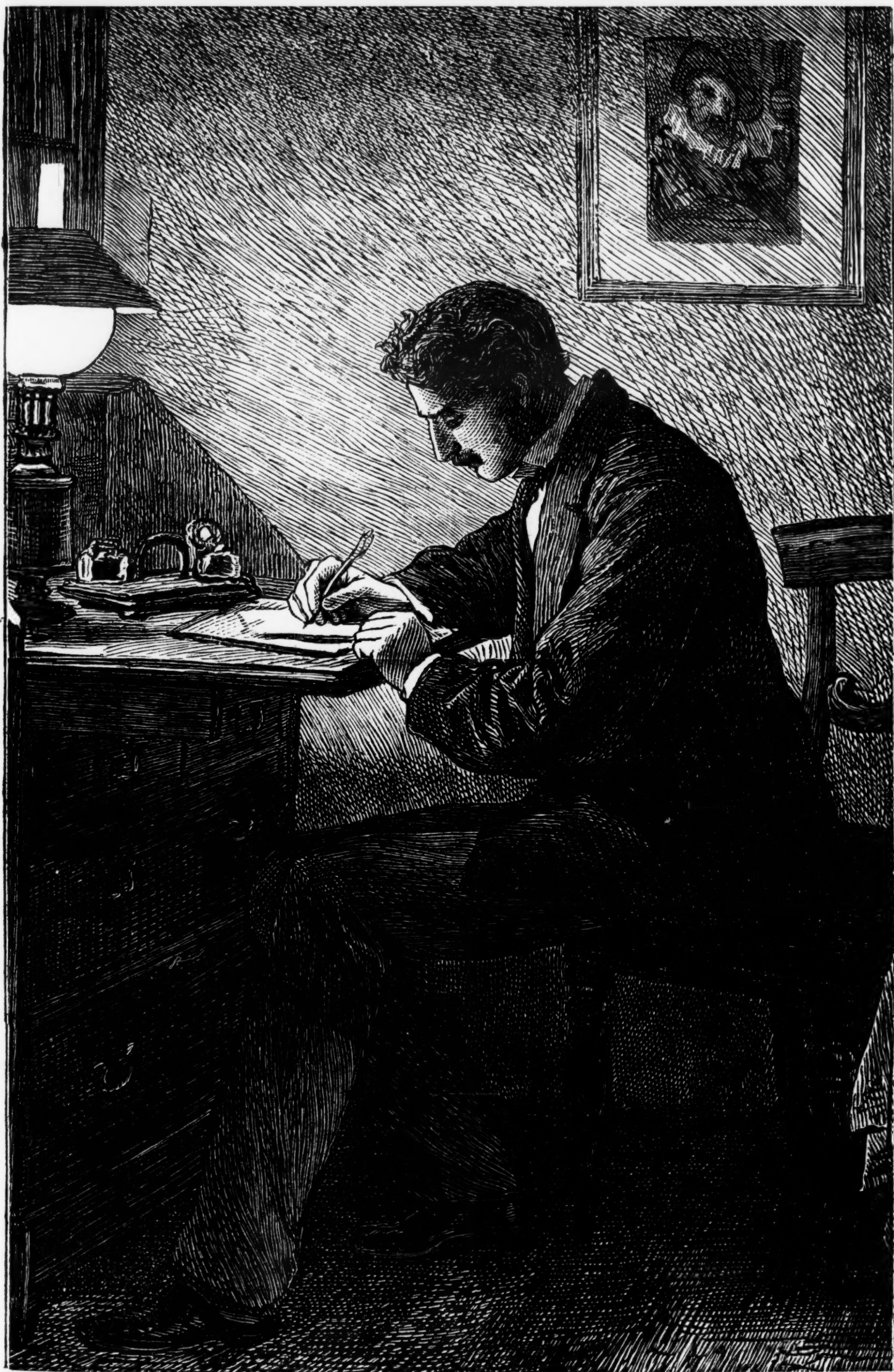
THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTE-BOOK.

New College Puddings.—Half-a-pound crumbs of bread, half-a-pound of suet, half-a-pound of currants, a little nutmeg, ginger, sugar, and lemon-peel. Mix the ingredients well together, with eggs, and make from them puddings resembling large eggs in size and shape; these must be fried in butter, and sent to table with whatever sauce is desired.

To Hash Cold Mutton.—Cut your mutton into thin slices, then boil the bones with an onion, a few sweet herbs, a blade of mace, a very little whole pepper, salt, a piece of crust toasted very crisp; let it boil till there is just enough for gravy, strain, and put it into a saucepan, with a piece of butter, rolled in flour, then add the meat. Have ready some thin bread, toasted brown, cut it three-corner ways, lay the pieces round the dish, and pour in the hash. Garnish with pickles if preferred.

Little Pasties.—Take the kidney of a loin of veal, cut very fine, with some of the fat, the yolks of two hard eggs, seasoned with a little salt, and half a small nutmeg. Mix the whole well together, then roll it into a puff-paste crust, divide it into three, and fry them nicely in hogs-lard or butter. Some carrots, with a little sugar, and spice, lemon juice, or apples, first boiled and sweetened, may be added.

Puff Paste.—Take a quarter of a peck of flour, rub it fine with half-a-pound of butter, and a little salt; make it up into a light paste with cold water, just stiff enough to work it well together, then roll it out, and stick pieces of butter all over, and strew a little flour; roll it up, and roll it out again, and do so nine or ten times, till you have rolled in a pound and a half of butter. This crust is mostly used for all sorts of pies.



SETH BADGER WRITING THE WILL.

OLD HORACE TRELAUNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Madeline is not fronting the road, so does not see a man who is coming toward her with a light swinging gait, which she would have known at the first glimpse of him. He is quite near the gate before he chances

to catch sight of the small figure perched upon it. Then he draws near cautiously, by an adroit movement seizing Madeline by the arm in such a fashion that she can neither turn nor free herself; and in an unnatural, husky voice he calls out: "Now I have you!"

If he expects a cry of terror, or a struggle, he is disappointed. Madeline only gives a little laugh, and says: "Have you a cold, Austell, that your voice is so frightful?"

"I defy any one to surprise *you*," Austell says, releasing her. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"Enjoying myself," is the decidedly curt reply.

"Oh! You manage to do that at a cheap rate," he adds.

"Have you come to see Mr. Horace Trelawny?"

"Did I not promise to come and see you?" is the evasive answer.

"Yes; but that was so very long ago, I thought you had forgotten," she says, slowly.

Austell has ignored the opening of the gate, as a wise man would. He has vaulted over it, and is now standing before Madeline.

"You have not changed," says Austell, after scanning her features.

"That is all you know," nods Madeline. "I have changed very much."

"Have you seen Seth Badger yet?" asks Austell.

"Yes." The whole expression of her face, as well as her attitude, changes, disgust being plainly visible. "I have seen him. He arrived to-day."

"And you do not like him? But that is a superfluous question."

"Of course I do not like him. Do you suppose any one ever did? Do you know," she says, "he bullies old Mr. Horace Trelawny until he is actually afraid of him."

"I haven't a doubt of it," answers Austell, coolly. "Only I wish you would use a more elegant word than 'bully.'"

"And would you believe it," Madeline goes on to say, not heeding in the least the correction of her rhetoric, "that a little while ago, he sent me out of Mr. Horace Trelawny's room, because he dared not say something before me, which he wished to say? But I don't intend he shall ill-treat the old man, and I shall tell him so."

"Don't quarrel with Badger, Madeline. It will be the maddest thing you ever did in your life!" exclaims Austell, hastily.

"Why should it be? Why should I care for *him*?" asks Madeline, with a contemptuous shrug.

"Because he is the worst tempered fellow I know of, and will stop at nothing if he is roused."

Madeline does not answer.

"Remember what I say, Madeline," he resumes, with an assumption of authority which he used occasionally when she was a child, and utterly unmanageable. "Don't come in conflict in any way with Badger. He is a rough fellow, and one whom you ought not to know."

"The question seems to be whether he will come into collision with me," is the quiet reply.

"Don't be stubborn, Madeline," Austell says, with heat. "There is nothing that sets so ill on a girl as stubbornness, especially when she is,

like you, totally ignorant of the risk she is running. Promise me at once that you will have nothing to do with Badger, nor say a word to him which you can possibly avoid."

She does not answer, but stands absently pushing away with her foot a twig that has fallen on the mossy flag. Her manner puzzles Austell; he at once suspects Seth Badger of paying some lover-like attentions to her. She is so young and inexperienced; and girls are so easily flattered! A sharp pang of—indignation, he calls it—takes possession of him.

"Madeline," he says, shortly, "I am waiting for you to speak to me."

She lifts her head, throwing it back with a gesture which he very well remembers betokens anger.

"What do you expect me to say? That I will have nothing to do with Mr. Badger that I can possibly avoid? I should think that would hardly require a promise."

"How could I tell, when you stood there so obstinately silent," Austell answers, in a slightly apologetic tone.

"Nevertheless," she continues, "he shall not—not—" casting about for a word which shall not be objectionable to Austell's ear, "he shall not threaten Mr. Horace Trelawny, nor will I be afraid of him."

"I hope you may never have occasion to be. But you must let old Horace attend to his own affairs, and get out of your head the absurd idea that he is afraid of Seth Badger."

To this Madeline makes no reply.

"Do you think you could manage to get Cousin Horace to see me without my risking a meeting with Badger?"

Just then Leah comes to the kitchen doorway, and waves to the breeze something much larger than a handkerchief. Madeline is facing that way, and catches sight of the signal, which she is not slow to interpret.

"Mr. Badger has come down stairs," she says.

* * * * *

When Madeline had shut Mr. Trelawny's door behind her, the two men were silent for a moment. Seth Badger may have been giving her time to go downstairs: for there came no sound from her light footfall. His next movement may be but precautionary; or he may really doubt the child. "Suspicious among thoughts are like bats among birds;" and the man's nature has in it dark enough recesses to afford congenial haunts. Be that as it may, he goes softly to the door, opens it, and looks out.

He peers down the dusky hall; indeed, he even goes out into it, before he is at last fully satisfied, and returns and locks the door behind him.

"Did you see her, Seth?" jeers old Horace.

"Why do you keep her here? You might know this is no place for a mere child. She'll die in six months in such a house as this."

"Not she. She'll live to bother some man yet. She is of the stuff to thrive under difficulties. Besides, I need her, now that Leah is old and good for nothing." "Then, too, I could not leave the child any longer on Mary's hands; and that young scamp of hers might be making

love to her, as he does not seem to have much to do. Austell is a good-looking fellow. But, perhaps, Seth, you would like her yourself, you know."

"I am not in search of a wife. I have a different need just now, if I could but induce you to listen to me."

"Yes, yes, you'll leave the trouble of the search to a certain personage who always provides for his own—though Heaven is said to send the good wives. However, Seth, I wish you to remember that I offered Madeline to you, and you didn't want her, you know."

"I'll remember. Now drop the girl, for I have something more important to talk of just now."

"Is it money, Seth, my boy?" with the blandest of smiles.

"Yes, it is money. A thousand pounds. I must have it at once."

"Eh, eh, must is a very short word. A mere monosyllable—"

"But as strong as a vice. See here, Uncle Horace, there is not the smallest use in putting me off and playing upon words. I want the money badly; how badly, I don't intend to tell even you. I must have it at once; and I have failed to raise it—"

"So you have come to the old man in your trouble," Mr. Trelawny interposes, as if Seth's request were of the pleasantest. "I wonder how many uncles you tried in London before you decided to come here? But it was thoughtful in you not to attempt to skin me until the last. Well, well, what's to be done now you are here?"

"You can either give me the money down, or a cheque for the amount will do," says Seth, coolly.

"So it would, so it would, if I had it. But I could not lay my hands on such a sum of money in haste, if I died for it. I haven't lined the rafters with gold, nor, like a drivelling old woman, put it into a stocking to sit upon."

"Old woman or miser, it is much the same, and I *must* have the money," returns Badger, in a low, threatening tone.

"Even if you murder me for it?" asks Mr. Trelawny, with a laugh that sounds hollow, and a grayer hue in his face.

"It need not go so far," replies Seth, coolly. "It is not very much trouble for you to hand me the sum; and you see I am rather in haste for it."

"Then it will have to be murder," cries old Horace, in a shrill voice of passion. "For no man shall touch a penny of mine during my lifetime. And it will be well if I don't die without making a will, or saying where a penny is to be found. I have not made my will yet, and I will not if I am threatened. Much as you wish me to do it, I will not. And I'll be even with you yet, Seth Badger—I'll be even with you for all your threats."

"Who is threatening you? Asking a favour is not much like a threat," replies Seth, in a much more mollifying voice and manner, which at once have their effect.

"Eh, true enough, true enough. But an old man gets worried and put out by a little friendly urging, you know. It was not always so with me, and I could say no without being in the least troubled about it. But we grow soft-hearted as well as soft-headed with years, and can't withstand our friends."

"I haven't discovered either sign of age in you as yet," Seth says, with a harsh laugh.

"Maybe not, maybe not. But you are not quick-sighted. I'll tell you what I will do for you, Seth," he continues, in a wheedling voice. "You know you have long wished me to make my will, and I never could bring myself to do it. But I will now, and in your favour, on the condition that you don't ask me for a penny during my life. For I can't part with the money—I can't indeed. And you'll not have long to wait, you know."

"You can't promise me that," answers Seth, brutally. "You may take a new lease of life, and live until you are a hundred: not an uncommon age in Cornwall, as the story goes."

"But it is not at all likely, although I don't say I would not prefer it. A man who lives as frugally as I, cannot have much strength; besides, I have attacks which may carry me off at any moment. Ask Madeline. She has brought me through several by her prompt remedies, and saved the doctor's fee."

"But what of the will? I suppose you will be as long about making it, as about dying?"

"No, no. That is quite a different matter," replies Mr. Trelawny, reassuringly. "Making one's will does not kill one; and I am ready to make mine at once. There are writing materials in the desk yonder; and do you just sit down and write one to please yourself. Then you can ride over to Cubert, to Jack Trescoe, and make him draw it up so that it will be tight and square. If there is any one who can do it, it is Trescoe; only do you look sharp, and see that he does not manage to put in his own name. When Trescoe has the paper made out, I am ready to sign and have it witnessed. As to the little sum of money you need, you will have no trouble to raise it if you just give a hint that my will is made in your favour. Perhaps Trescoe himself can accommodate you; he'll not require a hint as to my heir, if he draws up the will, you know."

Seth is standing looking at the man who is so eager to make his will in his favour. Seth passes his fingers many times through his red, tangled beard, at a loss to comprehend the situation. Old Trelawny's glances quail more easily than did Madeline, for he drops his eyelids, and says querulously: "You may do as you please. I have made you the offer."

"And you shall abide by it," is the rejoinder, as Seth strides across the room to the old scrutoire, in which he very well knows he will find the necessary pens, ink, and paper. He brings them all over to the table near his uncle, and sitting down, tries the pens on the blotter, and with as much patience as he can command, waits for his uncle's dictation.

"Trelawny Priory, July 24th, 1833," begins Seth; then pauses.

"Will any of the pens write? The quills are poor things in these days. But you need only take down the headings, and," continues Mr. Trelawny, as he watches Seth's preparations, "Trescoe can make them ship-shape."

He pauses here; but Seth hastens him with a short "Go on."

"Eh, eh, go on! Easily said; but the thing is to commence, you

know. I shall not leave many legacies, for they are a deal of trouble to the heir. But there is something—nay, a mere nothing—in the Three per Cents, which I wish to leave to Madeline Dubois. She is my ward, you know, and awkward questions might be asked about her property, if I failed to mention her in my will—and which might give you trouble. It is better to be on the safe side. You will not feel the loss of that trifle,” he goes on to remark presently, while Seth’s pen is hurrying over the bequest dictated; “and, as I said before, it will prevent trouble about Madeline making any claim upon the estate. One can never count on women; and there is always an attorney to back them if there is a chance of recovering anything.”

Seth nods. He never has believed that his uncle brought the girl home for any benefit to her or to himself; and now he suspects that her guardian, not caring to be held to account for her property, thought it as well to get her away from friends who might induce her to make inquiries. Seth is shrewd, and he thinks, as he sits biting the end of his quill, and waiting for the old man’s next dictation, (to which he is not at all sure of acceding as he has to this), that if he were not writing himself heir, it might be a good game to marry Madeline, and bring in suit against Horace Trelawny’s estate after his death. But as Seth is himself to be the heir, it is wisest to set down what his uncle bids him in the matter, and to ask no questions. For the rest, he hardly glances at the eager-eyed old man opposite, who, while watching him, is chuckling softly to himself, as if to make his own will were an excellent jest.

“Now we must give Leah something,” Mr. Trelawny says, finding that Seth is waiting. “Just to stop people’s chatter, you know; for they say I half starve her, and, many think, beat her. A couple of hundreds, now, will be a salve to her wounds, especially if I mention her as my faithful servant.”

Again there is a silence; and Seth, after some hesitation, writes as he is told; then looks up with a sneer.

“Have you any more legacies? I didn’t know you were so soft-hearted.”

“Nor am I, nor am I. But, you see,” Mr. Trelawny explains, hastily, “one’s will always makes a talk, and it is as well, when one dies but once, to do the thing handsomely. I will not hide it from you, Seth, that at my death it will be found the old Priory was not mine to will—that I had only a life-interest in it. The one who comes after me will not get much, for, as you are aware, it would take more money than it is worth, to bring the land up; and as to the house, the rats will dispute possession of it. And you would not care to spend money on the place, being a Badger and no Trelawny. But everything else,” he goes on to say, hastily and cheerfully, seeing Seth about to interrupt, “everything else, my boy, shall be yours. And I’m very sure you’ll not spare much to the church. Now get Leah to give you a bite of something, and then ride over to Jack Trescoe, and bid him make the will cover everything, for I couldn’t begin to tell you where the money is scattered.”

“That is a pretty way to do business, not to know about your own money,” Seth says, suspiciously, glancing over at the old man, as he stoops once more to write.

"Oh, but I do know," Mr. Trelawny corrects himself. "But it would take too much time just now to go over all, and I might forget something in the hurry. I've always been fond of stocks, and mines, and that sort of thing," he goes on, in an explanatory way.

"Where are your papers to be found after——"

"Death? Don't hesitate to use the word. You will find some in the scrutoire over there. Roscarrock, he has always been my lawyer, but as he is counsellor-general for all the Boscawens, it is as well not to trouble him with this little affair of yours and mine, my boy, which might annoy the rest of the family, might annoy them, you know," he says, chuckling and rubbing his hands again. "But Roscarrock has the papers for Madeline, and those about the old place here, so you need give yourself no trouble concerning them, and they won't get mixed with the rest, which are safely scattered, and will need a little searching for. Eh, eh, but an old man's head is worthless. A pity his memory is not lodged in some other part of him."

Seth takes up his hat and leaves the room. While groping his way uncertainly down stairs, he gives Leah his order to send the nondescript meal, which is neither dinner nor supper, into the south parlour.

"It will be all done to nothing," complains Leah, as she pours the unsavoury mess into the dish. "I thought you said as you were starved, and wanted a morsel in a hurry. It's to be hoped the maister were a bit tougher than the chicken," she adds, below her breath.

But Seth pays no heed to her. He sits down to it mechanically, having forgotten hunger in haste to ride over to Cubert to transact a piece of business with Jack Trescoe.

The old woman goes to the kitchen door upon the town-place, waving a towel in her hand by way of signal to recall Madeline to her post in the master's room.

But the sight of a man yonder, talking to the girl, has rooted Leah to the spot. She will watch there all night, if necessary, to satisfy her curiosity: or take speedier measures to that end.

* * * * *

"Mr. Badger has come down-stairs," says Madeline. "If you will come in through the kitchen, you are not likely to meet him; and I will run up-stairs and tell Mr. Trelawny you are here."

They walk together across the court. Austell looks down into Madeline's face, and discovers that it is still flushed, and that her eyes are tearful.

"Miss Madeline, whatever did 'ee go and bring a strange young man here for, and you knowing the master can't abide strangers?" Leah calls, now that they are within reach of her voice. And then she drops the towel in her hand, and exclaims in her astonishment: "If it ben't only Maister Austell!"

Austell had arrived very opportunely. Seth Badger is still in the south parlour eating his solitary meal. Madeline hurries to the old man's room to inform him that Austell had come.

"Austell, is it? And he has come to see me? It is kind of him, vastly kind. I wonder how he knew I wanted him this very minute. Send him up, send him up. But for the life of you don't let Seth know he is here. He'd spoil all the fun, you know."

Madeline descends much more slowly than she ascended. She is in doubt as to the best method of conveying Austell up-stairs unseen by Seth Badger. There is but one staircase to this part of the house, and the way to it is past the south parlour. When she reaches that room, notwithstanding her promise to Austell not to have any unnecessary conversation with Seth Badger, she stops and asks politely if his dinner is to his taste.

Meanwhile, Madeline speeds along the hall, and beckons to Austell, whom she conveys silently and safely past the south parlour door, and upstairs to Mr. Trelawny's room. There she leaves him, and returns to Leah. She has not been a moment too soon, for she finds Badger there before her, conversing affably with the old servant.

Leah is praising Madeline much to Seth's disgust, who suggests her being sent away; he also insinuates the possibility of hastening the old man's end, and tells her about the will and his visit to Trescoe, the solicitor.

"Now, Leah, remember to have something hot for supper, for I shall bring Trescoe back with me. And have two of the farm hands here; I shall need them as witnesses."

His orders given, as he turns to leave the room, Seth Badger is for the first time aware of Madeline's presence.

Bold man as he is, for a moment he is abashed. But a hasty glance reassures him. She is far too calm and quiet in manner to have overheard anything; and he is very sure she has come into the room. Nor is there a falter in her voice as she asks: "Is the gruel ready, Aunt Leah?"

"You can see for yourself," is the old woman's ungracious answer, as she follows Seth Badger to the outer door. "He's gotten a spur besides the pair on his heels, I'll dare swear," she adds, as she stands watching him mount and ride away. "Whatever does he want with two witnesses? And that Trescoe to supper, into the bargain? He's after no good—not he."

"The gruel is scorched," says Madeline, as she lifts the saucepan lid.

"Arreah, Miss Madeline, and where's the odds? You don't suppose the maister'd eat the stuff; and the pig ben't particular as to the seasoning. You tell him I'll bring up his supper; and then tell him what Maister Seth has been saying about you, and you close to his elbow all the time. It were all so good as one of they fine miracle plays I saw to once, over to Truro; only, I were feared you'd speak up and put an end to it. If you'll just tell the maister, he'll not miss the time while I fry the sweetbreads; and a hearty laugh's a sauce, even my sweetbreads'll eat all the better for."

"You forget Austell is upstairs, and I am not wanted," replies Madeline, a little ruefully.

"So I did. It seems you ben't wanted much anywhere. Maister Seth's not backward in saying what he wishes.

"Don't bother yourself about Seth Badger," replied Madeline, with scorn. "He is not the master here."

"Don't 'ee be too sure of that, cheeld vean," returns Leah, cautiously. "When a man's in search of that Trescoe, and wants two witnesses, he

means something. And it's my opinion the maister been fool enough to make his will, and Maister Seth ha' cooked his own porridge, and likes the flavour of it."

But old Trelawny's will is of small interest to Madeline. She is wondering how much longer Austell will be upstairs; and she strolls down to the gate, and stands looking over it, at nothing. It is pleasant to be out of hearing of Leah's sharp tongue; pleasanter to be out in the soft half-twilight, half-sunset; superlatively pleasant to be waiting with the sure knowledge that Austell will come as soon as old Mr. Trelawny will permit.

* * * * *

"Is that you, Austell?" asks old Horace, when the young man, having knocked lightly at the door, opens it and enters. "I would much rather look at your face than at Seth Badger's."

"And yet I am not overpowered by the compliment," answers Austell, laughing.

"Nor need you be. There are few faces so disagreeable as my great-nephew Seth's, which makes my luck the worse, since I have to see so much of him. I can understand very well why girls want handsome husbands, as they aren't permitted to look at other men."

"And for the same reason, a man likes a pretty wife," Austell remarks.

"No, no, there you are mistaken," says the old man, testily. "A pretty woman is sure to be vain and hard to manage. To be good-tempered is the one thing needful in a woman."

"One might, perhaps, find beauty and good-temper combined," is the careless rejoinder.

(To be continued.)

MY BANK HOLIDAY, AND HOW I SPENT IT.

A TRIP TO BRIGHTON.

LIMITED as are the opportunities for relaxation, we feel that we must make the very best of them when they do occur, so I started from London by L.B.S.C.R. for Brighton to spend my Bank Holiday. Brighton is a place which may almost be considered a suburb for London; and one great recreation, so thoroughly does it seem saturated with the spirit and means of enjoyment. Having reached it in less than two hours, I immediately made for the Esplanade, fronting the town, and which commands an uninterrupted view of the sea stretching from Newhaven eastward to Worthing westward. After having enjoyed a few sea breezes on the Marine Parade, and glancing at the boating and bathing, I proceeded to the Aquarium, the great attraction of Brighton. As you enter by the hall, used as a concert-room, one cannot but be struck with the abundant supply of magazines and papers laid upon the tables, affording both amusement and instruction. Passing on through a beautiful conservatory, with rock-work, ferns, plants, and statuary, we come into the midst of about forty large tanks and numerous small ones,

where many thousands of fishes and marine animals, from the tiny stickleback up to the porpoise and seal, each arresting attention, and one and all displaying the wonders of creative power. I could not but think of good Dr. Watts's verse, very little thought of in these days—

“Creatures as numerous as they be
Are subject to Thy care.”

The structure itself is well worth notice, and the variation of colours has a most pleasing effect. Leaving the Aquarium, I found that the excursions in the immediate neighbourhood of Brighton are not very numerous, or, with one or two exceptions, very remarkable. The most favourite excursion is to the Devil's Dyke, some five or six miles distant in a north-western direction, where I proceeded by waggonette. On reaching the summit of the grandest part of the Downs, I thought the rural scenery of England, with all its striking peculiarities, was here seen in all its glory. The popular explanation among the Sussex peasantry is, “that the poor man, as they call the Devil, with a somewhat perplexing sympathy, wished to drown the world by letting in the sea; but while he was hard at work at night, a woman, accidentally looking out from her chamber-window, caught him at it, and, better still, so alarmed him by the radiance of her candle, which she held behind a sieve to shelter it from the wind, and which he mistook for the rising sun (most remarkable to happen so long before the right hour), that he ceased work and hurried away, leaving his footprints very clearly marked on the edge of the Dyke.”

It is more than probable, from the fact of it being so inaccessible, except at one point, and there defended by a line of earthworks, that it was a Roman camp, enjoying a perfectly impregnable position.

I had not much time left to renew my researches here, for I began to realize how rapidly one's Bank Holiday glides away; so, with the exception of having had just a glance at Wolstonbury Camp and Neutimber Church, both worthy of note, I wended my way towards Brighton, having a great desire to see the Pavilion, a splendid but singular edifice. Some of the rooms are very fine and long, the banqueting-hall has a dome so constructed as to represent an eastern sky partially hidden by the branches of a plantain tree with fruits and flowers; the gardens of the Pavilion, so near the sea, are very pleasant; the Free Library and Museum adjoining the Pavilion must have received much careful attention. The residents are to be congratulated upon the establishment of these most promising institutions, both free of charge.

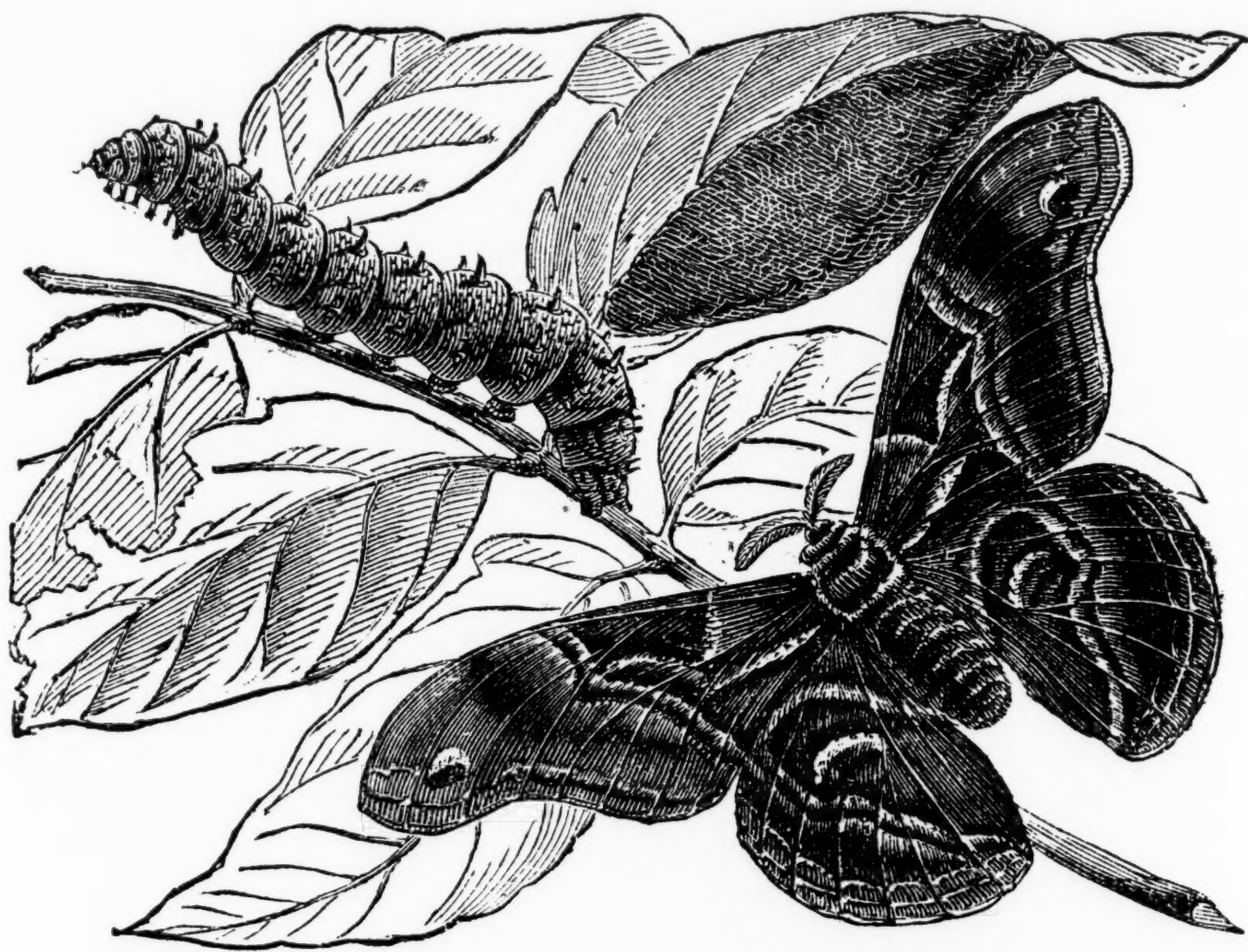
Brighton, or Brightelmstone, its former name, supposed to be derived from an Anglo-Saxon Bishop, of Selsea. Little more than a century ago, the population was only 800, and these mostly poor fishermen, on the Steyne or Stone, where now stand the Fountain. These fishermen were accustomed to spread out their nets to dry. Very different now, the Marine Parade commencing here, and extending about a mile along the cliff from the Steyne to Kemptown, forms one of the most fashionable promenades amongst our English watering-places, ending in Kemptown, which, though separately named, is not actually separated from the rest of the town,

Travel is, says Bacon, a sort of education which should be carefully undertaken, informing one's self of all that is useful and profitable; where

a man does this, it is astonishing how he refreshes his mind, and what a quantity of information he insensibly stores up, and most persons in business may do this and renew their researches year after year. Our holidays are not now so few and far between as—

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

Returning to town, I felt much better for the bracing and healthy atmosphere of Brighton, and thankful for the peace and enjoyment of my holiday. What would many of those in crowded streets and courts give to see the glorious sea—two inviting piers, and the white cliffs of Brighton? He who puts this question to himself properly will know how to spend and how to enjoy his holiday. A WORKING MAN.



SILKWORMS.

THE Silkworm is really a caterpillar. The eggs from which the silkworms are hatched are about the size of mustard seeds. The caterpillar, or silkworm, is at first very small, and of a dark colour. It feeds voraciously on the leaves of the mulberry tree, and rapidly increases in size, becoming cream coloured. When eight days old, owing to its growth, it changes its skin. This enfeebles the caterpillar so much that it requires two days' rest. It then changes into a chrysalis (from the Greek *chrysos*—gold or golden-tinted) or pupa, and is in a torpid state, without visible mouth, legs, eyes or wings, and remains thus for three or four weeks. When full grown the chrysalis forms a cocoon of silk, and remains therein until it undergoes the change to a moth. In about eight weeks the insect arrives at its full growth, having, during this period, changed its skin four or five times. The worm selects some corner to make the cocoon, which is a small silky bag, consisting of fine threads, some

nearly a thousand feet long. To perform this operation it moves its head from side to side, bending the fore part of the body back and moving the hinder part only in such a way as to enable it to reach further back with the fore part. It fixes its thread at different parts and thus encloses itself in a cocoon much shorter than the length of its own body. The silk is secreted or formed in two large glands, which are situated one on each side of the body, in the interior of the animal, pipes or ducts lead from these to an opening, called the spinneret, which is situated on the front of the head. The two threads as they issue are glued together with a sticky varnish, so as to make but one fibre, which measures about one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

In the raw silk as imported several of these fibres are more tenacious than those of any other textile fabric, being three times stronger than those of flax, and twice as strong as those of hemp of the same size. The full grown worm is of a white or cream colour, inclining to yellow. It is from two to two-and-a-half inches long, has sixteen feet, covered with twelve rings, fourteen eyes, seven on each side of the head. They are covered with what looks like fine down, but which are in reality minute scales of various forms and sizes. They are furnished with short combs, like feelers, and do not use their wings to fly, merely fanning the air with them. After a short time they lay their eggs, firmly cementing them to the substance on which they are deposited. They are not hatched until the following year. As the object of the moth's existence is accomplished it shortly dies.

The first process in obtaining the raw silk from the cocoons is the destruction of the animals, which is effected by placing them in a heated oven or exposing them to steam. After they are killed the rough outer floss is removed and the cocoons are thrown into a vessel of hot water and placed over a fire in order to loosen the thread. The whole is then stirred with a bunch of twigs, which catches the loose ends of the threads. Several of these ends, taken together, are wound off upon a reel, and the silk thus obtained is tied up in hanks and is ready for the use of the silk manufacturer. In this form it is known by the name of raw silk.

At present a number of the cocoons are preserved every year, the caterpillars not being destroyed, but allowed to complete their change into chrysalides and come forth as moths. The eggs are also hatched by means of artificial heat, *e.g.*, in heated rooms and in bags carried about the person.

The Chinese keep the silkworms in large clean rooms, heated artificially in trays, carefully attending them day and night. Occasionally the cocoons are spun upon the branches of trees. The rearing of silkworms is not carried on to any extent in this country, as the climate is too cold and the mulberry trees too late in putting forth their leaves. Our supplies of raw silk are chiefly obtained from Europe and the South of Asia. In 1857 no less than 12,077,931lbs. of raw and twisted silks were imported into England, but the amount has diminished considerably since through the superiority of French goods. In this country nearly 30,000 persons are dependent on this branch of industry for a livelihood.

W. T. HYATT.

WORK.

mf Boldly.

1 Work, with God up-on thy side! Work, with God up-on thy

side! { Hum - bly on His aid re - ly - ing, }
 { Self - de - pen-dence e'er de - ny - ing, }

This will keep thy heart from pride, Work, with God upon thy side!

mf *f*

Work, work, work, work, Work, with God up-on thy side!

2 Work, with God upon thy side!
 Would'st thou gain for what thou strivest,
 And the end for which thou livest,
 Choose Him for thine only Guide,
 Work, with God upon thy side!

3 Work, with God upon thy side!
 Courage will thy Helper send thee,
 And through all thy work befriend thee;
 There alone doth strength abide,
 Work, with God upon thy side;

WINDOW FLOWERS.—The following will make a good variety.—
 Cyclamen Coum—Persian Cyclamen—Great Daffodil—Auriculæ—
 Polyanthus—Heartsease—Double Violet and Crocus, &c.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

J. F. HAYDN.

JOSEPH FRANCIS HAYDN was born in the village of Rohrau, on the borders of Hungary and Austria, in the year 1732. He was the son of a poor wheelwright, who, having a taste for music, was in the habit every Sunday of playing the harp to his wife's singing, while young Haydn imitated a violin and bow with two pieces of wood, and thus took part in this quiet family concert. To this circumstance may be attributed the strong predilection their son showed for the science of music. When old enough, Haydn was placed among the choir boys in the cathedral of Vienna. His duties as a singer occupied only two hours a day, but Haydn practised sixteen, and sometimes eighteen hours. He spoke in rapturous terms of the delight he received from the combinations of sound; even when he was playing with his companions, he was never able to resist the harmony of the organ in the cathedral. When Haydn's fine soprano voice failed, he was discarded from the choir; and on account of a boyish trick he had played, he was most inhumanly turned out into the streets, at seven o'clock one bitter cold evening in winter, with tattered clothes, and without one kreutzer in his pocket. Having no means of procuring a lodging, he threw himself upon some stone steps, and passed the night in the open air. A poor musician, of the name of Spangler, discovered him lying on the stones; and though he himself lodged with his wife and children in very humble lodgings, he offered the outcast boy a corner of his garret, and a seat at his table, which the poor fellow was glad to accept. Haydn being thus thrown on his own resources, did not give way to despair. He bought at a stall an old treatise on harmony; and devoting himself to the study of it with all the zeal of genius, speedily mastered the principles of the art. Being introduced to Prince Esterhazy, who placed him at the head of his private chapel, Haydn did not forget his former benefactor, Spangler, whom he appointed principal tenor in the choir.

Haydn remained in the service of Prince Esterhazy for upwards of twenty years, during which time he composed some beautiful symphonies—a department in which he excelled all other composers. When the Prince reduced his Court, Haydn came over to England, and accepted an appointment to take part in some concerts in London, and to superintend the performances. In 1794, having made a second journey to England, he was honoured by the diploma of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford—a distinction not obtained even by Handel, and, it is said, conferred on but four persons during the four centuries preceding. It is customary to send some specimen of composition in return for a degree; and Haydn sent back a page of music so curiously contrived, that in whatever way it was read—from the top to the bottom, or the sides—it exhibited a perfect melody and accompaniment!

On Haydn's return from England, he purchased a small house and garden in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where he continued to reside till his death. In 1809 war broke out betwixt France and Austria, and this was a great trouble to Haydn. He would frequently inquire what news there was, and, going to his piano, would sing with a feeble voice,

"God save the Emperor!" On the 10th May, the French advanced on Vienna, and began bombarding the city. Four bombs fell near Haydn's house, and this greatly agitated him, and no doubt hastened his death. But when the French troops entered the city, Bonaparte gave the strictest order that Haydn's house should be respected, and a guard was placed at the great musician's door. Haydn lingered on till the 25th, when he was almost completely exhausted; notwithstanding this, he had his piano moved towards him, and, as well as his failing breath would allow, sang three times, "God save the Emperor!" These were his last words; for after uttering them he became insensible, and expired on the morning of the 31st May, 1809, at the age of seventy-eight.

Haydn was very religious. His *chef d'œuvre* is the *The Creation*, which he composed in his sixty-fourth year, labouring at it incessantly for two whole years. When any one hastened him in the work, he would say, "I am long about it, but I wish it to last long." And, again, he says, "When I was working at *The Creation*, I prayed to God, before I sat down to the piano, to give me the talent requisite to praise him worthily."—*Condensed, expressly for "After Work," from Paul's Celebrities.*
THOMSON SHARP.

A SKETCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE:

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN HORN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, that is, the City of Constantine, was made the capital of the Roman empire, A.D. 330, by Constantine the Great, who called it after his own name. Previous to this it had been called Byzantium, under which name its history can be traced back to the year 667, B.C., when its foundations were laid by emigrants from Megara. In the year 1453, Constantinople was captured by the Turks, who made it the capital of their empire, calling it Stamboul or Istamboul. It is beautifully situated on a series of gentle hills, at the eastern extremity of a triangular promontory, on the European side of the Thracian Bosphorus, near its opening into the sea of Marmora. A narrow arm of the sea, called the Golden Horn, extends some six miles inland on its northern side, forming a safe and commodious harbour, capable of containing twelve hundred ships of the largest size. The Horn, which varies from a quarter to half a mile in width, is usually crowded with vessels, and presents a lively, bustling scene.

Constantinople proper, which is thus surrounded by water on all sides but the west, lies entirely on the southern side of the Golden Horn, and is protected by a wall, partly in a ruinous condition, some thirteen miles in extent. The inland, or western wall, though dilapidated, is a magnificent specimen of rural architecture, and is pierced by six gates. On the northern side of the Horn are the suburbs of Galata, where the foreign merchants have their stores and counting-houses; Pera, which is separated from Galata by a wall with gates; and Top-Haneli, a continuation up the Bosphorus, of Galata, where there is a government foundry and arsenal for cannon. Galata is connected with Constanti-

nople by a bridge of boats. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus are Scutari and Kadikoi, the ancient Chalcedon. With these suburbs the total population of the great capital is estimated at about eight hundred thousand.

Viewed from Galata, Constantinople, with its gardens, cypress trees, mosques, minarets, palaces and towers, presents a splendid appearance, while the surrounding country is of almost unrivalled beauty. Entering the city, however, one finds the streets narrow, dark, crooked, ill-paved and reeking with filth, while the houses are generally low, poorly-built structures, of wood or earth, and in some cases of rough, unhewn stone. Nevertheless, there are quarters of the city in which rise handsome stone mansions, built in the European style, and worthy the capital of a great nation.

Among the attractions of Constantinople may be mentioned the Seraglio, situated on the extreme point of the promontory at the junction of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. With its palaces, gardens and groves, it occupies an area of about three miles in circumference.

All told, there are nearly three hundred mosques in Constantinople, all more or less remarkable for grandeur and beauty. The imperial mosques, of which there are probably fifteen, have the name of being the finest edifices of the kind in the world. The largest and most magnificent of these is that of Suleimana. Next to this in extent, but of much older date, is the former Christian Church, now mosque, of St. Sophia, the model of nearly all the mosques in the Ottoman empire. The walls and domes, of which last it has twenty of equal dimensions springing from the same level, and sustained by twelve huge columns, are covered, in conformity with the Byzantine style, with Mosaic figures and devices. The open square in which it stands is paved with waved marble, to imitate the swelling of the sea, and shaded by magnificent plane trees. The interior is covered with the richest Turkey and Persian carpets. Another celebrated mosque is that of Achmed. Built on an elevated position, it is the most conspicuous object in the city from the sea of Marmora. The minarets are exquisitely beautiful, and ascend to a great height.

The two obelisks of the ancient Hippodrome; the Castle of the Seven Towers, now in a ruinous condition; the aqueducts of Valens; the cistern of Philoxenus, with its four hundred and twenty-four marble columns; and the numerous fountains, are among the other most notable objects in Constantinople. The covered Bazaars, almost infinite in number, and in which a rich variety of gay and glittering wares are most attractively exposed, will likewise strike the attention of the stranger. He will also notice the large number of public baths, of which there are more than a hundred, mostly of marble, exteriorly rather plain, but handsome and commodious within. Another remarkable, but not very agreeable, feature of the city is the vast concourse of lean and hungry dogs which haunt the streets, rendering it difficult at times to pass through them. These dogs are the city scavengers, and are in some sort public property.

Other peculiar institutions of Constantinople are its coffee-houses and

lodging-houses, called "Khans." Both are numerous dispersed throughout the city. The "Khans," of which there are more than two hundred, are intended for the accommodation of strangers, who may have in them an apartment, with command of the key, in which they may leave their property and live themselves, in perfect security, with no other charge than a small fee to the servants.

A marked feature in the internal economy of the city is seen in its extensive facilities for education. It contains more than a thousand elementary schools, besides numerous free schools of a higher grade, and thirteen law and theological seminaries, attached to different mosques. There is also in the city, either as independent organizations or in connection with mosques, some forty public libraries, none of them containing less than one thousand, and some more than five thousand manuscripts. In addition to all these, there are numerous special schools and associations for literary and scientific purposes. Among these may be mentioned the military college, where three hundred students are lodged, fed and instructed gratuitously. To every barrack, also, is attached a school for the young men entering the national service.

The numerous cemeteries scattered through Constantinople, but mostly in its vicinity outside the western wall, are among its greatest ornaments. Having been in existence for centuries, they have grown into vast forests, extending for miles around the city and its suburbs. The people of every creed have distinct quarters allotted them.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READING.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

OF all inanimate objects in nature perhaps none are more beautiful and interesting than flowers. Whence come their beauty, their fragrance and their infinite variety? These questions must interest every inquiring mind. Our Saviour, discoursing with His followers, drew many of His divine teachings from flowers, which He tells us are more wonderful in their formation than all the glory of Solomon, the richest of earthly potentates. "Consider the lilies," said He, "how they grow." This natural marvel, the growth of plants, has seriously perplexed our most gifted men of science. They know, indeed, that a small, insignificant seed, cast into the soil of mother-earth, will in due time bring forth a gorgeous flower, or giant oak, but they know little "how they grow" and some care not to inquire. They are satisfied

with the result, the *effect*; they know nothing of the *cause*. Yet behind the modest petals of the tiny daisy lies a world of infinite power and wisdom. Nay, God himself is revealed to us in these silent flowers, and His boundless perfections are reflected in their varied splendours.

No wonder that flowers are beautiful in form and colour, and shed forth delicious fragrance, like incense ascending to their Creator. All beauty is divine in its origin, and the higher the type of beauty, the more is "God seen therein." For He is the only source of beauty, the "beauty of holiness, and all that emanates from Him, must partake, in some measure, of His image and likeness. Yet we find every variety in this respect amongst plants and flowers, "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and the

lessons of instruction we may gather from them are almost as varied. Regeneration itself is compared by our Saviour to the growth of a plant; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," and, no doubt, if we could but trace it in all its numberless details, we should find the spiritual analogy complete.

Take, for instance, the *blossoms*, that beautiful stage in plant life before the fruit is produced. We sometimes regret to see them wither and fall. It seems to us like an emblem of death. In reality it is the harbinger of new life, for soon the fruit begins to expand, containing within its heart the seeds of fresh flowers and fruits. Is not this an exact type of our own existence? We mourn the decaying of youthful hopes and powers. Our bodily and mental faculties decline one by one; we lose our interest in things once all-engrossing. They fall to earth like withering apple blossoms or faded lilies, yet they are not dead; they have passed away, it is true, but only to make room for the fruits of spiritual life and progress. Then, again, how boundless may be this progress, for just as every fruit contains within itself fresh seeds, so may our deeds of love and usefulness bring forth a constant succession of good works, provided they are under the care and discipline of the heavenly Husbandman.

Flowers are representative, not only in their general structure, but also in their specific varieties. We speak sometimes of the "language of flowers," and fanciful systems have been formed, in which particular flowers are selected to express certain ideas. The true language of flowers, however, is something more than this, for in reality they represent the various principles in the human mind, and this may probably be the occult cause of their numberless forms and characteristics. We cannot, of course, hope to discover all their secrets, yet it is not difficult to trace some of the leading types, and it is probable that if we were more versed in the analogy and correspondences of nature, we should understand much

more of the mysteries underlying the phenomena of plant life.

Why, for instance, do some flowers give forth delicious perfume, whilst others are scentless, and some, again, load the air with offensive and even poisonous odours? These things have not happened at hazard, for He, with consummate wisdom, has created all things—has formed even the lowly flowers in harmony with His infinite purposes. We find, in some instances, exceptions to the general type of beauty observed in the creation of flowers; for some there are, like the hemlock and the deadly nightshade and fetid fungi, which must be looked upon as types of evil rather than of beauty. In their structure, they are perhaps as wonderful as the lily and the rose, but in their case it would seem as if beauty had been marred by the medium through which they drew their life. It is as if an unseen hand had mixed poison in the seed cup, and thus had perverted their life. Alas! these flowers, too, exactly correspond with some of our own thoughts and feelings.

Who amongst us has not found growing in our soul's garden poisonous plants? Some of them perhaps beautiful to look upon, but unfragrant in smell, and deadly in taste. The work of regeneration is to rid ourselves of these flowers of evil and to prepare the hard soil of our hearts for the growth of heavenly flowers. The Divine Husbandman is constantly sowing the seed of His Word, but the latter is too often choked and destroyed by our evil thoughts; for where weeds and rank vegetation abound, how can the choice exotics of Eden take lasting root?

Again, some flowers, beautiful in outward form, lack the requisites of a perfect flower. The camelia and the dahlia are almost as lovely in form and colour as the rose. But they are scentless—they shed no rich aroma around them. How true a type of many men and women; even children, redundant as they are in beauty, are sometimes like such flowers. We may be dazzled by their external charms, and eager to enjoy their company, but a closer

acquaintance with them tells us we have plucked a scentless flower. Their beauty is on the surface only; they have no odour of sanctity, and shed no fragrance around them by deeds of love and kindness.

In like manner, we might draw analogies from some of those flowers which are almost mean in appearance but rich in delicious perfumes. Look, for instance, at the sweet but humble mignonette, and the modest violet hiding its head in woods and hedgerows. Do not these correspond to quiet loving souls who delight to do good in secret? Their deeds are full of fragrance, and shed a sweet-smelling savour wherever they are found.

Thus may we draw lessons of truth and instruction from the silent flowers, those messengers of love from God. A great poet has described them as

“The Heavens upbreking through
the earth,”

a beautiful and most true simile; for though their loveliness is sometimes blurred and stained by the medium through which they come, yet in the main, they are amongst the purest forms of beauty to be found in God's universal kingdom of wisdom and beneficence. Well, therefore, may we bless Him for His gift of flowers.

FREDERIC ALLEN

FOR THE YOUNG

THEY SHAN'T BLUSH FOR FATHER.

Two men had entered into an agreement to rob one of their neighbours. Everything was planned. They were to enter his house at midnight, break open his chests and drawers, and carry off all the silver and gold they could find.

“He is rich and we are poor,” said they, by way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. “He will never miss a little gold, while its possession will make us happy. Besides, what right has one man to all this world's goods?”

Thus they talked together. One of these men had a wife and children, but the other had none in the world to care for but himself.

“Dear father,” said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, “I am so glad you have come home.

The presence of his child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away; but his arms clung tightly about his neck, and he laid his face against his cheek, and said in a sweet and gentle voice, “I love you, father!”

Involuntarily the man drew the loving one to his bosom.

There were two older children in the man's dwelling, a boy and girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread made deficient more through idleness in the father than from lack of employment. These children came home soon after their father's return, and brought him their earnings for the day.

“Oh father,” said the boy, “such a dreadful thing has happened! Henry Lee's father was arrested to day for robbing; they took him out of our shop when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was so sad when I saw Henry weeping. And he hung his head for shame of his own father! Only think of that!”

“Ashamed of his father!” thought he. “And will my children hang their heads, also, in shame? No, no; that shall never be.”

At the hour of midnight the man who had no children to throw around him a sphere of better influence was waiting at the place of rendezvous for him whose children had saved him. But he waited in vain. Then he said, "I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward."

And he did according to his word. When the other man went forth to his labour on the next day he learned that his accomplice had been taken in an act of robbery and was already in prison.

"Thank heaven for virtuous children!" said he with fervour. "They have saved me. Never will I do an act that will cause them to blush for their father."

HOUSEKEEPERS' NOTE-BOOK.

Carrots and French Beans dressed the Dutch way.—Slice the carrots very thin, and just cover them with water; season them with pepper and salt, cut a good many onions and parsley very small; add a piece of butter, and let the whole simmer over a slow fire.

Substitute for Chocolate.—Take a pint of milk, boil it over a slow fire, with some whole cinnamon, and sweeten it with white sugar, beat up the yolk of three eggs, and put the whole together into a chocolate cup, taking care to mill it one way.

Marmalade of Cherries.—Take five pounds of cherries, stoned, and two pounds of hard sugar, shred your cherries; wet the sugar with the juice that runs from them, then add the cherries to the sugar, and boil the whole pretty quickly till it becomes a marmalade; when cold put it into glasses for use, which keep in a dry place, and bring up to table when required.

HOMELY PROVERBS.—No. 1.

"Who is so deaf as he that will not hear."?

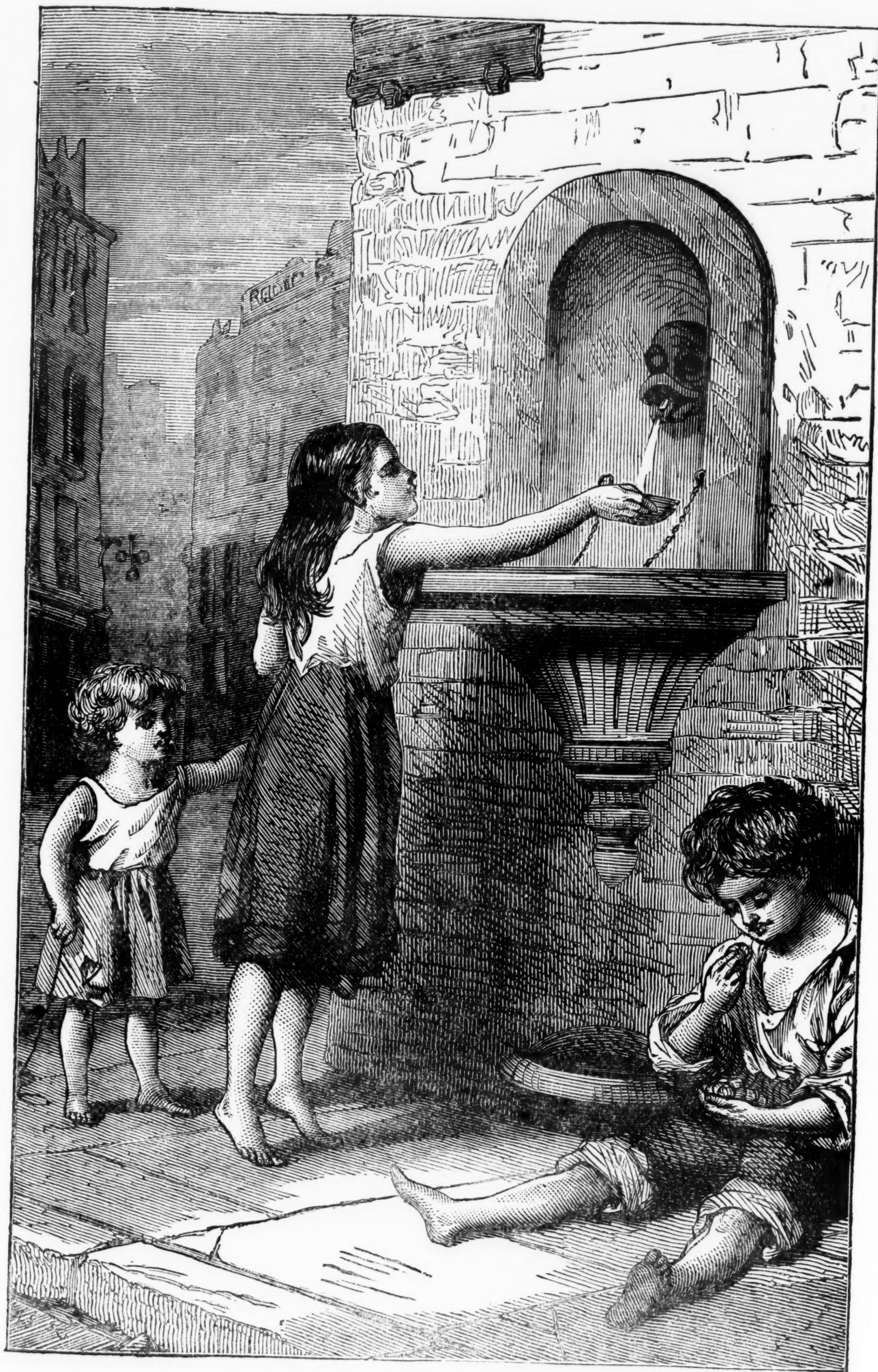
But then 'tis important to take heed how and what we hear.

A widow consulted her parish priest about her entering into a second marriage, telling him she stood in need of a protector, and that her journeyman, for whom she had taken a fancy, was industrious and well acquainted with her husband's trade.

"Very well," said the priest, "you had better marry him." "And yet," rejoined the widow, "I am afraid to do it; for who knows, but I may find my servant become my master?" "Well, then," said the priest, "don't have him." "But what shall I do?" said the widow; "the business left me by my poor dear departed husband is more than I can manage by myself." "Marry him, then," said the priest. "Ay, but suppose he turns out a scamp," said the widow, "he may get hold of my property and run through it all." "Don't have him," said the priest.

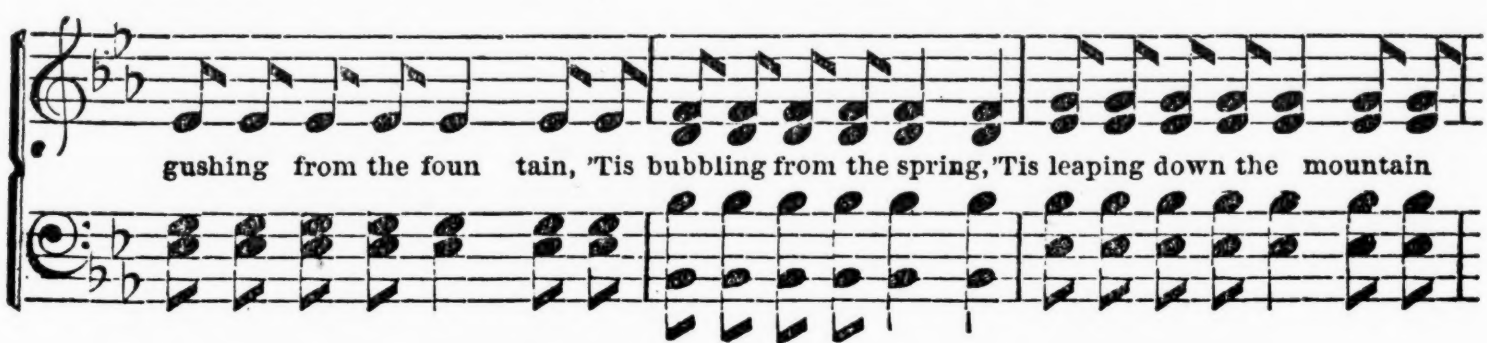
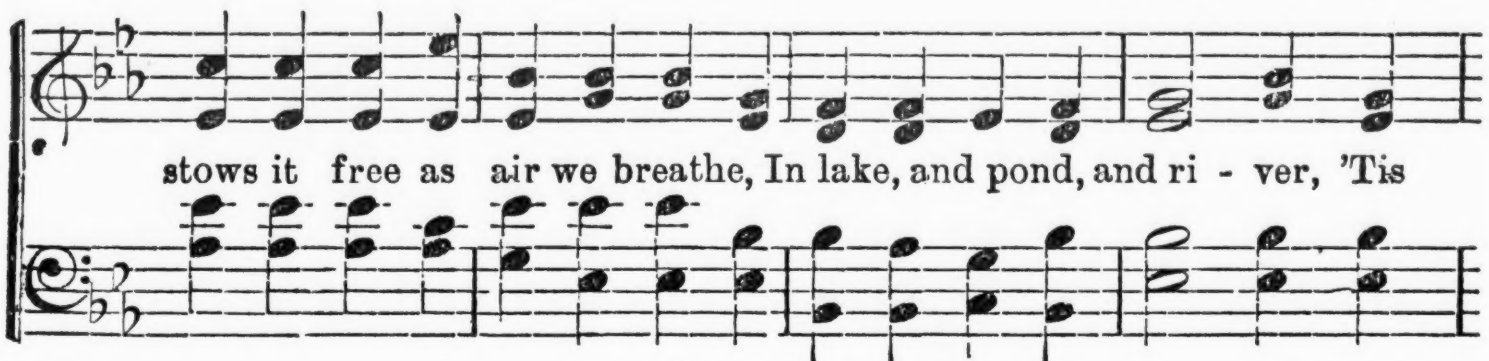
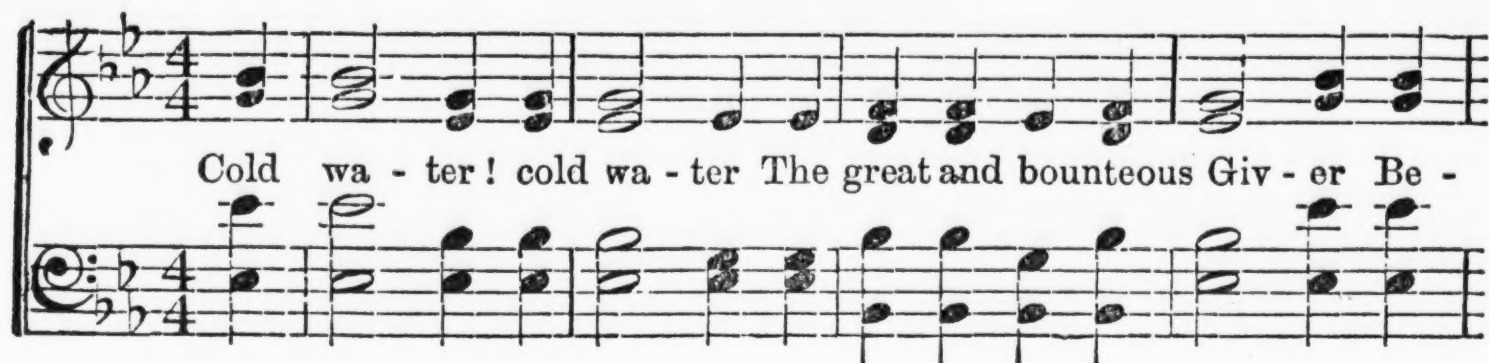
Thus the dialogue went on, the priest always agreeing with the last opinion expressed by the widow, until at length, seeing that her mind was actually made up to marry the journeyman, he told her to consult the church bells, and they would advise her best what to do. The bells were rung, and the widow heard them distinctly say, "Do take your man,—do take your man." Accordingly she went home and married him forthwith; but it wasn't long before he thrashed her soundly. Back she went to the priest, cursing the hour she had been credulous enough to act upon his advice. "Good woman," said he, "I am afraid you did not understand what the bells said to you." He rang them again, and then the poor woman heard clearly, but too late, these warning words,—*"Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?"*

THOMSON SHARP.

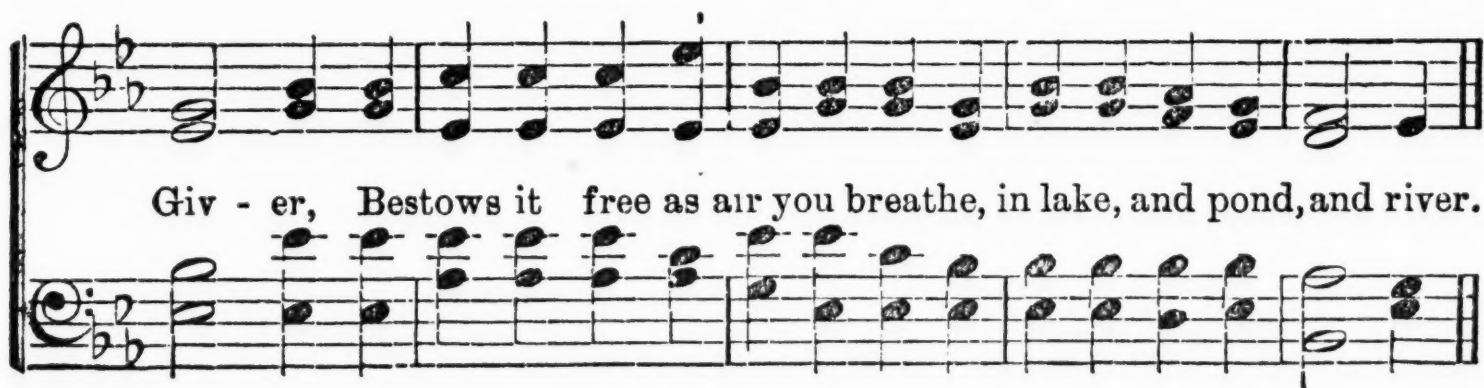


“ Beautiful water my beverage shall be,
Beautiful water so bounteous and free.”

COLD WATER.

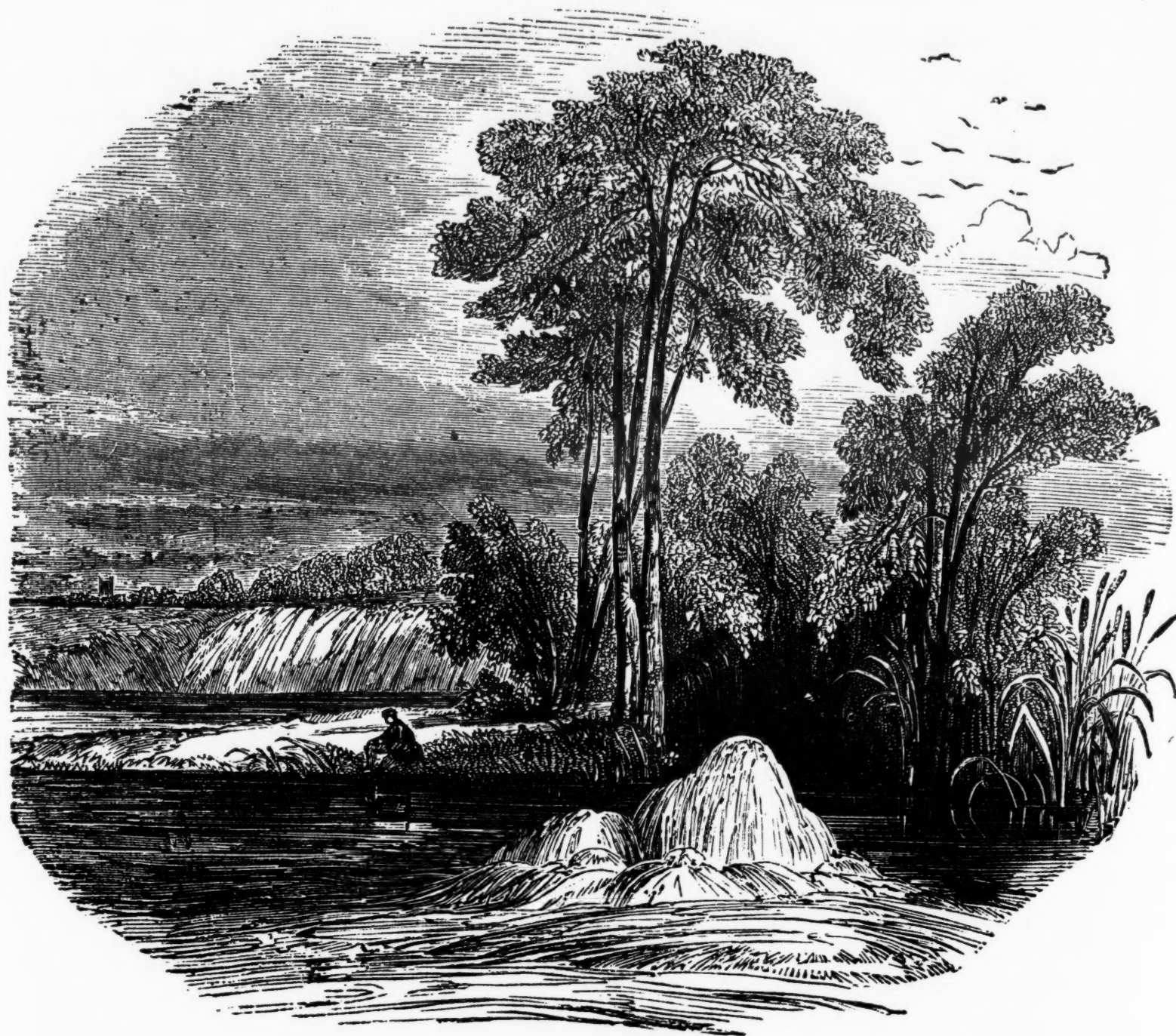


CHORUS.



Cold water ! bright water !
 We thank the bounteous giver ;
 It sparkles where the sunshine falls,
 We'll sing its praise forever.
 Don't mix it with the poison
 That sparkles in the glass ;
 It dazzles to deceive you
 You'll find too late, alas.

Cold water ! pure water !
 The great and bounteous giver
 With liberal hand still pours it out,
 He will withhold it never ;
 Oh drink it as He gives it,
 So pure, so fresh, so free
 Don't let it stand as second
 To ale, or beer, or tea.



PLANTS AS WATER-DRINKERS.

BY ELIZABETH TWINING.

THERE are many very remarkable and very interesting facts in the history, the structure, and the use of plants; but now I will speak a few words upon the one special subject of the food of plants as supplied by the pure article water. If we examine into this part of the history of plants we shall find much that is good for us to know, and that is certainly right and true knowledge for all those who belong to the great class of *water-drinkers*, and wish to persuade others of their fellow-creatures to join them. We may be sure that plants, being in one sense living things, cannot exist without nourishment. It is right, then, to ascertain what affords them this necessary supply of nourishment. They are not like the higher classes of created things, able to move about in search of food or drink; it must be placed within their reach, as stationary objects. The chief way they absorb water or any kind of moisture is by the small sponges at the ends of the rootlets underground, and the roots of large trees extend to a considerable distance around the stem. We may often observe that the ground near the main stem of an oak or elm, or other large branching tree, is perfectly dry; that is no harm, for if the leafy branches did not hinder the rain from falling there it would

not directly benefit the tree. But the roots are beneath the surface, at some distance beyond the shelter of the branches, and as the rain falls and penetrates the earth the rootlets are able to draw it up and supply the tree. How this is done, and how the water ascends to the very top of the tree, and passes even to the end of every branch, is a wonderful process. Without the careful researches of botanists with microscopes we should never have known how it is accomplished. We all know by observation that many curious things are continually being done on all sides, wherever we turn our eyes; but how few give a really thoughtful mind to the wonderful plans that are working on in silent, constant order in every living object in the world. Of plants more especially this may be said, because, being, as I said, immovable things, they do not attract our attention in the same way as living, moving, breathing creatures do. Many persons think of plants as the great source of food for man and beast, and forming the various useful necessities of human existence. Also, they perceive many results, but know not how they are brought about. It is just the same in countless other ways; the science of daily life is not yet a topic of instruction in our schools, as we hope it will be some day. A common instance proves this to be true. If a little child has a geranium or any other favourite plant in a pot, it will know when the leaves droop and the earth is hard and dry that it wants water, and will naturally pour some on it. After some short time it will be obvious that the plant is revived. The child will be pleased to see it look fresh and well again, yet not a thought will pass through her young mind how this good result has been effected. She little thinks of the process, but is pleased that her care has been beneficial. Thanks to the patient studies of the wise, we can understand how the plant is refreshed. There is throughout the whole a series of tubes and cells, by which the water when drawn out of the earth by the rootlets is enabled to ascend and spread over branches and leaves. This takes place in the largest oak-tree of the forest, as well as in a small geranium in a pot in a room. Seeing that the water must pass first to the roots, it is better to pour it around the edge of the pot, making a little space there; if it be allowed to settle at the stem it may cause mouldiness, because it cannot enter readily by the rind or bark. Water passes into a plant through all its vessels, then undergoes what we call a chemical change; it does not remain pure water—it forms sap to nourish the whole plant, and the various kinds of tissues, the tender, delicate substance of the flower, the firmer, tougher covering for the leaves, and all other portions of the plant. It supplies also the juice, which in many cases is very abundant, and by the power of vegetable chemistry is very unlike water. Think of the acid juice of unripe gooseberries, requiring much sugar to make them palatable if we gather and cook them before they are ripe. Think of the sweet juice of the fruit when ripened by the sun; we eat them readily without any cooking or any sugar being needed. Why is this? Because the absorbed has been first converted into acid juice, and afterwards changed into a sweet juice. Seeing, therefore, how necessary water is to the life of plants, and having ascertained the chief manner in which it is conveyed into and throughout the smallest moss as well as the loftiest

tree, we will examine if there be any other plan by which helpless, immovable plants can obtain the moisture they require. Plants are so important to man that they were created and pronounced to be *good* in the beginning; therefore we are not surprised to find them so perfectly formed and organized in their structure as they are. Besides the sponges at the points of the roots, the leaves are provided with pores on their surface, by which they can both absorb moisture from the atmosphere and breathe out what may be in excess. These small mouths exist both on the upper and under surface of leaves, in various numbers on different plants, all wisely ordered, as in every created object. In the leaves of water-lilies there are no pores on the under side of the leaves, only on the upper surface exposed to the air and not covered with water. The leaf of the mistletoe has an unusually small number on each side of its firm thick leaves, and by thus retaining what moisture it has within remains unwithered for a long time. The same is true with the cactus plants, which have leaf and stalk combined in a peculiarly fleshy kind of stem. These grow in dry, bare, sandy soil, generally in hot countries. They contain by their nature a good store of moisture, and having very few pores, do not lose what they have, and flourish well even where no rain falls for many weeks or months. Nearly all the foliage of trees in Australia is of a dull colour and dry tough texture, with very few pores; thus during the long periods of extreme drought in that country they are not injured as they otherwise would be. By means of these external openings plants are benefited by a moist air or dew when no rain falls. In the dry hot weather of summer one year it was observed that the flowers of the beautiful *convolvulus major* were unusually small. One night there was a considerable quantity of dew, and the next morning the flowers were much larger; doubtless from the effect of the greater supply of moisture. One of the chief causes of impediment to the growth of plants in the smoky atmosphere of London is the dryness of the air; the other cause is that the pores become closed by the dust and smoky particles that settle on the leaves. This can be remedied by washing the leaves of small plants kept in the room; but for the shrubs and trees in city gardens there is no remedy in a long dry summer. It is this want of moisture that makes the leaves wither and fall some weeks sooner than in the damper air of the country, and without changing their dull colour.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE YOUNG

THE VERSE OF A HYMN.

What a dreadful day was the 14th September, 1796, for the small Hessian town of Lisberg, built on the wooden heights of the Vogelsberg! Between nine and ten o'clock at night, five hundred fugitives of the French army, which had just been defeated by the Archduke Charles, fled through the city, breathing vengeance. They

shot the worthy old Pastor of the town, who on his knees begged for mercy; and after they had destroyed, murdered, and plundered for many hours, they set fire to the town at all points, so that 58 dwellings were burned to the ground. On the slope of the hill, outside the town, there stood a cottage, within which sat a

mother at the bed of her sick child. From fear of endangering the life of her darling, she would not, in the cold September day, flee with it into the woods, as most of the inhabitants had done. But now, when the firing and murdering began in the place, and the smoke of the burning houses came down from the hill into the valley, the poor lone woman was fearful unto death; she bolted the door of the cottage, and threw herself on her knees in prayer beside the cradle of her child. Thus she remained a long time, trembling as she listened to the cry of rage of the soldiers, and the agonizing shrieks of their victims, when her door at last was struck by the butt-end of a musket; old and dilapidated as it was, it quickly flew open, and a Frenchman dashed furiously in, pointing his bayonet at the horrified woman. Pale as death, the frightened mother laid her hands over the child, and, with a voice of despair, she prayed aloud the eighth verse of Gerhard's hymn, beginning, "Now all the woods are resting;" viz.,—

"My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe shelter'd by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O! let him never harm me;
But still Thine angels round me
sing."

Suddenly the soldier lowered his deadly weapon, stepped to the cradle, and laid his rough hand softly on the child's head; his lips moved as if in prayer, and heavy tear-drops fell over his bearded face; then he gave his hand to the mother, and went away in silence. But when, after some time, she arose from her knees, and looked out of the little window, behold! there stood the Frenchman, his musket in his arm, under a pear-tree opposite the house-door. He had made himself the sentinel to protect the house and its inmates from all insult or harm. At last, when the whole troop, laden with booty, marched off, he left his post, with a greater treasure in his heart than his comrades in their packs.

BEN AND THE CRADLE.

ONE evening, in my early childhood, my mother having to leave home on some urgent errand, left the baby sleeping, and charged an elder brother to rock the cradle if the infant should be restless. Some playfellows were with us, and we had an interesting game in hand at a table on the other side of the room. The noise we made probably tended to disturb the little sleeper; at all events, the frequent summons to his side was a continual interference with the sport. For some reason or other, the moving of the cradle to be within reach was out of the question. But "necessity" is not the only "mother of invention." My brother Ben soon bethought him of a device whereby he could make duty and pleasure compatible. Taking a piece of string, he tied one end of it to the near handle of the cradle, and the other end to the leg of the table. Next time the cradle wanted rocking, Ben had no need to leave his place. He had only to press the string with his foot, and then to relax the pressure, when, to the astonishment of us younger ones, who had not understood his plan, the cradle moved to and fro with the gentle regularity which subserved the desired end, while the players were undisturbed.

It seems to me that there is a teaching in this incident. Did the cradle move of itself? Assuredly not. Did it move in its usual way of obedience to the seen motion of a guiding hand? Nay, but as my brother at a distance willed it, by a means which at the time was to us

unknown. And, again—Did it move against the order of nature, and in defiance of physical law? Not so—My brother had chosen string of a sufficient strength to bear the strain, and of length sufficient to adapt itself to his purpose; he had so arranged it around the upright leg of the table, and the horizontal handle of the cradle, as to secure the result which he was aware would follow. When he pressed with his foot, the law of *cohesion* came into play, and by the proper adjustment of the twine it drew the cradle down without dragging it forward;—when he relaxed the pressure, the law of *gravity* came into operation;—and then the force of *momentum* kept up the alternate action for a time;—while my brother's *will* was, after all, the prime motive power which caused and regulated the whole.

Does it seem puerile to reason on so trifling a matter? It is often in small things that we may see a reflection of the infinitely greater.

In the present day, the phrase "laws of nature" is in every man's mouth; and there are many who deny the power of prayer, or the possibility of miracles, on the ground that "the laws of nature are fixed and unalterable." Granting them to be in themselves fixed and unalterable, does it follow that their *workings* can have no new and exceptional evolutions, *under combinations* all unknown to us, and at the volition of a Great Supreme Being, whose knowledge, like His power, must be boundless? If a thing appears to us strange and even miraculous, are we to pronounce upon it as impossible, merely because *we* do not see the hidden forces that can operate, *even by names of Nature's own laws*, to produce an effect which *seems* to run counter to those laws?

How know we, indeed, whether there are not higher physical laws than any which human philosophy has ever dreamed of, and to which these lower and more obvious laws of nature can, without any violation of them, be simply made subservient by an intelligence that can wield them at His pleasure? When we observe man's working, we see often with surprise how marvellously he can avail himself of such laws of nature as *are* known to him. From age to age, man's workings become more and more wonderful, in proportion as he learns to know and to obey laws previously undiscovered, or to observe and to utilize fresh developments of power latent in the laws aforetime recognized. To the ancient philosophers, electricity was all but unknown, except in a few isolated phenomena; only during the last four hundred years have its laws become very gradually discerned; only since the beginning of this century has the controlling influence of those laws in relation to other operations of nature become an established and important science. What right have we yet, or can we ever have, to draw our line of limitation, and to say,—Because we know no more, and can do no more, therefore the Almighty can work no works which transcend our understanding?

It is no degradation to us, but rather an ennobling of our nature, to grasp the idea of One higher than the highest of ourselves,—the Architect of worlds,—the Creator and Decorator of this beauteous earth,—able to do exceeding abundantly above all that has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive;—and yet the God and Father, who yearns over us with the tenderest love and pity,—stooping both to the strongest

and the feeblest among us,—watching us from our cradle-days to our manhood and old age, ready to listen to any earnest cry for help, willing (if need be) to work wondrously for our relief, and ever holding out to us, in the gospel of His Son, the cord of Love by which He would bind us to His very heart. Let us lay hold of it with the hand of faith, and we shall be for ever safe.

E. S. T.



A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

Artist, Caricaturist, and Moralist.

BY WILLIAM QUIN.

IN THE death of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK England has lost a man of great talent, for, besides being a clever artist, he was also an able caricaturist and moralist. His pictures not only portrayed faithfully things as they were, and abuses as he found them, but they spake directly to the hearts and consciences of those to whom, or against whom, they were directed. As an illustration, it is recorded that, "Some sixty years ago the young artist was going into the City, and as he passed Newgate he saw several persons hanging, as was the custom in those somewhat barbarous times; and found upon inquiry that two of them were women condemned to death for only passing One Pound Bank Notes which were forged." His generous heart was horrified at this cruelty in the name of the law; and he then and there resolved to do what he could to put an end to it. But what could he do? He was not one of the legislature, nor had he any influence with influential legislators. He could not write a book, a leader or an article which would be read by the leaders of public opinion, which, indeed, was not then the power in the State which it now is. Would he war with any great evil, he had but one weapon—his pencil: hardly the thing with

which to repeal an Act of Parliament framed to protect the commerce of the City. But he had faith in his faithful pencil. He took it up and designed what seemed to be a bank note, but contained amongst chains, ropes, and instruments, and symbols of death a picture of eleven men and women hanging, under which was written:—"I promise to perform. During the issue of bank notes easily illustrated, and until the resumption of cash payment or the abolition of the punishment of death, with the signature of the hangman." This picture or caricature took; and, as may be imagined, created a great sensation—so much so, that we are informed that "the Lord Mayor had to send police to disperse the people who gathered about the publishers." The Directors of the Bank were annoyed at what had been done, and were angry, too; but such was the influence which this caricature produced on the minds of those in authority, that it effected the end for which it was designed; and, doubtless, more than the young artist expected, inasmuch as through it, no one, we are told, "was ever after condemned to death for passing a bank note;" and before very long capital punishment for any kind of forgery was abolished.

Nearly half a century ago George Cruikshank added fresh laurels to his name, by his illustrating the popular works of Charles Dickens. Perhaps, after all, however, he will be best remembered by the firm stand which he took against *Intemperance*. Who has not been struck by his pictures of "THE BOTTLE?"

This production, from the pencil of Cruikshank, in the cause of Temperance produced from the first a profound sensation among the people, so that, although when first published the pictures were sold at one shilling each, no less than 100,000 copies were sold in a few days. While thus with his pencil he was teaching the masses to shun the drink, which (was and is still) such a *curse* to thousands; he, to add greater weight to his teaching, became himself a total abstainer.

Although Cruikshank may be to thousands best known by his pictures caricaturing the evils of intemperance, he did not forget to caricature political leaders, lawyers, or divines. Where evil was found, his scathing pencil brought it out in all its glaring hideousness to be seen by those against whom it was directed, and to whom he wished to teach some useful lesson of justice or morality!

His last work—the picture called the *Worship of Bacchus*—has been presented by public subscription to the nation, and may now be seen in the National Gallery. This picture is very large and contains a great number of figures representing different subjects, all bearing on the "drinking customs" of this country, and is certainly worthy of close inspection and careful study. The engraved plate taken from this picture has had a great sale, a proof of its popularity among all classes of society.

George Cruikshank, although of Scotch parentage, was born in London on the 27th of September, 1792, and died on Friday, the 1st February, 1878, at Hampstead road, so that he was in his 86th year. He was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery on Saturday the 9th of February, but many will still remember with pleasure and gratitude the honoured name of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Socrates was a wise man, and no doubt chose a pretty wife; but for my part I would have liked one of fame less world-wide."

"Well, yes," Austell admits. "No doubt it would be more comfortable."

"Now, if you would take some one you had known, had known intimately for a long time, you see, there would be less risk."

Austell smiles his assent. He is becoming rather bored with the subject.

"What a good-tempered, handy little thing Madeline is!" says Mr. Trelawny, abruptly.

"See, Austell," old Mr. Trelawny exclaims, with energy. "Just draw your chair round here where I can see you. There is no use in fencing with a friend; but Seth Badger gets me into bad habits, and they are hard to break, you know. Draw your chair near, man. I have something to tell you, and a short time to say it in, for Seth is in a hurry to get back. Of course, you believe I am rich?"

"I have heard it said that you are," admits Austell.

"And you know I have been married?"

Austell signs an assent.

"And that I had a son who displeased me, and then died?"

This pithy history Austell is as perfect in as his alphabet or his multiplication-table.

"Perhaps you do not know that my son died and left a child? Of course you do not, for no one does but myself."

"Is it a boy, sir?" Austell asks, after a startled pause, finding that he is expected to say something, and not knowing what it should be.

"It is a girl. Why, what a stupid fellow you are, to be sure! Can't you guess that my granddaughter is Madeline?"

Austell does feel wonderfully stupid—a groping sort of sensation, as if the ground itself were giving way uncertainly under him.

"His wife survived my son a year or more," old Horace goes on to say. "She was for months looking forward to death, and when she knew it was not far off (I was still living half the year in London then, and knew nothing of my son later than his marriage), she brought the child to me there. So I wrote to your mother, and told her I was made guardian to a child, and asked her to take charge of it. She might have refused had she known who was the child; but I said nothing about that, and the creature was so mere a baby that her broken prattle could not tell so much as the country of her birth. And that's the long and the short of it," adds old Horace, abruptly bringing his narration to a close.

"And you have told Madeline?" asks Austell, after a bewildered pause.

"Told her. Why should I?" asks the old man, testily. "She'll not like me any the better for not claiming her before. No, I have not told her, and I would not tell you if I did not wish to make a provision for the child."

"If I can help you in any way I will gladly do so," Austell says.

"That's just what you can do, and what I sent for you to ask. I don't see what service it will be to talk round the subject, instead of coming straight up to the point. When I sent for you it was to offer you her."

"Offer her——"

"Yes, offer her for you to marry."

"To marry her," says Austell, fully bewildered.

"Yes, to marry her. Isn't it good English?" old Horace cries out, irritably. "You need not repeat my words like a parrot. A man might do much worse than marry Madeline, I can tell you."

"I haven't a doubt of it," returns Austell, hastily. "But when one has never even thought of the matter——"

"That is just what I wish you to do. Think over my offer. The truth is, Austell, the child is in a bad position. When I leave her Seth will pounce down upon her, and though I have made him an offer of her, you know, and he has refused her——"

"Made Seth Badger an offer of Madeline!" exclaims Austell, in wrath. "You can't mean such a thing!"

"Yes, I did, but I was sure he would refuse her, and that was what I intended him to do. I did not put the question to him as I am putting it to you, you know, by saying that she is my granddaughter; or he would have jumped at her, as he will after my death, if I don't take care."

"But you can manage to place her out of his reach."

"Put the bird out of the cat's reach! He would be sure to get at her; and the more she tried to flutter out of his way the more determined he would be to pounce upon her. The proper manner of taking care of a girl is to give her a husband. Some one who has a legal right to her."

"Can't you make me her guardian?" proposes Austell. "I will promise to take care of her."

"Much she'll heed a guardian!" answers old Horace, with contempt. "She has one now, and she does not think much of the relative position. No. What I want for Madeline is a husband."

Austell is silent.

"I have left Madeline," Mr. Trelawney goes on to explain, "a nice little fortune in the Three-per-Cents. Just the thing Seth will want. I must put it into safe hands for her."

"You had better select a lawyer," suggests Austell.

"Of course I shall. You don't suppose I mean to give it to you, do you? But there is some other property which I haven't willed away as yet—the old Trelawny estate here. There, there, I know what you are going to say. I know well enough that the place has gone down. But I know also that a thousand or two spent on it would make it the finest estate in the hundred, or in the next one either, for that matter."

"That may be true," says Austell, reflectively.

"The child ought to have it, because, you know, she is my only heir. And she will never miss what she puts on it by way of improvement."

But then she will be no Trelawny if she marries out of the family; and some one of the name has been master here for some three hundred years, and I don't care to think of a change."

Austell is silent, but a slight shifting of position shows a nervous restlessness.

"Well, now, I have a proposition for you. I will make over to you this property (which ought to go to you on account of your name, you know, and which I have always intended for you), and you will let me live on here for my life. Then, you see, after my death you'll have the land and Madeline the money."

"I can't consent to buy Madeline."

"Can't buy a fiddlestick!" retorts old Trelawny. "Who asks you to buy her? What I wish you to do is to court her. Two chances to one, she will not have you. Girls don't generally fancy men they have known all their lives. All I say is, here is a girl with a good disposition, and on her depends your getting a fine property; and her getting it, too, hangs in the same balance. So if you let it slip, it is no fault of mine. And I can tell you, Seth Badger will not."

"I shall do my best to keep Madeline from marrying Badger," Austell says, hastily.

"You'll be a shrewd man to prevent it. The child will have to marry either the one or the other of you," is Mr. Trelawny's cool rejoinder.

"But you don't intend to force her?"

"Not I. I could not if I would. Seth will manage that. It may be, he will think it better that she should share my property with him, when he finds out that she is my granddaughter," he adds, with a laugh.

"Madeline may not agree with him," remarks Austell, a flush of anger on his face.

"Perhaps not. She is such a young thing, so ignorant of the world and of men. And Seth—he's as two-sided as the shield the knights went riding at in the old story. At present our poor little Madeline is tilting against the black side; but, hey presto! by fair means or foul, he'll have her round at the other, and then she'll see he's white enough. And she'll not be the first of her sex," he goes on, quitting his somewhat confused parable, "to read fair-seeming in the lines of a straight nose, and a well-cut cruel mouth, and a pair of crafty, lurking eyes. Seth's ugly enough to me; but it takes a pair of old spectacles to see that handsome is as handsome does."

"It does seem a great risk for her," says Austell, thoughtfully.

"A terrible risk. I can hardly sleep at night for thinking of it. And I am sure I shall rest easier in my grave, leaving the child in good hands, and a Trelawny master here."

To this Austell made no answer.

"I tell you what it is, Austell, you must think it all over. It isn't a thing to decide in a hurry. You can take one, two, or as many weeks as you please; and I'll have the papers made out to transfer the Priory to you, and ready to sign. If you don't wish it done, it will only be a waste of a bit of paper; and if you do, a scratch of a pen will make you

master here. But remember, my boy, an old man's life is frail—only a spark which is easily put out. So don't be too long in making your decision."

"But suppose I should be willing, and Madeline not?" suggests Austell.

"Rubbish!" exclaims the old man, quite forgetting the doubt he himself threw out a moment since. "A young fellow like you not make a girl willing to have a lover! Why, Seth will do it if you don't. But let me tell you, never a stone of the old Priory shall be left in her hands, to slip through her fingers into his. If she is obstinate, she must bear the consequences."

"But her rights, sir—"

"And *my* rights, sir. There, there," says the old man, impatiently, catching at the interruption, as the door swings open from without "there is Leah with my supper. When shall I look for your next visit?"

Austell hesitates. He seems engrossed in watching Leah's movements.

"To-day two weeks I'll come," he says at last, Leah having completed her arrangements, and taken her stand with folded hands behind her master's chair, in a demurely listening and waiting attitude, which leaves Austell no hope of another word in private, and no excuse for lingering. "But don't count too surely on my carrying out your wishes," he puts in.

"I'll be ready for you. There will be no harm done if you don't agree with me. Now Leah will give you some supper," he adds. "I won't ask you to stay the night, for I know you are not fond of meeting Seth. Poor Seth! Now remember, I'll look for you in two weeks. Don't be a day later. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey," old Horace says, politely.

So Austell is dismissed; and he goes downstairs with Leah.

She tells Austell of Seth's designs against Madeline. "Poor little Madeline," says Austell; he was deeply hurt at Seth's villainy.

"Is that Madeline?" asks Austell, who from the outer door catches sight of a moving figure among the shadows at the gate, which is just swinging open creakily, for the figure to pass out to the road.

"Ay, that be Miss Madeline. She's off to the cliff, suppose: she likes to get up there for a brave bit, about sunset, when she can. She thinks you be still with the maister. I'll call her, and send her up to'n, and then give you a mouthful of supper," proposes Leah, turning to the door.

"I will go to her," says Austell, quickly. "I can't wait for supper: I must be back at Truro to-night. I shall not starve," he adds, in answer to Leah's look of dismay at his refusal of "a wholesome meal." "I'll pick up something at the inn at Churchtown, where I left my horse because he had cast a shoe. I'll need something at the end of my walk, you know."

He does not stay to hear her rail at the extravagance of such a proceeding, as well as at the risk of indigestion; but hurries out after Madeline, who, having reached the road, has turned down the combe without seeing him.

It is, perhaps, no easy task to overtake the girl, who flits along the path with a joyous lightness in all her movements. At any rate, it is a

task which Austell does not attempt, but follows with that somewhat lazy, swinging gait of his, and with eyes that have a certain quiet satisfaction in them, as they keep her in view.

He catches sight of the small figure seated there, with hands clasped round her knees, and eyes fixed on the sea,—so intently fixed, that she knows nothing of his difficult clamber up the landward ragged face of the rock; until he says: "Did you run off here to be out of the way of my good-bye?"

She starts, and turns to look up at him standing behind her.

"Are you going so soon? I thought at least you would wait until to-morrow."

There is vexation in her voice; a sudden springing of tears in her eyes, which perhaps the fading light is not bright enough to reveal to him.

"Yes, I must be off to-night. I have no desire to spend most of the evening in the society of Seth Badger. Besides, he adds, "old Horace has dismissed me"

"But you need not mind him. He is not half as cross as he appears," says Madeline, eagerly.

"I hope not, for your sake. Nevertheless, I must go. But can you keep a secret? I shall be back in two weeks."

"Will you really?" She turns eagerly toward him. She has quite forgotten to hide her face from him.

"Will you be glad to see me?" he asks, with a different sensation from any he has ever before felt in putting so very simple a question.

"Will I?" she asks, joyfully; then adds demurely: "Of course I shall be glad to see some one from home."

"Only some one from home." Austell repeats the words in evident disappointment. And as Madeline offers no amendment to her speech, the two fall silent.

He has thrown himself on the rock-platform at her feet; and under cover of the hat slouched on his brows, is watching her. She is not looking at him in return, but absently over the sea below, the gurgle of which comes in to fill the pause; for though the tide is low, it never ebbs so far as to bare the foot of this precipice, and moans and sighs, strange-voiced, as it wanders through the caves and fissures of the rended rocks.

She turns to Austell with a troubled wistfulness in her eyes.

Austell, do you know anybody that has nobody to belong to?"

Austell shifts his position uneasily, and looks away from her, over the vague sea-line. Certainly she ought to know; but then, what right has he—

"You should ask—your guardian, Madeline. How long is it you have been thinking of all this?"

"Oh, I had so many things to think of at Dinglefield. Every tree, and bush, and flower—every path through the hills, and all the little children and the old people plodding along them—they were all old friends: I hadn't a chance to be lonely. Here, it is different. Only, when I can steal away up here, and come and listen to the sea, it is as if some one I had known were whispering to me; I cannot catch the words, but I'm glad of the voice, all the same."

Austell tells her a story of Pennaluna's Maid, a Cornish legend; the scene occurred just there by "Perran Bay."

The light is dying out of her eyes, and she draws a long breath, letting her glance stray farther away over the sea.

Madeline has started to her feet, saying, "Mr. Trelawny never spares me so long as this. So the sooner I am back, the better."

"But, Madeline—"

It is of no use to remonstrate: the girl is off. All that Austell can do (for her sudden move has taken him at unawares, and she has already swung herself lightly down from her observatory), is to follow along the steep downward slope of the cliff, and when he does overtake her, to draw her arm in his, by way of precaution against her running away again.

She shrinks back a little, unused to this sort of dependence. But Austell makes no motion to release her; and so the two go on together, away from the glow and glitter and movement of the sea, down into the still combe, and in among the towans throwing here a cone-like shadow, there a waving ridge, upon the sands.

But, somehow, a change has crept among them, since the girl flitted past an hour ago, intent on leaving their dull solitudes behind. The moonlight throws a glamour over Austell and Madeline strolling silently through them, as well as over the old house which looks stately and yet home like under that soft touch; over the gnarled apple-tree, and the ivied gateway which the two have reached at last, and where Austell is to say farewell.

Farewell? But when he does speak presently, and break the silence, it is with quite a different word from that.

Austell is very far from being mercenary. He is not a man who would make any great sacrifice for a handsome inheritance. But out here in the moonlight, where the whole scene is so tender and so quiet, it seems no very great matter to stretch out his hand and clasp Madeline's, which hangs idly by her side, now that she has slipped it from his arm.

"Madeline, do you think, if you tried very hard, you could learn to love me?"

"I do not know. How can I tell?" she answers, a little sharply, as one startled. But she makes no effort to withdraw her hand from his clasp.

"If you will only promise to try," he adds, rather nervously, "I—I would be very glad."

"Would you?" she asks, wonderingly. "Would you really care? Have you just thought of it, or," blushing rosily, "did you the day I came here?"

"The day you came here? Why do you fix on that day? I can't tell when I thought of it. I have always been so used to having you."

He is not very coherent; but perhaps she thinks lovers seldom are.

"Have you really missed me?" she asks, half-wondering at the audacity of the question.

"Of course I have," he answers, hastily, and, as he believes, honestly. "And I shall miss you all the more when I get home. If I only have your promise to try to like me—to love me, I mean—I shall be better satisfied."

The small downcast face is still unwontedly rosy; but the smiles are coming and going now about the mouth that says saucily: "It may not be so very difficult; and one can overcome so much, if one only tries. Besides, it is so dull here; and to have a lover in the background, and then to expect him to come some day or other, that will be charming."

"I am not joking, Madeline," Austell returns, sharply.

"Nor I. I never was more serious in my life," she avers.

"Poor Madeline!" he says, in a sudden change to half-pity, half-tenderness. "It is so dull? Can you wait those two weeks, dear? I will promise not to be longer."

She makes no promise, only pushes the gate open, leaning against it, waiting to hear what next he will say.

But it is only good-bye; and then he stoops and kisses her.

His kiss drops not half so coolly as the one he gave when they parted before. And yet it does not bring half so vivid a blush after it.

Madeline stands watching, as Austell walks on up the road, carelessly swinging his stick in his hand. A tall, manly-looking lover, of whom any girl might be proud. But just now she is too bewildered for even the sense of happiness. It is too sudden a change in her life for her to feel sure that anything remarkable has indeed befallen her. She is still only Madeline standing at the gate, and it is Austell Trelawny whom she is watching walking away. She is conscious of having done this same thing scores of times before,—nay, ever since she was so tiny that she had to peep at him through the bars; and she is not quite sure she was not in love with him even then.

Austell looks back from the turn in the road and waves a farewell to Madeline, who, even when he has passed out of sight, stands still in the same position, though there is nothing to be seen, not even a rabbit scurrying.

It is late in the night before Madeline returns to old Trelawny. Seth Badger and Trescoe were long closeted with him; and at last were called up the two witnesses whom Leah had in readiness. Even writing one's own name has much significance in it, if one is unaccustomed to the labour.

When Madeline goes upstairs, she finds that Leah has been before her, and has told the story of Seth Badger's desire to get rid of the girl. But Mr. Trelawny has failed to see in Leah's narrative the joke which she had said he would.

"You will not go away and leave me?" he asks, nervously, of Madeline. "Promise me you will not."

"How can I go away unless you send me?" asks Madeline, a little sadly.

"And that I'll not do," old Horace answers, with cheerful energy. "That I'll never do. As long as I live, you shall stay here, let Austell or any other young scamp want you or no. Eh, but it is hard when an old man has to cling to a mere slip of a girl like you. And you don't come from a stock to be trusted—not you. I should have warned Austell of that. I should have warned him."

"What have you been saying to Austell?" asks Madeline, suspiciously.

She has been arranging on a small table at the bedside such articles

as the old man may need in the night ; but now she breaks off her task, and comes over to where he is sitting.

"Saying to Austell? What had I to tell him? That you are a rare, good-for-nothing girl? and a fit match for Seth? Did that set the young rascal after you? Has he been saying anything to you? Tell the old man. He'll keep your secret." And he bends eagerly forward towards her.

"Mr. Trelawny," cries Madeline, in a quick, passionate voice, "don't you say anything to make Austell think of marrying me. For I tell you plainly, I will not be put upon any man, and least of all, shall it be upon Austell."

"So we come of the royal family, do we? and have go-betweens to make our matches?" jeers the crafty old man. "Why do you fancy I would dare to make a match between you and Austell? Eh, but you are like your mother! Not in looks, for she was a beauty, you know. But in temper she was just fire and tow."

"Tell me something of my mother," the girl says, coaxingly, her anger all dying out as suddenly as it rose.

"Not to-night, not to-night. Even if I had anything to tell you, I could not to-night. And don't get into that silly head of yours that I wish you to marry Austell Trelawny. It is Seth Badger you need be afraid of. For though he refused you, and said plainly enough he wouldn't have you, yet that was before he knew I had left you a nice little sum in my will. And have a care of it : don't let Seth or Jack Trescoe befool you out of it. I have left it to you, you understand, and you are never to let Seth or Trescoe lay a finger on it."

"I don't want your money," Madeline says, sharply. "What do you mean about offering me to Seth Badger? You know very well I would not even look at him."

"Yes, yes. I know you wouldn't." Old Trelawny speaks soothingly, patting the hand which the girl has unconsciously laid on the arm of his chair.

The old man lies back in his chair and laughs mockingly over the scene he has conjured up; and Madeline draws away and stands there with awe rather than mirth in her face, of which he presently catches a glimpse and says, testily: "There, there, I shall not talk of anything more to-night. Go away, now, I don't want you. But don't go to bed until you have been down-stairs and seen what Seth is about."

Madeline goes down as she is bidden, and finds that Badger and Trescoe are in the south parlour at supper.

(To be continued.)

GOOD HEALTH.

OCCUPATION AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE BODY.

BY ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Well, as far as the working classes are concerned this is true, and well for them that it is. There is no unkindness, and assuredly no curse implied in the law of labour, provided always that work does not degenerate into drudgery, that it is relieved by leisure,

and that it is congenial. Thank heaven! we Englishmen are not like the sensual idle Turks; *we* can do a day's work and rejoice in it, and be all the better for it, but we must feel that we are not wasting our time and energies, not sinking to the level of West Indian slaves. But it is in its uselessness and drudgery that the sting of labour lurks. There seems no mean between the luxurious self-indulgence of the opulent idle and the continuous, grinding toil of the poor, nor do the conditions of modern English life appear to admit of anything more reasonable. On the sofa reclines the indolent master, too idle to fan himself, and by his side stands the slave wearily fanning the abject wretch he is bound to call lord, and to fan till nature gives way, and all hope and pleasure are beaten out of life. In a perfect state of society every man, woman, and child would have abundant and cheerful occupation; would feel like a reasonable, independent being, and would have some voice in the selection and arrangement of the daily tasks; in practice, however, what do we find? That the tendency of civilisation is to reduce men to one dead level, to transform them into machines doing the same monotonous work all the year round for the greatest possible number of hours, to pull a lever handle 100 times a minute ten hours a day for forty years; to affix a label to a parcel or a tin box as quickly as the fingers can move, or to do something else equally wearisome and uninteresting. Now, this is not pleasant occupation, but miserable, hopeless slavery, and the natural reaction finds expression in the orgies of Saint Monday, the wild delirium of intoxication, and in hopeless, frantic strikes for larger wages and shorter hours. To try, as things now are, to fight against the abuse of labour is insanity: nothing can be done, nay, every day increases the difficulty of resistance, and it becomes a hollow farce to compare sermons on the relations of masters and servants with sermons on the blessed necessity of labour, yet, I repeat, that in a densely peopled country like ours the least of many evils is that the millions have to toil; for what could they do with their time, how else could they obtain the necessaries of life? We may regret this, we may look upward, wondering, hoping, pitying, but we have to do with hard facts, and it is sheer waste of time to try to change the established order of things.

Put face to face with the sad reality of life theories, sermons and speeches are too often seen to be worthless, nor does the recital of the laws of health lead to better results. How common is such an instance as this: You find a labourer miserably toiling on in an uncongenial occupation—behind a desk, cutting coal, sweeping the streets, or breaking stones; he is hardly ill, but his health is below the normal standard; he feels that his life is being wasted, and that his energies have not proper scope; you advise a change of scene, of country, or of occupation, but the man is too old to leave the beaten path, or he has a family, or he cannot find a fresh occupation, what then is the use of giving advice? Even when you try to save the young from similar evils your efforts are generally futile. Now, mind, I am not now complaining so much of the severity of the toil which a man is compelled to undertake, though that is sometimes great, as of the dull monotony of the daily round of occupation. Four men in five slave in one narrow round like a poor horse in a mill; there is no

variety, and no scope for ingenuity, no possibility of a change. A clerk or a shopman often has a miserable life, but full of change and enjoyment compared to the weary round that many labourers go through. Think of breaking stones, carrying coal, weighing or counting some insignificant article of daily use six days a week for fifty years, and you have the existence of a large proportion of labourers.

When the thing is possible, the occupation chosen should have the following advantages:—It should not overburden the strength, and still less should it exhaust one organ, as the eye, or one part of the body, as the arm or leg; it should call into play all the faculties; it should not be too monotonous; it should combine abundant exercise in the open air with some opportunity for indoor work when the weather is very unfavourable; the wages should be fairly good, and there should be some outlet for the energies, some development of the ingenuity, and some prospect of rising in the world. Moreover, work should not commence before the body is sufficiently strong to bear the strain put upon it. How many occupations answer the above conditions? Very few, I fear; generally speaking, labour is only possible under very unfavourable conditions, in a heated shop or factory, or the hours are very long, or the exposure is great. A small farmer working on his own behalf comes as near the mark as one can well expect any trade to do, though he is liable to overmuch anxiety, and, especially in the west of Ireland and the north of Scotland, to much exposure to wind and rain. A gardener seems to me to have as pleasant a life as any; a skilful cabinet maker or carpenter working in a shed sheltering him from the rain has also a capital occupation, and perhaps we might count up twenty trades which have advantages decidedly outweighing their drawbacks, but in most cases nothing but sheer necessity forces men to follow the labour fate has marked out for them, and we dare not blame them when they complain. In the higher walks of life no occupation has such advantages as that of the country clergyman, more especially if, in addition to his stipend, there is a modest private income. What life more useful, honourable, free from care, abounding in social and religious advantages than that of the vicar of a small town, provided his income reaches £600 or £700 a year? When fit for his post, sufficiently learned to hold his own well, sufficiently versed in the usages of polite society to be at home among rich and poor, to be received as an honoured guest by the resident gentry, welcomed by the farmers and shopkeepers, and beloved by the peasantry, how peacefully flows on the even tenour of his way, how gently is the hand of time laid on the upright frame, how slowly do energy and happiness depart! Youth is followed by a vigorous middle age, then comes a green old age, but not its infirmities, and last the gradual failure of all the faculties, and when the tale of four-score years is told, the venerable clergyman, the true pastor of his flock, may yet in some cases be able to discharge his duty. The longevity of the country clergy is most remarkable, and is the surest proof of the healthfulness and pleasantness of their occupation. But for the majority of us who cannot be country parsons, and not even gardeners, small farmers, or cabinet makers, but who have to toil in mines, at the forge, in the shop, by the bedside of the sick, or at the loom,—for us, I say, labour

has seldom many charms, and we grind on at the mill till health and strength fail us, and we sink into a grave which has few horrors.

Choose then, in early life, if you can, the most healthy, pleasant, remunerative and useful occupation; stick to it while strength remains, or only leave it when something better offers; try to find pleasure in the dullest routine of toil, remembering that the Righteous Judge of all can make allowance and will too. He will see what temptations are resisted, and what opportunities are seized or wasted; and what are the motives which influence, and, if the worst comes to the worst, and the occupation has really, as is too often the case, not one redeeming feature, if it is nothing but drudgery, not for the benefit of mankind at large, but simply for the gratification of one idle, sensual person, if, still worse, the toil consists in something actually wrong, such as horse-racing, the distillation of spirits, the slaughter of innocent animals for the gratification of inhuman monsters, the preparation of cigars and tobacco, or the preservation of game, who even then will dare to censure the victim of circumstances, and to condemn the man whom years or adverse circumstances have doomed to an occupation from which he revolts, but which he cannot abandon.

I dare not even condemn parents when they select improper or injurious employments for their tender offspring; all I dare urge them to do is to think long and earnestly, to have the highest interests of their children at heart, and to give them as good a start as circumstances will admit, but this I do say that when early or imprudent marriages, or the large number of his children compel the unhappy parent to force his sons into occupations they loathe, and at an age when they lack the requisite bodily strength, so that their happiness for life is destroyed and their physique sacrificed, then I say those children will rise up in judgment against their guilty parent. Talk not to me of the duties of children to their parents; let the parents remember and discharge *their* duties, let *them* shew themselves worthy of love, respect, and honour, and depend upon it, they will receive, in due course, that honour from the young which will amply repay them for their sufferings and sacrifices. But the best way to get the love of one's children is to deserve it, and the best and surest way of deserving it is to train them up well, to look after their spiritual and temporal needs, and to send them at a proper age into suitable occupations where their health will not suffer, where their energies will have ample scope, and where a long career of usefulness awaits them.

HOUSEKEEPERS' NOTE-BOOK.

A Cheap Dinner for a family of Six Persons.—1lb of pieces of meat put into a saucepan, the fat first, shred two large onions, which fry in the saucepan till brown, taking care not to remove the lid more than is necessary. Whilst this process is going on, make a thin batter of two table spoonfuls of flower, ditto of salt,

one ditto of brown sugar, a tea spoonful of pepper, put them into the saucepan in which lay the meat, then fry for 20 minutes, add two quarts of water, and boil with half-a-pound of rice. Let all simmer an hour or two until wanted. The toughest of meat will by this process be found thoroughly tender.



MY GARDEN PLOT.

My Garden Plot is bright with flowers
Of every hue,
Watered by spring and summer
showers
And early dew,
And cheered by sunshine's welcome
hours.

My Garden Plot is my delight,
And there at dawn
I plant and prune with all my
might
At springtide morn,
And strive to keep it clean and
bright.

The clustering roses at my door
Are in full bloom,
And lovely jasmine yields a store
Of rich perfume,
My asters and a hundred more.

My climbing flowers wind up the trees
In matchless grace,
My honeysuckles scent the breeze
And fill the place
With odours—and the hum of bees.

My fruit-trees, now in blossom clad
Of pink and white,
Make all my little nook look glad.
'Tis quite a sight
To show whoever may be sad!

My Garden Plot is bright with flowers
While at my door
A thrush is singing to the flowers,
I ask no more!
Thankful, I pass my happy hours.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

PLANTS AS WATER-DRINKERS.—*Concluded.*

BY ELIZABETH TWINING.

Another example of the effect of plenty of moisture to one of our British flowering plants is in the *Lythrum* or purple loosestrife. It is of a much brighter purple growing on the bogs of Ireland, with a constant supply of moisture to the roots, than we ever see it in England. Seeing, therefore, the necessity of water to plants, we are not surprised to find that only a portion are fitted to thrive in a common sandy soil, such as we have on our heaths and sea-coasts, but that there are some extensive dry sandy plains on our earth where scarce a plant exists. One other reason of the dearth on the sandy deserts is that for the most part great heat prevails there, so every particle of moisture that may be in the air is soon dried up. We know with what delight a party of travellers crossing a desert in Asia or Africa hail the sight of a small thorny shrub in the distance; they know there it is most likely they shall find a pool of water to slake the thirst of themselves and their camels. The cells and tubes through which water ascends and passes through plants are at first of a soft substance, and harden with age; but there are a few instances of extreme elasticity, and the power of expansion continuing many years, and long after the plant is separated from the earth. *Anastatica heirochuntia* grows in the dry sandy wastes of Arabia and Palestine. It is named from the Greek word for resurrection. However dry it may have become, it recovers its original form when put in water. There is another plant in a more humble class, commonly known as club-moss, that when gathered rolls up into a ball, and although kept dry for many years will expand out flat if placed in a saucer of cold water. We perceive from observation how water helps plants in their growth, and, moreover, that it is converted into the different properties and colours of plants. On examining various plants and their leaves, stems, or fruits, it has been ascertained exactly how much actual water exists in their tissues. Wheat flour, which we might perhaps think a dry substance, yet is found to contain 16 parts of water in 100 parts of flour. In making it into bread more water is added, nearly one-half of the whole, the rest being made up of gluten, starch, sugar, and gum, all existing in the flour, not added to it. The reason why the flour of oats, usually called oatmeal, is more nourishing than that of wheat, is from its having

less water and more gluten in its composition. The banana fruit, which forms the principal food of the natives of the tropical islands, contains no water when ripe, but is nearly all converted into starch. The next to this in full proportion of nourishing starch is our valuable, useful potato. It appears, then, from the few observations we have been able to make about plants, that they are, as well as man, the highest of created things on the earth, "wonderfully made." They have a very perfect organization of structure, a great capacity of acquiring nourishment, and, moreover, of converting the water taken up into their tissues into a variety of properties of use to themselves, and also of infinite value to us. What should we do without them, either in food, clothing, or dwellings? And all this we may trace to the exact adaptation of their parts for absorbing water. In fact, they are *water-drinkers*. Daily proofs of this come before us, but may be unheeded by us, until our notice is especially drawn to this subject. If a friend sends a few violets from a country garden in a letter, they will be of course pressed flat in the mail-bag. Put them in a little water, and they will in a short time expand the cells of the slender stalks and draw up the water into the flowers, which will often revive and be as fresh as if just gathered. If the stalk be gently stretched, it is evident that the fibres of which it is composed are elastic. And if it be broken carefully the slender fibres may be distinctly perceived. Not only do the cells of plants retain their capacity for expanding by moisture a considerable time, but in some instances it occurs after treatment that seems likely to have destroyed all power of revival. This is very striking in the leaves of tea; these, we know, are gathered in China whilst fresh, then undergo the peculiar process of drying and rolling up over hot stoves. After this they are closely packed and pressed securely, free from all particles of moisture for several months, or possibly years. Still, on pouring boiling water over them they become soft and supple, the pores of the surface opening to absorb water freely, and to let forth the fragrant, refreshing properties they have kept enclosed in the tissues of the leaf. Each plant is carefully fitted for its position, and those who cultivate any particular plant for use must study its nature and sow it accordingly. The useful flax, although of a fibrous, dry character, very slender in growth, yet needs a moist locality for its cultivation, and after it is pulled must lie on wet ground some time before it can be beaten to separate the fibres of the stalks. For this reason it flourishes in the boggy lands of Ireland. One other chief plant from which is derived material for spinning and weaving—the cotton—is very different in nature and structure, and thrives only in hot countries where there are periods without rain. Apparently, the cause of difference may be traced to the different form of cells and tubes through which it absorbs water. These are seen through a microscope to be in flax thick-sided, jointed, tubular, and grouped in bundles. Those of the downy covering of cotton seeds, which is spun, consist of flat, narrow, cellular tissue, entirely separate from each. Here again we may remark that common facts are known by common sense, but the true cause of effects is not always perceived. It is well-known to most persons that cotton material is longer in drying after being wetted than linen or other material made from flax is. Rice is only able to

thrive in a watery situation, with hot air also. The most northern district it can grow in is in the plains of Lombardy, in North Italy. The fields are, when necessary, artificially irrigated by means of small rivulets traversing the ground. The only specimens we see of rice growing in this country are in a water-tank in a well-heated conservatory in the Botanic Garden in the Regent's Park. The different kinds of corn require a dry soil. The bogs of Ireland must be well drained before a crop of oats can be sown and grown. Vines are usually cultivated on dry and somewhat shallow soil, on the slopes of hills, exposed to a full heat of sun. The celebrated vine of Hampton Court Palace owes its extraordinary fertility of fruit-bearing to the unusual supply of moisture its wide-spreading roots obtain from some source derived from the neighbouring Thames. It would be interesting to record all the facts observed about trees being *water-drinkers*, and also exhaling superfluous moisture; but time is too short in an article, the facts are so numerous. What is the reason that trees are found to contribute to the healthiness of the air in the islands of the hot parts of the world? Why did Jamaica, in the West Indies, become more unhealthy to Europeans after the forest trees had been nearly all felled with the purpose of forming large sugar plantations? It was not known at the time, but was long after suggested by those who understand the structure and functions of the leaves of trees. By their countless pores they are constantly inhaling and exhaling moisture; and not only so, but they require and inhale for their existence exactly those particles of the atmosphere which are injurious to man, and they give out what is helpful to us. Now, then, after the good old fashion of *Æsop's Fables*, let us find the *moral* or the *application* of this subject to us. There are many links between all the classes of created living beings—in some instances a closeness of resemblance that has perplexed learned students of Nature. The lowest classes of plants and those of some water-inhabiting animals are so alike, that it was long a doubtful matter where to place them—whether amongst plants or animals. Probably, therefore, we may be able to take a little advice from plants as *water-drinkers* that may be beneficial to the class of water-drinkers amongst ourselves. We are seeking for truth in all our studies, and it is well to be provided with some facts in our minds, that we may be enabled to prove the truth of our opinions and refute false observations. It is very common for those who are not inclined to be water-drinkers to argue that it is tasteless, useless as nourishment, and neither pleasant nor good for a daily beverage. What do we find it to be for plants? Certainly not useless, for it is the only source of drink they have, yet by their own power and properties they can and do convert it into the various juices of different parts of plants, and into the highest and most perfect kind of juice, as is contained in the ripe fruit. This, we know, is of innumerable variety of quality and flavour, each fruit after its kind, as “in the beginning,” the peculiar property of each one remaining unchanged, only aided by cultivation to be more perfect, perhaps, than in a natural or, as we say, a wild state. The most richly-flavoured juice of all is that of the pine-apple. Man is of far higher and more complete organisation than plants; surely, therefore, we need not doubt that our wonderful bodies are able to digest and convert what we eat or drink into the varied substances of our form with even more

marvellous power than the lowlier class of plants. Why should there be doubts about the wholesomeness of water as a drink for mankind, when we know it serves all the purposes of the vegetable world?—and although it is not within our limits in this paper, we may say in passing it is the sole drink of all animals. Are not many of them much stronger and more healthy than man? Now for a few words from the wise and blessed Book of Truth: what do we read there about plants as needing water for their existence? In the first book of the Bible, “In the beginning there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; and a river went out of Eden to water the garden.” All duly prepared before man was placed in Paradise to dress the garden and to keep it. Then in the last vision given us of the future eternal Paradise we read of trees of life growing by the pure river of the water of life. The only revelation we have of the nourishment of heavenly beings is that there will be the river of life springing up in all eternity.

FOR THE YOUNG.
VERY PROUD TO-NIGHT.

It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those that were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, notwithstanding the storm, the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Annesley, buttoned up to the chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the new-fallen snow, against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother—

“Couldn’t you walk more easily if you took my arm?”

“Perhaps I could,” his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could now lean on his. They had not walked far before he said to her—

“I am very proud to-night.”

“Proud that you can take care of me,” she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

“This is the first time you have leaned upon me,” said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child’s life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age and should in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride that made his mother love him, if possible, more than ever, and made her pray for him with new earnestness, thankful for his devoted love and hopeful for his future. There is no more beautiful sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient children. I am sure that He who commanded children to honour their father and mother, must look upon such with pleasure. May He bless dear William and every other boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and “a staff” to his mother.

DO SOMETHING.

1. If the world seem cold to you, Kin - dle fires to
2. If the world's a vale of tears, Smile till rain - bows

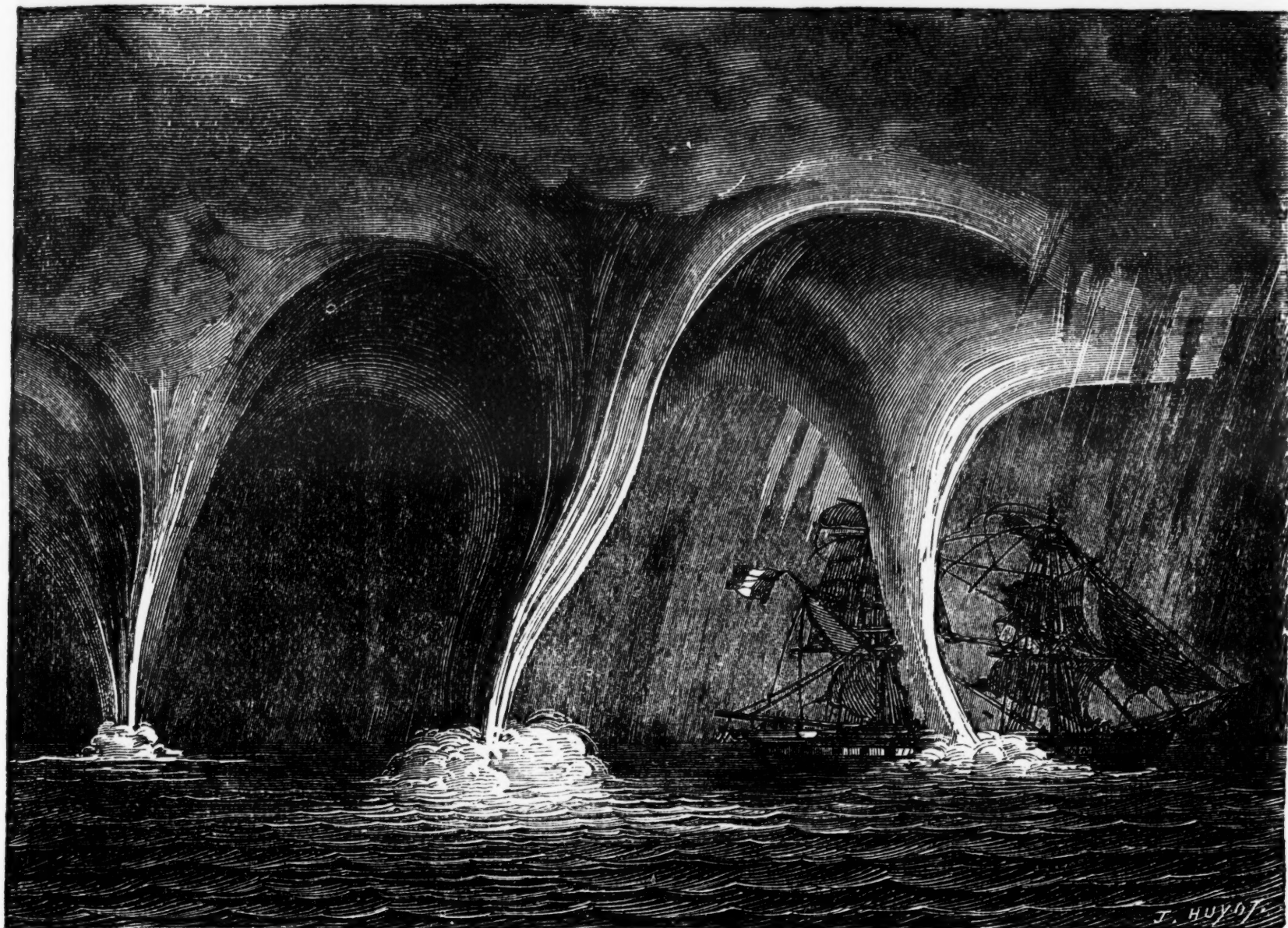
warm it, Let their com - fort hide from you
span it, Breathe the love that life en - dears

Win - ter's that de - form it. Hearts are froz - en
Clear from clouds to fan it Lend of glad - ness

as your own, To that ra - diance ga - ther,
cheer - ing gleam, In - to souls that shiv - er,

D.C.

You will soon for - get to moan, Ah the cheerless weather.
Show them how dark sor - row's stream, Blends with hopes bright river.



WATER SPOUTS.

WATER SPOUTS as shewn in the picture, are a remarkable phenomenon, the sea becomes agitated under a dense cloud, the waves form an ascending column of water, which rises and whirls towards the cloud: a descending column from the cloud meets it, and it glides over the sea till it is dispersed.

Whirlpools appear to be caused by currents encountering obstacles beneath the surface which cause them to whirl round with considerable velocity. When the movement is rapid, the centre forms the lowest portion of the whirlpool, and objects which are drawn within its reach are engulfed or sucked in at that point. Several small whirlpools, but of sufficient power to whirl round boats of moderate size, occur among the Orkney Islands.

One of the most remarkable whirlpools in the European seas is the Maelstrom. It is situated on the coast of Norway. The roaring of this whirlpool is heard at the distance of many miles. The Maelstrom is dangerous to vessels which may approach its disturbed waters; and it is said that whales and seals, when caught within its eddies, are unable to save themselves from destruction.

“ When the dire Maelstrom in his craggy jaws
Engulfs the Norway wave with hideous sound,
In vain the black sea-monster plies his paws,
Against the eddy that impels him round;
Racked and convulsed, the engorging surges roar,
And fret their frothy wrath, and reel from shore to shore.”

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

South-westward, through the heart of England, flows the Avon, until it unites its waters with the Severn, at Tewkesbury, and together they go on to join the Bristol Channel. It flows through the counties of Warwick and Worcester, crossing a pleasant, fertile country, with rounded hills, green fields and pastures and old forests.

Various historical associations cluster around its neighbourhood. Coventry lies upon one of its affluents. Here it was, the story tells us, that Lady Godiva rode round the town, to free it from some imposts laid on it by her husband. Here also is the scene of Shakespeare's "Richard II." The phrase, "to send to Coventry," probably originated in the fact that at one time the citizens of Coventry had such a dislike for soldiers, that a woman seen talking to one, became at once an object of public scandal. Amongst soldiers, the phrase, "to send a man to Coventry," was synonymous with debarring him from society. Kenilworth, a stronghold in Queen Elizabeth's time, and made famous in Walter Scott's novel of the same name, is not far distant from the Avon. The ancient town of Warwick, containing, among other objects of interest, the principal residence of the earls of Warwick. Warwick Castle, the towers of which date back as far as the fourteenth century, stands upon its banks. Tewkesbury, at the junction of the Avon and Severn, is a town of Saxon origin, and it was near here that was fought the famous Battle of Tewkesbury, May 14th, 1471, in which the Yorkists, under Edward IV. and Richard III., defeated the Lancastrians.

But the interest which attaches to this region concentrates at Stratford-upon-Avon, situated on the southern borders of Warwickshire, and about eight miles south-west of the town of Warwick. It is a small town of less than four thousand inhabitants with a modern aspect, and doing a prosperous business in corn and malt. There is little of the look of romance or even historical interest, about the place, as nearly all of the old houses have disappeared; but hither enthusiastic pilgrims flock from all parts of the world. For Stratford-upon-Avon was the birth-place of Shakespeare. The house in which he was born, a most antiquated structure, is still preserved. The parish register, containing records of his baptism on the 26th of April, 1564, and of his marriage to Anne Hathaway, nineteen years later, on the 28th November, 1582, of the baptism of a daughter, May 26th, 1583, and of twins, February 2nd, 1585, is still preserved.

In the free grammar school of Stratford, young Shakespeare probably received his entire education. Whether that was much or little, there seems to be a difference of opinion. His friend Ben Jonson speaks of him as having "small Latin and less Greek." Here, tradition tells us, his education being completed at the age of fourteen, he served an apprenticeship to a butcher; and we are informed that "when he killed a calf, the poetry of his nature prompted him to ennoble the operation, by doing it in a high style, and making a speech." There is also a tradition that for some years, previous to his departure for London, he engaged in the occupation of a schoolmaster in Stratford.

About three or four years after his marriage, Shakespeare went to London, where he remained in various capacities, until he was able to return and settle himself as a substantial country gentleman in his native town. The last years of his life were spent peacefully and in honour to Stratford-upon-Avon, exercising a liberal and kindly hospitality. His death occurred on his 53rd birthday, on the 23rd April, 1616. The remains of the great poet are laid in the parish church, a beautiful structure of Gothic architecture, which stands upon the banks of the Avon, nearly embowered in trees.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Like Ruth of old, Madeline has come out into the fields to meet her lover—albeit only in fancy. He is no rich old Boaz, who will give her veil full of barley; but young Austell Trelawny, who will give her—

Well, what will he give?—for he has promised nothing. He has only asked her to give him something. But Madeline, as she strolls on, is not envying Ruth her generous Boaz; she is thinking how soon Austell will be coming back: for the two weeks have well-nigh run their course.

Slowly enough have they run it. All the while, Madeline has been hoping Badger would go away, now that the will is made; but day after day he lingers, much to the disgust of his uncle, who has evidently shared Madeline's hope. Badger is constantly in the old man's rooms, where Madeline is kept only the closer, because of the visitor. The girl in her irritation trips and blunders in her long hours of reading, and wonders why Seth sits and listens to the stupid newspapers, or the musty tomes which she cannot always prevent his helping her to lift down from the shelves. Once or twice, perhaps, he has volunteered to read in her stead; but as she unwisely took occasion to make her escape from the room, he does not repeat his offer, but remains a patient listener.

To a superficial observer, Seth's attention to the old man would be most commendable. To sit long summer days in the invalid's room, scarcely moving from his chair, save when Leah calls him down to the dreary south-parlour to his drearier meals, is a devotion very few young men would pay. Yet old Martin is anything but grateful, and grows every day more captious and querulous, and will hardly let Madeline out of his sight. There is one consolation—with all Seth's watching, many things transpire in the house without his knowledge. Old Martin's daily luxuries, and Austell's one visit, are among the number; also, perhaps, Leah's nocturnal gossip with her master, which now is not at nine by the clock, but after Badger is safe in his own room for the night.

So the monotonous life has somewhat changed in the Priory, since the heir has chosen to take up his abode there; the heir, whose desire is not now to ignore Madeline. He no longer urges Leah to get rid of her. Occasionally, when Madeline has encountered him on the stairs, or elsewhere out of Mr. Trelawny's ken, Seth has ventured some pleasant remark, and has tried to stop her, against her will, for more reasons than the Cornish one of ill-luck attending a meeting on the stairs.

"What a time you have been coming over the field," is Badger's greeting, as their eyes meet. "I began to think you had turned back."

"And if I had?"

"I would not have met you."

"You certainly would not, if I had had the slightest intimation that you were here," returns Madeline, with not a little irritation.

"I believe you. You are not a girl to meet a fellow half-way. You prefer his taking some trouble about you."

"Oh, no, there you are wrong. It would not be worth his while to take the smallest trouble about me, I assure you," she answers, with an assumption of humility.

Madeline makes one or two attempts to pass him but he prevents her, and rudely presses an offer of marriage upon her. She indignantly replies and wishes to go, but Seth Badger taunts her about Austell, and vows she shall never marry him. Madeline is angered beyond control, and answers him accordingly. Suddenly there is the sound of yielding branches, as though a hunted animal was on the other side of the hedge, and Madeline does not stop till she reaches the Priory gate.

The scheming and plotting of Seth Badger is defeated for the present, but to what length will a depraved heart carry him. Such a man knows nothing of true happiness. "The way of transgressors is hard."

Leah is at the well facing the road; and when she catches sight of the small figure hurrying along it, she shakes her head forebodingly.

"It be bad luck to come back the path you went," she remarks, glancing up from the bucket she is lifting, as Madeline stands beside her.

"Maister Seth! What has he been saying to you, to set your face aflame?" asks Leah, suspiciously.

"Saying? What could he say that was pleasant? I ran across the corn-field to get rid of him."

"He be a rough fellow to deal with. And I'd not get his ill will, if I were you. That I wouldn't," cautions Leah.

"Maister Seth is gone off on business o' the maister's, so he said; and do but see who be coming in yonder at the gate.

Madeline is in the act of lifting the bucket to carry in-doors for the old woman, as she has done ere now. Leah should have waited a moment longer before this last remark of hers; for the girl has set the bucket down hastily, and hurries across the town-place, to the gate.

She has caught sight of Austell. She would fain speak to him first; for she has something to tell him.

She catches her first view of him just where he last waved her a good-bye. He is not looking for her, and comes up the road slowly, very different from the rapid rate at which he went away. But then he had the eight miles before him to make, all the way to Truro. He is riding now, and letting his horse choose his own pace; but he starts a little, when he sees Madeline at the gate, and hastily dismounts to meet her.

"Austell," she says, before he can open the difficult old gate, "will you be angry with me? I have told Mr. Badger you intend to marry me?"

"Told Badger!" Austell says, in surprise, adding: "I am sorry to find you so confidential with him."

She lifts her small, flushed face, like that of any scolded and repentant child.

"I didn't mean to be," she says, simply. "But he seemed to think you didn't care for me. So I told him."

"Naughty little disobedient girl!" says Austell, smiling down, in spite of himself, into the upturned face, and catching both small hands, of which she has offered him neither, her only greeting having that hurried confession. But presently he adds more gravely: "How did Badger come to ask such questions?"

"He wanted to marry me himself. So I told him. Was I wrong?"

"Of course not. It was your secret as well as mine. Only I wish you to avoid Badger. I told you so when I last saw you."

He wonders if Seth Badger has discovered Madeline's parentage, and bears him a grudge for forestalling him.

"Never fear. I shall not seek him," Madeline answers, smiling.

* * * * *

"So you will take the girl," old Martin says, when, half an hour afterwards, Austell and he are closeted together. "You might do worse, you know, though she is her father's child, and a woman into the bargain. I was pretty sure of your consent, and so got rid of Seth, who sticks by me like a burr. Roscarrock will be here presently, and the land will be safe in your possession, so that Seth can't lay his big hands upon it. Have you spoken to Madeline?"

"Yes," answers Austell; though to be exact, he might have said she had spoken to him. "Madeline is willing."

"Seth Badger would have had no trouble. 'There are not many girls who would fly into his ugly face,' old Trelawny says, speaking from his own limited knowledge, and meaning to speak the truth.

Austell makes no answer; and the old man and the young one digress to other topics, until Leah shows Mr. Roscarrock into the room; when there is a talk over business, and the signing of papers, and the need of witnesses—from all of which, Leah thinks the maister has made another will.

Madeline flutters about, from her room to the kitchen. She knows that neither lover nor guardian wants her when talking over business matters. In her restlessness, she is at times glad to exchange a word with Leah.

"What ails 'ee that you be like a hen on a hot girdle?" asks Leah. "Because Maister Austell ha' come to see the maister, what be that to you?"

"Nothing," Madeline answers, demurely, and goes up-stairs again.

But Austell's visit is very much to the child, and she has begun to feel uneasy. What has old Horace Trelawny to do with Austell's love-making? Surely it is too soon for the signing of any business papers with which she has any concern. That all comes just before the marriage ceremony. She has read novels enough to know so much.

"It is all right? You wish, yourself, to marry me?" she asks Austell, when he comes to say good-bye; for old Trelawny has speeded the parting guest most unceremoniously, being fearful that Seth will return and meet him.

"Have you any doubts as to my willingness?" asks Austell.

Indeed, he is quite ready strongly to asseverate his desire; for since everything is arranged, and he knows himself, as a Trelawny should be, master of Trelawny Priory, he is much better content than while in the unsettled state of coming to a determination in his own mind.

His question does not seem to Madeline to need an answer. She does not look round at him, but stretches out her hand again to his horse, with another of the lumps of sugar she has coaxed away from Leah. For it is at the gate he finds her, mounted on the second bar, with one arm holding by the gate-post, and the other laid across the horses's neck, brought thus on a level with her—the bridle having, on his master's arrival, been flung over the gate-post. That master swings himself over the gate as he has done before, without disturbing Madeline's position; and so stands face to face with her. When he sees for the first time that she has been crying.

"Madeline!"

She imperils her balance on the rickety bar, by withdrawing her hand from the post just to brush it over the tell-tale eyes. And then she looks across into his distressed face with a determined little laugh.

"I thought it was so dusk, you wouldn't see I was so silly."

"Now, you *are* silly. Why should you wish me not to know what troubles you?"

She just puts her head down on the horse's neck, and hides her face from him there.

"Is it any wonder I was crying? I hate Trelawny Priory—I hate old Horace—I love Dinglefield—"

"When I'm good, he just tires me to death. When I'm wicked—ah me, it is so hard, so hard to bear his exactions, and his sneers, and his tempers. And he says," lowering her voice, "he says he'll never let me go away so long as he lives! Do you think I ought to want him to live very long, Austell?"

"Madeline!"

"Well, I don't always. There, now," nodding her head audaciously at him.

Austell stares at her speechlessly. He is too preoccupied with the thought of the old man's secret relationship to her, to take note of the daring smile which she just keeps back from breaking all over her face. Besides, the twilight has now so deepened, that it is easier to judge by words than by sight.

"A helpless old man like that," he begins. (How unfortunate that old Horace will persist in making a secret where no secret ought to be!)

"Is he helpless?" with another audacious little nod.

And then, turning grave on a sudden: "Austell, Austell, it is very real; I'm growing very wicked; I get desperate. I have dreadful thoughts sometimes. I used not to be so very bad at Dinglefield."

"Madeline!"

What can he say more to comfort her? He can put his arm about her, to steady her, when she has stretched her hands out with that imploring, helpless gesture, which speaks with her words. He may wish that with a touch to her hand, and a word in her ear, he could have her up behind

him on his horse, as a lover of the olden time might have had. But in point of fact, he knows that old Horace can keep her as long as he will—or at least for the next five years to come. And yet, somehow, the girl is comforted.

"Don't let Seth Badger make any more love to you," Austell says presently, gathering up Prince Geraint's bridle from the keeping of the gate-post. "That is my perquisite now, and I will have no one interfering with me."

"Have no fear," answers Madeline. "Mr. Seth's love-making is not of the pleasantest. Only," she adds to herself, under her breath, with a little toss of her head, "I am not in the least afraid of him."

* * * * *

Leah has meanwhile prepared the tray for Madeline—she mounts the stairs, but on opening the upper door, she stops short, with a great start that might have endangered the tray she is carrying, if she had not caught it deftly. Then she comes in hurriedly, and sets her burden down upon the nearest table.

Mr. Trelawny gone—his chair moved from its station at the side of the hearth. What can be the meaning of it all?

If both had vanished into thin air, she could not be more astonished than when she is fairly in the room, and catches sight of them. How did they ever get across there?

It is not far, to be sure. But when one has been used to wait on a helpless old man, no more moving of his own strength out of his customary place, than the chair which fills that place, one may well be as amazed as Madeline, to find that chair and invalid have travelled across the room, to the recess between two of the long rows of book-shelves. And the old man (however he may have contrived to wheel himself little by little over there, with the help of his stick,) is trying to raise himself in his seat now, reaching up at arm's length with his stick, pushing it against the frame of that picture which Madeline has seen only hanging with its face to the wall. Can he be trying to turn it over?

Perhaps she would not have been so sure of this if it were not for his sudden guilty start and furtive glance round at her, as the door, which she has left open behind her, swings to with a click. He lowers his arm, and his stick falls to the floor, as if his effort, whatever it was, had exhausted all his strength. He turns his head, and says complainingly, with an air of their being nothing unusual about this movement of his: "What a time you have been! One would think there had been a feast in preparation, instead of a simple cup of tea."

"I had to wait for Leah to take up the clouted cream," she answers him, keeping back any expression of her surprise. And then she sets the little table in its wonted place beside the hearth, and arranges the tray daintily upon it, before she comes to him and lays her hand upon the back of his chair, to wheel it where he always chooses it to stand. He does not intend her to take any notice, she says to herself; even if she is right in supposing that he wishes to see the face of that picture, he will never bid her turn it.

So she proportionately startled, when, she having replaced his cushions

and his foot-stool as he would always have them, snuffed the one poor candle which is all he will burn during Seth Badger's prolonged stay, and preparing to pour out his cup of tea, he says, with a sharp suddenness: "Yes—I could not do it—I must ask her—"

"Me, Mr. Trelawny?" with a slight pause, waiting for him to resume. Then, as he only looks at her in a strange, helpless way: "Shall I turn it for you? You wish to see the face?"

"The face—is it you who will help me to that—you—"

He has broken off uncertainly, as if he meant to add more. But Madeline does not wait for more. She has already mounted a table which stands in the recess, and with some difficulty has turned the picture, sending down with the action a little cloud of dust and cobwebs, which she brushes away gently with her handkerchief from the face of the picture. Then she goes into the inner room and brings out an old-fashioned candelabrum, and sets it, with the candles all lighted, on the table, where the glow is thrown up on the canvas above. It is with a strange feeling of reverence, as if she had kindled the tapers of a shrine that she moves away now, leaning on the back of the old man's chair, and takes her first full look at what she has seen but indistinctly as yet, half through her haste, half through fear of seeming to be curious, in the old man's eyes.

But it is a something softer than curiosity, which has prompted her movements throughout. Has the hard father relented at last? May it be hers to help him to a loving recognition of the son he has so long cast out of his memory?

Her first glimpse of the portrait has shown her it is that of a child. A little, fair-haired lad, leaning against a garden bench, his chubby hands fitting an arrow to a bow, while his frank, blue eyes look up from his work, straight at the two who are surveying him. He might have been a Cupid at his mischievous pastime (and perhaps the artist, belonging to a romantic school not then forgotten, had had some such thought in his mind), if Cupids ever were arrayed in the tight, short waists, and voluminous skirts, the slashed white sleeves, and mantle buckled to the shoulder, of the latter part of the last century. There is a depth of dark blue and of crimson about the picture; but that which catches Madeline's attention, and makes her first look flushed and pleased, then disappointed, is a certain something in the frank child-face, which reminds her of a fair-haired, blue-eyed Austell Trelawny. But if the portrait is Austell's, why should it have been turned to the wall?

No; of course it must be only a family likeness; and, now that she looks again, it is hardly a likeness at all, but only such as, in a trick of glance or tone or gesture, repeats itself in that unconscious, subtle mimicry of far-away kindred, which one not seldom sees. That this supposition of hers is right, old Horace's words go to prove.

"His mother was fair—a fair woman—a fair woman. How shall I tell her about the lad?"

Madeline neither speaks nor moves; but suddenly he turns round on her with almost fierce importunity: "How shall I tell her about the lad? For she will come to meet me."

The girl's eyes, wet with a pity which has never moved her so strongly before, meet the restlessness of his.

"*He* will come to meet you, too," she says, in a soft, almost whisper. "See, he is looking at you gently—the little lad you used to love."

"Love."

He repeats the word which has so long been a stranger to him—repeats it half-wonderingly, half-dreamily; and then with a start awakes.

"Set this candle over there, too, where it will shine on the face. It is so long since I have looked upon it—and the room is strangely dim."

It is strangely light for one of the Priory rooms, where usually but one mean candle makes a twinkle of light like a single star in a gray night. Madeline smiles a soft little smile to herself, as she goes to obey; after which, she draws up her stool on the other side of the hearth, reluctant to disturb the old man by a suggestion of tea, yet afraid to leave him to himself lest he should need her. But she will not watch him; she will sit here and wait until he speaks to her.

The thin shafts of light that dart up now and then out of the tiny fire, just warming the hearth on this September evening, flicker over the bent, brown head, and into the small brown face, framed in by the two hands in which she rests her chin, as she leans forward, staring idly in the glow. It is so pleasant to have Seth Badger away, to be sitting here quietly.

A cheap pleasure, Austell would have said, as when he found her perched up on the gate "enjoying herself." But such enjoyments have become rare and dear to Madeline. Her servitude is much harder of late. Only old Horace's death can free her; and on that she never dwells for an instant, nor ever has, notwithstanding her defiant little speech to Austell when he was here last. There are no more walks for the child, even if she were willing to risk meeting Seth Badger at some unexpected turn in her path. Nor does she stand looking over the broken-down gate, watching and waiting for some change in her life; for the fairy prince, who by his presence is to lift her out of all this anxiety and discomfort into a very different life, of which she can only dream. And not even comfortably dream, with Mr. Trelawny's querulous voice constantly to awake her, and with Seth Badger furtively watching her.

But now, in the unwonted luxury of Badger's absence, the dream-life begins. How long has she been dwelling in it, when she is sharply summoned back into reality by Mr. Trelawny's voice calling her?

She starts up hurriedly. There is a peculiar sound in his call which frightens her. An unnatural cry, as if he feared he could not be heard, though she is so near him. And though she is by his side before the cry has well left his lips, she finds him speechless.

There is a wild, beseeching look in his eyes when she bends over him, which shows he has not lost consciousness, nor the desire for something she can give him. What is it he so longs for? What help that she alone can bring?

Is it forgiveness for a wrong he has done her? Or is it the selfish wish of the old man for some service she can still do him? For a moment Madeline is perplexed and anxious. That look on the dying man's face will haunt her all her life, if she fail to fathom its meaning. Then suddenly she stoops over him and says: "I will not leave you. I will promise to stay by you, come what will."

Does he hear her? At any rate, the desire dies out of his eyes, and the stony look as of death is in its stead. What is it to old Horace whether the girl stays beside him or not? He seems past all need of her.

Will the usual remedies which Madeline has heretofore used, fail to restore consciousness now?

This attack is different from anything she has seen hitherto, and baffles all her skill. She must have the doctor as soon as possible; and yet, though she knows that every minute is of value, she hesitates to leave old Horace alone, even to call Leah. But there is nothing else for her to do. It is a great relief that Seth Badger is away; and yet she wonders what possible harm he could do to the unconscious, perhaps dying man.

So she runs downstairs as quickly as she can in the dark, having forgotten to bring the candle, and opens the kitchen door.

No Leah there; only a man's figure stooping over the feeble embers on the hearth, leaning forward out of the old arm-chair.

Thinking it was old Mr. Saundry, she cries breathlessly, "Mr. Trelawny is ill, and we must have the doctor—Dr. Carlyon, you know; or, if he should not be at home, any one you could find. There's not a soul to send about the place; but, Uncle Saundry, you *will* go—and quickly? Where's Leah. Making a fire in the south-parlour, as she said she'd have to do, before Mr. Badger came home? You will go, Uncle Saundry?"

A pause; and then, slowly: "Ay, ay."

Evidently Leah has not been told what to expect, as her shocked face and sudden, helpless pause and cry show Madeline. But the girl asks no questions; she has, after this lonely vigil of hers, no heart for speech, save to say hastily that it happened half an hour ago, and she sent at once for the doctor; Leah must rouse herself, and help to lift the master to the bed. So together they wheel him into the next room, and "make en comfortable, poor soul," Leah says, in an awed whisper. So she would have said in laying him straight in his coffin; and he would have had as much sense of her decent care.

"You'll not mindstaying alone a bit?" asks Leah, preparing to go down. "There be the fire to tend to—and, you knaw, cheeld vean, I must be about seeing that there ben't a door locked or shut too tight in the house, else the poor maister 'll die hard, if so be he ha' got to die," she adds in a mysterious whisper, at which the girl shivers. "Eh, if there were anybody else about the house!"

"Uncle Saundry's certainly gone, of course?"

"Why, long and long ago, cheeld; and even Maister Seth ha' gone, no one knaws where, and couldn't tell when he'd be back."

With this assurance of Leah's still ringing in her ears, what wonder Madeline is startled, when, turning back from an anxious gaze out of the window on the town place (though, indeed, she knows it is too soon for the doctor yet,) she hears a stealthy hushed step, and looks round to see Seth Badger standing by the bedside.

"It is paralysis," Seth announces, scarcely turning when Madeline comes to him. "I wonder how long he has been unconscious?"

"A little more than half an hour," answers Madeline, promptly. "I sent old Saundry Lenine for the doctor at once."

"There is small use for him," Seth returns.

"How can you tell?" asks Madeline, sharply. "At least everything possible must be done. I will not take any responsibility in the matter."

All through the long night, Madeline keeps watch over the sick-bed, and longs for the sound of horses' hoofs along the road; for the windows are wide open, though September nights are wont to be chilly.

No sound, save the distant groaning of the waves against the cliff, and the shrill, monotonous tick, tick of the clock in the adjoining room, to break the oppressive silence.

Seth Badger, who shares Madeline's watch, if not her anxiety, accounts for the doctor's absence in various ways. He must be absent from home, or he has an ill patient, or perhaps is ill himself. He is sure the message went, for old Saundry is thoroughly reliable, as Madeline knows. And—yes, of course, Saundry would, as he was directed, try to find some one else, if Dr. Carlyon should be missing; even if he had to go to Truro—in which case, however, it will be late before a physician would arrive.

It is the dreariest, weariest night Madeline has ever passed, or perhaps may ever be called to pass through; and it is all the more trying to her, because Seth Badger keeps watch with her. She has taken her seat close by the old man's bed, where she can best see the white, ghastly face which one might be sure belonged only to the dead, if it were not for the laboured breathing, which it is impossible not to associate with suffering, even if there is no consciousness.

Not once during the long night, does Madeline leave her seat, though Seth has urged her to lie down and rest, saying that he would keep watch, or summon Leah. But she has given her promise not to leave the old man; and though it seems useless to be bound by such a promise now, she does not think of breaking it.

As for Leah, she comes in and out of the room, making moan over the sick man, and conjecturing the most impossible things to have happened to the doctor.

At last the dawn has begun to break, and there is a faint twitter about the leaves, from the earliest birds. Madeline feels that there is an awakening in the world; that the unnatural stillness is nearly over, and the thought is a relief to her. Then it is that the old man opens his eyes and says something—just a word or two—in a thick, broken utterance which it is impossible to understand. It is only a little sign of returning consciousness; but it is sufficient to repay Madeline for her long watch.

She is quick with her restoratives, and she asks no help of Seth Badger, who seems stupid from weariness. Men so seldom make good watchers. But Madeline does not heed Seth; her whole attention is given to the old man, whose attack appears passing off. There is no doubt that he recognizes her, and she feeds him with brandy and water by the spoonful. He scarcely swallows any; his eyes seem intent on following Seth as he passes out of the room, walking slowly and heavily, mechanically, as one moves when half stunned, or dead

with sleep. Madeline glances after him almost relentingly; he has had a long watch.

She is recalled by a faint sound from the pillow—a breath. Was it more than a mere breath?

She drops down on her knees at the bedside, stooping close to the livid, faintly-stirring lips. Are they fumbling after speech?—the poor, pale lips, as unskilled as an infant's, with that terrible impotence of stricken age, that bitter mockery of infancy, which sends so different a thrill through the on-looker. Madeline is quivering with pity, with longing to help. If she might only catch one faintest word.

“—father.”

Does she fancy it, or hear it? She thinks she understands. She puts her small hands together reverently, and lifts up her small face, like a child kneeling at the bedside at her evening prayers. So child-like does she look, in the slender stream of moonlight that slants in through the deep, half-curtained casement, and creeps about her, leaving all the rest of the room dark, save for the one dim candle.

“Our Father, who art in heaven,” she says in a whisper, only audible where she is kneeling.

If she were looking in the old man's face, she might have seen the anxious trouble only deepening there at the first words, and a restless impatience struggling into his eyes, through which alone the soul still feebly speaks; and she might have doubted whether, after all, she has understood his appeal. But as the reverent voice goes on, the too eager eyes lose something of their pain, and soften and grow dim.

“Thy will be done,” and “Forgive us our trespasses,” the child has said.

She ends, and looks down into his face again, with suddenly awaking terror at the silence. But he is lying very peacefully; his eyes have closed; and not many moments after, Madeline finds he is falling asleep.

She waits until she is sure she can stir without arousing him, and then she rises and begins to move about the room listlessly, though noiselessly. She thinks Seth Badger has gone downstairs, and it is such a relief to be rid of him and of her enforced quietness.

When at last she looks up from the bottles she has replaced, he is close beside her, with a bowl in his hand.

“Here is Leah's gruel,” he says. “I thought I had better bring it.”

Madeline moves slightly to face Seth when he speaks to her, but she hesitates a moment before she stretches out her hand to take from him the proffered bowl.

“Do you think I ought to disturb him?” she asks, uneasily. “He seems to be sleeping so very comfortably.”

“It has been a long time since he has taken any nourishment,” Seth says, briefly, giving the bowl into her hands.

“I dislike to waken him,” says Madeline, still anxiously.

“It will be better for him. Besides you need scarcely rouse him. A few spoonfulls of the gruel at a time will be all that is necessary. But there is danger of his sinking if he takes nothing at all.”

All this is very true, and yet Madeline stands hesitating. She has

been so prompt in the use of all remedies heretofore, and now, with such a simple one in her hand she is slow to give it. What possible harm can a few spoonfuls of gruel do the old man, even if they do him no service? And, as Seth suggests, she need scarcely disturb him in giving them.

Yet Madeline pauses there by the fire-place, only stirring the gruel, as if trying to decide what were best to do.

No wonder that Seth, whose patience is not his strong point, says angrily:—

“Let me have the bowl if you do not intend to give the gruel. Do you think no one but yourself understands anything of illness?”

“Do you mean that you yourself will give the gruel if I do not?” she asks, not moving to obey him.

(To be continued.)

SWEARING.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a little boy like you to use such language as that; I’ll let your mother know.”

This spirited piece of dialogue greeted the ears of the writer as he was walking down one of the streets of a large manufacturing town, profoundly meditating upon the origin of species.

They were spoken to an idle knot of urchins, one of which must have said something very dreadful indeed if we can measure an offence by the magnitude of its punishment, for they were preceded by the sound of a blow which forcibly reminded us of a certain usher, whose name we will refrain from expressing.

The indignant declaimer was a servant girl, above the average woman’s height with very well developed biceps and a harsh powerful voice. So powerful that the mind refused any longer to consider the origin of species, and began employing itself upon a more practical subject, viz., the title of this essay.

And let the gentle patient reader at once understand that we are both unable and unwilling to give a long account of the etymology of the word, nor do we intend to touch upon the vexed question, whether or no it be allowable to swear in a court of law. The earnest appeal to a higher power

for the truth of an affirmation is not the subject to which the reader’s thoughts are directed, it is rather to the abuse of that appeal; to that vulgar, alas, too vulgar habit which carelessly associates the most solemn truths with the meanest trivialities.

It is too much the fashion now-a-days to treat this matter lightly. Men are too apt to regard it as but a breach of good manners, a perpetration of bad taste, but it is something more than this.

When any man uses the name which is above every name, to give emphasis to a trivial threat (or consigns the cause (animate or inanimate) of a little bodily discomfort or inconvenience to eternal damnation, that man manifests his want of faith in reverence for the ideas which he thus heedlessly prostitutes.

Two of the common excuses for profanity are that it is merely a habit, or that the swearer never means what he says; the latter is absurd, for it is for that very reason that the offence is so objectionable. If a man really meant all that he gives expression to while swearing, he would be regarded as either a demon or a maniac, and treated accordingly. But he does not mean anything by it, he only wantonly burlesques the grandest truths of which the mind is capable of conceiving; heedlessly with stupid indiffer-

ence dragging them in the mire, and as it were, trampling upon them.

Even using a name which men of old times dared not even utter, for the expression of sudden surprise, or to give point to some vulgar menace.

And for the other excuse that it is a habit, gained perhaps in infancy, this is indeed some excuse for the offender, but how it aggravates the evil of the offence. Where is there a more melancholy fact than that millions of human beings are steeped in an atmosphere reverberating from morning to morning with oaths and blasphemy; that millions of little children gain their first idea of the Great Father from the coarse oaths of their parents.

Is it wonderful that the people gain distorted warped ideas of the truths which should raise and glorify them?

Is it wonderful that, like the

troubled sea, they cast up mire and dirt?

Oh, you who boast of your refinement and pluming yourself upon your superiority to your coarser fellows, still take the name of God in vain, if no feeling of reverence, no love for the fitness of things can restrain you, for pity's sake think of those thousands of little ones whose minds are so early polluted, whose lives are marred and spoiled by unthinking irreverence. And when the careless oath is on your lips, think that you will be responsible for part of this; think that by giving way to a silly, meaningless habit you help directly or indirectly to poison the minds of thousands, and resolve by God's grace to let "your yea be yea and your nay nay," for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.

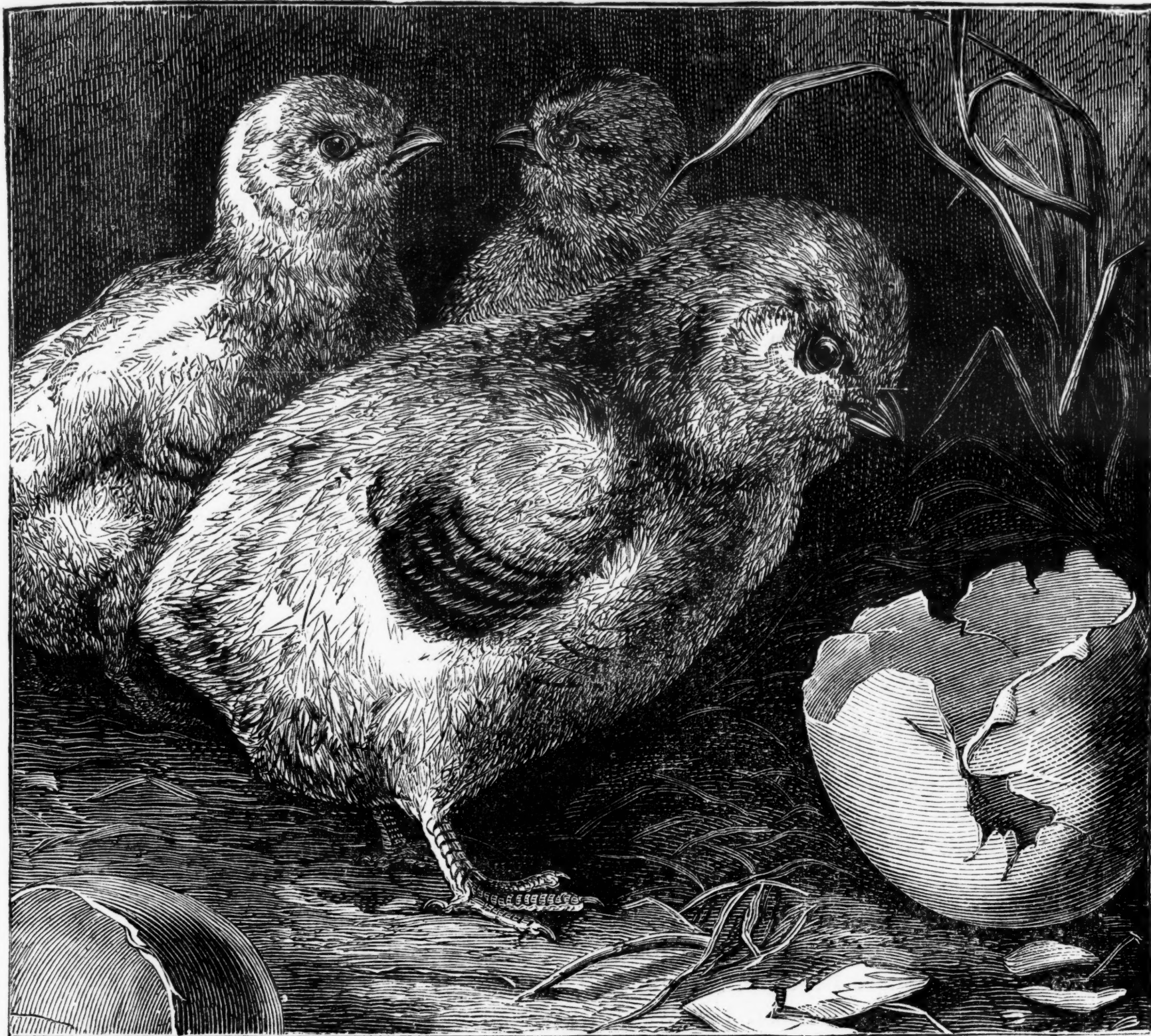
C. PIKE

CURIOUS FACTS.

A PRIOR of a monastery in that part of Arabia, where the coffee berry grows, having remarked that the goats who ate of it became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment upon his Monks, of whose lethargic propensities he was continually complaining. The experiment turned out successful; and it is said that it was owing to this circumstance the Arabian berry came to be so universally used and admired for its pleasant and refreshing qualities. The coffee plant is a native of Arabia; it is supposed by some to have been the chief ingredient of the broth of the Lacedemonians. The use of this berry was not known in England till the year 1657, at which time Mr. D. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from Smyrna to London, brought with him one Pasquel Rosie, a Greek of Ragusa, who used to prepare this liquor for his master every morning, who, by the way, never wanted company. The merchant, therefore, in order to get rid of a crowd of visitants, ordered his Greek to open a coffee-house, which he did in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill. This was the first coffee-house opened in London.

ALEXANDER NEWELL, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of Westminster School, in the reign of Queen Mary, was an excellent angler. But (says Fuller) while Newell was catching of fishes, Bishop Bonner was catching of Newell, and would certainly have sent him to the shambles, had not a good London merchant conveyed him away upon the seas. Newell was fishing upon the banks of the Thames when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing that he dare not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler, he had taken with him provisions for the day; and when, in the first year of England's deliverance, he returned to his country and his old haunts, he remembered that on the day of his flight, he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank. There he looked for it; and "found it no bottle but a gun—such the sound at the opening thereof; and this (says Fuller) is believed to be the origin of bottled ale in England."

W. T. HYATT.



THE HEN AND THE EGG.

A YOUNG man, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God; God is only a word." After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window, reading together. The young man approached and asked,

"What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you, sir, you do not believe it?"

"Once I believed it, but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, never was in Paris; I have never studied philosophy, nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know; I only know my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question, truly; the egg comes from the hen."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg."

"Beg your pardon, Miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is then an egg that did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see"—

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well, there is then a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come."

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, sir, I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?"

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world, and this being we call God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still wish to maintain and to be able to explain the existence of this world without God."

The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and full of shame departed; if not convinced of his folly, at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child.

How many there are who, like him, professing to be wise have become fools!

A Short Sketch of the Life of the Late

EARL RUSSELL.

BY WILLIAM QUIN.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL RUSSELL, the subject of our present brief sketch, was born on the 18th of August, 1792, in Hertford Street, Mayfair, and was the third son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, by his first wife, Georgiana, daughter of the fourth Viscount Torrington.

Great care was bestowed upon his education; he was trained first

at Sunbury, afterwards at Westminster, and then for a short time he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Woodensbury, in Kent, and subsequently he studied at the University of Edinburgh.

Lord John Russell was one of those who, in the commencement of their career, show what they intend to be and what course of action it is their intention to carry out; and so unmistakably was it shown in the present case, that, in the morning of his political career Lord John Russell, won the highest opinion and esteem of those, whose desire was *progression* and *Reform*! It is also worthy of note that at the time he was returned a Member of Parliament he was scarcely of age, being one month under twenty-one; but notwithstanding this fact, the people of Tavistock elected him their representative in July, 1813.

The people had long been desirous of parliamentary reform, and in this young member of Parliament they found a champion worthy of their cause. For many years—indeed we may say to the close of his long life—he *laboured* for the *people*, and he justly gained the highest popularity amongst all classes of society. It has been well said, that—“Earl Russell was a REFORMER when to be a Reformer required an extraordinary amount of courage—in fact, when it was almost dangerous; but he was ever consistent and true to his principles, and lived to see the good fruits of his own work and that of his fellow labourers in the cause of advancement. All the weaker parts of his career are, indeed, swallowed up in that which was great and noble.” Undoubtedly the great object in the mind of Lord Russell was the good of the people, and when he saw abuses and corruptions which ought to be swept away, he did his best to get rid of them, and did not waiver in that, which he conscientiously believed to be his path of duty in the best interests of his constituents. Thus, he became their friend, and laboured for their highest welfare.

We cannot wonder, then, that in 1861 Her Majesty should have conferred upon him a Peerage. Still, he will be doubtless best remembered as LORD JOHN RUSSELL, for it was under that name he endeared himself to all.

Here, we may, without going out of our way, remark, that it is not high and grand titles that can or will make a name honored or beloved. No! but love for those around them, and a profound desire to do them good and to promote their interests temporally and spiritually always will! The highest, and noblest work that man can do for man *is* the promoting his happiness and doing that which will forward his interests and prospects in life, and thereby give him pleasure and afford him comfort and consolation in the hour of need and trouble. Such was the character of the nobleman who has passed away from us; for many years, he took an interest in young men, as well as the middle and the aged. Nor was he a stranger to those who were in sorrow, adversity or sickness! On one occasion, we are informed that “he not only visited a person in sickness, but read God’s holy Word to and prayed with him.” Thus, he was carrying out the principle of *true* religion, as laid down by HIM, who, before all, is the highest authority.

Some of the great reformatations which Lord Russell was instrumental in bringing about during his long parliamentary career were as follows

(namely):—"The reduction of the National Debt," "Parliamentary Voting and the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832," the effect of which was to give the right of voting at the election of members of Parliament to the better class of occupiers of houses, which, before the passing of the Act, was possessed only by owners, "The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts," "The Corporation Reform Bill," &c. Only about a month ago (May the 8th) the *Fiftieth* Anniversary of the passing of the bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was celebrated by a visit of some of the leading Nonconformists to his residence at Richmond. They were received on this occasion by Lady Russell, who promised to hand their address of congratulation to Lord Russell. It was shortly after this presentation that his illness took place, and from which he never recovered. He gradually sunk lower and lower, and on the 28th day of May last departed this life at the venerable age of 86.

Lord Russell, as well as being a great politician, was also a noble and an eminent author. In 1824 he published his first volume of the "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht," and completed it in the year 1829. About this time also he wrote several smaller works and essays. Afterwards he wrote several large and important works, amongst which may be named "The Life of Lord William Russell," "An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution from the reign of Henry the 8th to the present time" (1821). Lord Russell also edited the "Journals and Memoirs of Thomas Moore," of whom he was a steadfast and sincere friend through life.

Many other works were also written by him, but of which we have not room to mention here. Suffice it therefore to say that his love for literature remained with him to the last, and we rejoice to add another *chaplet* to the memory of one—so great, so distinguished, and good!

"But shall we meet the blow with vain contesting?
Ah, no! for fifty years, without a pause,
He bravely fought in Freedom's noble cause,
And now the gentle veteran is resting.

"Stand—Englishmen he loved so well—around us
While, fitting tribute to the true and brave,
We lay this chaplet on his grave;
'He left us wiser—better than he found us.'—*Fun.*

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT CHINA.

"Look at the vastness of the field. It has a circuit of 12,550 miles—half the circumference of the globe. It covers an area of about one-third of the continent of Asia, and one-tenth of the habitable globe. You might put down the whole of Europe in the centre of the great empire of China, and then you would have enough space left to gem it round the edges with half-a-dozen countries the size of Great Britain and Ireland. China proper contains eighteen provinces, each of which is nearly the size of Great Britain and Ireland; so that these eighteen provinces are equal to eighteen Great Britains. All the natural features of the country are moulded on an immense scale. It is irrigated by

great rivers, that not only serve to drain it, but, by means of their size and the course of their tributaries, afford unusual facilities for intercommunication. It encloses one of the vastest deserts over which sterility ever reigned, and at the same time one of the wildest and most luxuriant plains ever pressed by the foot of man.

"The country boasts 1,700 walled cities. It contains within its own limits every variety of soil and climate, and is capable of producing everything necessary for the support and comfort, and even luxury of its inhabitants. Then look at *the antiquity of the country*. It is not a thing of yesterday. Its chronicles take us back to a time but little posterior to the flood, when the first arches of ancient Babylon began to span the Euphrates, and the first towers of Nineveh to cast their shadows on the waters of the Tigris. It existed a thousand years before Romulus had dreamed of laying the city of Rome. China has seen the rise, the culmination and decline of all the great nations of antiquity. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome have all followed each other to the dust, but China still remains a solitary and wonderful monument of patriarchal times.

"The population of the country is roughly estimated at four hundred millions—ten times the population of the United States; more than thirteen times the population of Great Britain and Ireland—one-third of the human race! Every third person that lives and breathes upon this earth and beneath these heavens is a Chinese; every third child that comes into the world is born of a Chinese mother; every third pair united in matrimony pledge their troth in a Chinese cup of wine; every third grave that is dug is for a Chinese corpse. 33,000 Chinese will die to-day; every month that passes over sees one million of them numbered with the dead.

"Now, concerning the greater number of this innumerable multitude, it may be said that they are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, *having no hope, and without God in the world*. To that country all the Christian Churches in the world have but sent as yet about 250 Protestant missionaries, and 'what are they amongst so many?' A missionary to every thousand of the people would require 400,000 men.

"Not only is there the magnitude of the work, but there are other and very great difficulties standing in our way that we are obliged to take into consideration. Look at *the character* of the people. They are not a herd of savages, without a written language and the arts of civilized life. They invented the art of printing five hundred years before Europe; they used, and probably invented, gunpowder and the magnetic needle. They manufactured and used, about the beginning of the Christian era, silk fabrics, which they sold to luxurious Romans for their weight in gold. They boast a very extensive and varied literature, comprising books on history, philosophy, geography, poetry, military tactics, Buddhism, Tauism, and so on.

"Of the millions that compose the empire the greater number are able to read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life. Education has been spurred on by every means that can operate on the human mind. It has been inculcated by the precepts of sages, and it

has been encouraged by competitive examinations, until every office of emolument in that great empire is open to the humblest child through competitive examinations.

"But I am sorry to have to testify that in the city of Canton, there is not an element of moral torpitude mentioned in the first chapter of Romans which may not be found exemplified in Chinese life; and every single touch of the dark pencil of the apostle marks out something that exists before the view of the missionary in China now. That will give you some idea of the degradation to which the people have fallen.

"Their education and literature, together with their form of government and their social institutions, while tending for ages to hold them together and preserve them from savagery, have moulded them into that form of character which offers the most persistent resistance to Christianity.

"Then their deceitfulness is a great barrier in the way of the Gospel. It has well-nigh sapped the foundations of their moral character. It has made commercial integrity little better than a name, and has nearly obliterated the sense of honour. Falsehood is employed without the slightest remorse, and when discovered excites no surprise. Christianity can only be established by the overthrow of three of the greatest and most gigantic systems of religion the world has ever seen *Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism.*"—WHITEHEAD.

* * * Some 75,000,000 of these people are now afflicted with famine, owing to three years of drought. Special appeals are being made to this country for help.

PROVERBIAL ACROSTIC.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE HOME COMING."

Better alone than in ill company.

Every bird is known by its feathers.

Walk with bad men, you're in a bad way.

A companion of fools shall be destroyed.

Row not with an ill-trained crew.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

One fool makes many.

False friends are worse than open foes.

Evil comes by ells; goes not but by inches.

Valour that parleys is near yielding.

Ill fares it with such as consort with ill-doers.

Look before you leap; for snakes among sweet flowers creep.

Crooked trees have crooked shadows.

One sickly sheep infects a flock.

Many speak much who speak not well.

Pin not your faith on another man's sleeve.

An easy fool is a knave's tool.

None but fools and knaves lay wagers.

Yea, even a donkey will not fall twice into the same pit.

E.S.T.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READING.

GOD'S LOVE—THE REAL MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"Thy way is in the sea, thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."
Psm. lxxvii., 19.

Let that which the Bible asserts in so many ways be accepted as true,—viz.,—that our individual life is in the care of God, and absolutely beneath His control; that the God of the patriarchs, and the psalmists, and the prophets, even the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the God of our life,—giving it, holding it, owning it, ruling it; that the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord, then we shall easily perceive that if God really loves us as the Cross shows us He does, in His government of us, in His dealings with us, in the experiences through which He leads us, "His way," to us must, at times, be "in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps not known."

In the first place, there are *evils* unseen by us, unknown to us, from which it will be God's care to deliver His trusting children.

There are evils in every path invisible to us all. We see them before we come to them, and see that by turning to the right hand or to the left we can pass safely by them. But evil can reach us along so many lines, in so many ways, by so many doors, that many evils that lie in our path must be altogether concealed from us. For instance, an evil may be *too far off* for us to see. It does not need to be far away to be beyond the range of our vision. If it be only as far off as to-morrow, it is quite out of our sight. But He who orders our life sees that which we see not, and, loving us with a Father's love, He turns us out of the path we were treading that we may safely pass the danger which His eye alone can see. We wonder at the unlooked for event that has taken us out of the path we were treading, at our having suddenly to go from home, or at the indisposition or sickness that has come to us; we stand perplexed at the change that

has occurred in our lot, and respecting it we say, "God's way is in the sea," all the mystery meanwhile lying in the love that sought to lead us safely pass an evil that we ourselves did not see.

Or again the evil that God in His love seeks to deliver us from may be springing up at our side, and we may be unconscious of the fact. In this case the movements of God's hand to effect His loving purposes on our behalf will be equally perplexing and mysterious to us; "His way will be in the sea."

Besides, there are plots and designs formed against us by the *powers of darkness*, of the nature of which we know nothing, and cannot therefore know how the great Father can best deliver us from them.

When the English soldiers were marching up the Heights of Alma, meeting the Russians who were marching down towards the English lines, there came a command for the English company to divide, part turning to the left and marching along the side of the hill. It seemed a foolish order when first received by the soldiers. There were Russians marching right in their teeth, and yet half of them were to turn away when the foe was close upon them! But the order was not long considered foolish. Those that turned to the left soon found that a company of Russians had been secretly coming up the side of the hill to fall upon the English unawares. The Commander-in-Chief from the hill on which he stood could see all the movements of the foe, while those that were perplexed at his orders could see only a small portion of the field. So He who orders our life and lot sees all the movements of the powers of darkness, and to deliver us from their plots and designs, He often leads us by a way we know not. But love is the root of the mystery. It is the

thoughtful loving care of a Father that is too thoughtful and too loving for us to understand.

But in the second place, if the God of redemption is the God of our life, there is *good* that he is seeking to make us possessors of, the precise nature of which we do not know, nor yet the best way by which that could be made ours.

Clearly God's will is that we should be saved, that we should be enriched with peace, and joy, and strength, and hope, coming to rejoice in the fulness of His great salvation. For this purpose He has given us the Saviour, and may well therefore be expected to keep the same purpose before Him in His dealings with us in our daily life. But how shall He most effectually prevail upon us to open our hearts to the light, and become enriched with this imperishable wealth? As He leads Mary and Martha of Bethany towards the good He sought to enrich them with, His way to them, "was in the sea." They

both said, as soon as they saw Him after His strange delay in coming to them in their trouble, "Lord, if thou hast been here my brother had not died." His purposes are often too high for us, but the cross proves to demonstration that those purposes are formed by measureless love.

Then, also, we should remember that there are bearings and connections in our life and lot, which we often forget, of which indeed we know very little, which nevertheless must weigh with God in His dealings with us. Our lives touch and tell upon the lives of those related to us, and of those about us. A plant may need removing to another place for its own sake, and it may also need removing for the sake of the one that stands next, that more air and more light and more freedom may be given to it. Even so may it be with us and ours. Let us therefore "have faith in God."

HY. STARMER.

FOR THE YOUNG.

A PAGE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

WHEN William the Conqueror ascended the throne of England he rewarded his followers by dividing the land among them, upon the sole condition that whenever summoned they should attend with so many men-at-arms, archers, &c., according to the extent of their holdings for six weeks at their own expense. This was the only strictly feudal obligation (feudal, relating to feudalism or tenures by military service), but the iron hand of custom added obligation to obligation far more galling than the one demanded by the Conqueror, from the tyranny of which none were exempt, from the baron in his castle to the miserable labourer, the villain. In one of the preceding reigns, namely, that of Stephen, there were eleven hundred castles in England, whilst the population was less than two millions, so that the whole country was held in the cruel grip of a relentless tyranny. These obligations, together with the great grievance of the forest laws, made by William (the predecessors of the present game laws), and the iniquitous sale of justice by King John, so exasperated the nobles that they determined to break the chain of their oppression, and if needs be break in pieces the oppressor. During the reign of John, Stephen Langton was raised to the See of Canterbury, in spite of the opposition of the King. In due time he came forward as the courageous champion of English liberty in this conflict between the nation and its sovereign. A council was accordingly held in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1213, and before the assembled

Prelates and Barons Langton brought to light a forgotten charter of liberties granted by Henry the First, when he was desirous of winning the support of the English against his brother Robert, and from this document was framed the now famous Magna Charta, or Great Charter. In November of the following year the Barons met in the Abbey of Bury St. Edmonds, which is the chief town of West Suffolk. There they swore death to the King if he refused to affix his signature to the new charter. During the early part of January the Barons waited on the King; he begged time in which to consider their petition. Easter was fixed for the hearing of his decisive answer. He used the interval in devising schemes with the hope of avoiding the signature which the nobles demanded he should give to their Charter, but in vain. Easter having arrived the Barons met in arms at Stamford, and deputed Langton and two Earls to bear the Charter to the King. The Archbishop read the humiliating clauses of the document to his Majesty, which so enraged him that he exclaimed, "Why do they not demand my crown also? I will not grant them liberties that will make me a slave!" Nevertheless, he promised a speedy answer. None came, so the Barons marched into London on Sunday, the 24th of May. Matters had now assumed a serious turn, for the King was reduced to the pitiful position of having but seven Knights who rallied round their master's tottering throne like the last of a forlorn hope. That which he was too mean and despotic to grant in the day of power and pride was wrung from him in the time of weakness and fear. The kingly coward, with a smiling face, ordered Pembroke to go to London and promise the Barons that their Sovereign would comply with all their demands. About the 15th of June, 1215, King John, with his few remaining adherents, met the cavalcade of Barons on a narrow strip of meadow land known as Runnymede. This memorable spot is situated between Staines and Windsor, on the left bank of the Thames. Its name is considered by some to mean the "meadow of council;" others think it is derived from a stream that ran through it. At the present time it is used as a country race-course.

But even now the Charter of Liberties was not to be secured without a struggle. The negotiations lasted four days. Around the table on which lay the Charter stood the mightiest of the peers of the realm. Langton eloquently and persistently urged their claims and patiently listened to the arguments of the King's party. At last the King was compelled to give way to the unbending will of Langton and the nobles, and with a graceless hand he reluctantly affixed his royal signature to Magna Charta, on Friday, June 15th, 1215. John returned to Windsor, flung himself on the ground, gnashing his teeth and cursing the Charter, but it was irretrievable, the great deed was done.

"Wherever the proud are strong,
And right is opposed by wrong,
Shall be heard a trumpet's sound
That shall tell to the nations round,
On the hills which the heroes trod,
In the shrines of the saints of God,
In the halls of kings and martyr's
prison,

That the slumber is broke and the
sleeper risen;
That the reign of the priest and
tyrant is o'er,
And earth shall rejoice in freedom
once more."

ALICE AUGUSTA GORE.



DR. CARLYON ARRIVES.

OLD HORACE TRELAUNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

"Certainly, I mean it. You don't suppose I'll let my uncle die of exhaustion, when a little gruel will help him?" answers Seth, roughly. "Give me the bowl, I tell you."

"It smells good," Madeline says, not paying the least attention to his impatient order, and continuing slowly to stir the gruel.

For a moment or two they stand there; Seth Badger, who scowls angrily as he waits, and Madeline, who appears intently listening—listening either to the low, hurried breathing of the sick man, or to Leah's heavy tread down-stairs, which for a moment seems approaching and then dies away.

"Do you not intend to give me the bowl?" asks Seth in a low voice, that has undoubtedly a threat in it.

Madeline glances towards the window. It is across the room, and besides, Seth stands between it and her. He has come a step nearer to her, when she looks at him quietly and so steadily that he hesitates a moment in approaching her. And then she lifts the bowl to her lips. In a moment more she will have drained it, when Seth Badger, by a quick movement, dashes it out of her hand. His deep muttered curse is lost in the crash of the china on the stone hearth.

Every one knows how strangely loud are all unusual sounds, in the quiet of the very early morning. Leah, who would not have heard Madeline call, is startled by the unwonted crashing noise of the broken china, and is not long in coming up-stairs to see what is the matter.

"I did not think you were so butter-fingered, Miss Madeline, as not to be able to hold a bowl! And it a good one, too! And all of the gruel spilt, and there ben't a drop more left in the saucepan!"

"Never mind talking, but clear away the stuff," Seth Badger orders; and Leah for a time silently obeys.

"I just been over to Trenoweth's wi' the first streak o' day, for to get one o' the lads there to go for the doctor," she is beginning; and then: "Miss Madeline," she says, suddenly, "why did 'ee flavour the gruel with bitter almonds? The maister never could abide the taste, I'm sure, and the gruel smells strong of it."

But Madeline makes no answer to this question of Leah's. She has gone forward to the bed of the sleeping old man, and his bending over him.

For a moment Madeline stands there, leaning over the bed. At first there is a startled expression in her face, which fast changes into one of awe. But no one is looking at her, no one notices her. Leah is busily removing all traces of the spilt gruel; and Seth Badger is engrossed in watching her. Her homely task has a strange interest to him.

Presently Madeline comes forward where they both seem so occupied, and says to Leah, "He is past all our care and watching now. No one can harm him."

"Eh, Miss Madeline! What be that you say?" exclaims Leah, looking up at the girl, though still keeping her position on her hands and knees upon the floor. "Who be trying to harm en, I'd like to know?"

"It would be useless now," repeats Madeline. "He is dead. Died peacefully, without a struggle. A quiet, natural death."

This she says to Seth, to whom she is always chary of speaking: whilst Leah looks up at her, amazed. And Seth—he turns away from her without a word. Has he not forgiven her yet for the broken bowl?

Seth goes to the bedside. He has not implicit faith in Madeline's assertion that all his over : for a moment he lays his hand upon Horace Trelawny's heart, and then catches up a small glass that is lying near, and places it before old Horace's lips. But he finds no pulsation about the heart, no blurr upon the glass ; and being fully satisfied that the old man is dead, Seth leaves the room.

"Well, maybe, Mr. Seth ben't sorry," remarks Leah, who has been watching him, and now rises slowly from her kneeling posture by the help of a chair which is conveniently near. "Folks ha' different notions about their death-beds ; but for my part, I'd rather ha' a natural tear or two shed over my corpse, than leave behind me all the money as the maister be said to ha' saved."

"Seth Badger may be thankful for something else besides his uncle's death," says Madeline.

"Maybe he may. And he may particularly dislike corpses. Yet none the less, it were his duty to stay and ask what were to be done. But Mr. Seth always were selfish. His own mother could'nt deny that, any more than she could the colour of his hair."

To this Madeline makes no answer ; and Leah hastens to ask : "Do 'ee mind, Miss Madeline, vean, staying here a bit, until I go downstairs and find some one to send for some o' the neighbours ? I won't be a minute longer than I can help."

"Mind it ? no : why should I mind it ?" asks Madeline, wearily.

She does not shrink from sitting quiet in the death-chamber ; until Leah, after a protracted absence, comes back, and beckons her out. Indeed, Madeline has but one abhorrence in life : and that is another meeting with Seth Badger. A meeting which she will avoid, if possible.

An hour later, Mr. Carlyon arrives, who knows Seth, who at once appears anxious to the doctor as to the cause of death. Madeline is in her own room, and hears his steps passing her door, on his way to the death-chamber. It does not seem very long before he comes out ; and Madeline who is waiting for him, opens her door and beckons to him. She wishes to know what old Trelawny died of.

Apoplexy, without a doubt : the return of consciousness was a mere flash in the pan, the doctor says, and if he had been with him, he could have done no more than Madeline had. Only, it was a little odd that the message which should have reached him last night, did not until daylight. Miss Dubois had sent it herself ?—and by whom ? What, old Saundry Lenine ? That makes it doubly strange ; for he is as trustworthy a person— Such mistakes do not often happen with Mr. Carlyon. But it really made no matter ; for in such a case as Mr. Trelawny's the physician is of but little use.

Madeline thanks him with a ghost of a smile, for telling her this. She was so afraid that she had not done everything right, but had made some mistake or other. The doctor reiterates that the old man died of apoplexy, orders her to lie down and rest, and says something about over-excitement, as he feels her pulse.

"A conscientious little thing," he thinks ; and—"ah, well, it is strange, but I suppose there is always some one to love even an old man like that. Only her guardian, eh ? and has not long been with him, I

believe. Why, she looks as if she had gone through some terrible shock ; as if she had been brought to the brink of the grave herself, poor child."

And then he goes his way, and forgets all about her.

But Madeline does not heed the doctor's order. She has no inclination to lie down and rest ; and when he leaves her, shutting the door behind him, she goes to the window and throws open the shutters to let in the cool morning breeze.

She sees the doctor come out of the house alone, and walk up to his horse, which stands at the gate with queer old leathern saddle bags, in which there is an itinerant apothecary shop. The doctor is leaving without his breakfast ; an infringement upon the laws of hospitality, of which even old Horace would not be guilty. Leah is passing under the window, and Madeline leans out, intending to call her and send her with a message to the doctor. But Leah evidently needs no reminder, and is in such haste that she has forgotten to put down the cup she had in her hand when she espied him in the act of departing. So Madeline, not caring to be seen, turns away from the open window.

But the girl is mistaken in supposing Leah to be hospitably inclined ; indeed, all days she disapproves of guests, and this day most of all ; for she is looking forward to much gossip and entertaining of her own, and does not care to be disturbed. But she has something to say to the doctor ; and if Madeline had lingered at the window, she would have been surprised to see that it is the contents of the cup which Leah has in her hand, that she is showing him. A mass of sticky stuff, which appears to have been raked from the ashes, and which is anything but palatable looking.

"It were good gruel when I made it," Leah is saying. "Such as the maister used to eat sometimes when he could do no better. But the flavouring ben't anny fomine. A little salt to put a taste in his mouth, is all I'd given it, when I gave it into Miss Madeline's hands. When I went up stairs, I found Miss Madeline had dropped the bowl, and Maister Seth worried-like, and anxious to have the mess cleared away, though he ben't of the tidiest, generally speaking. So I saved a bit, for the seasoning be what's apt to disagree with the stomach, and the cook the one who gets into trouble."

"Oh, it is nothing but a little peach-water," the doctor says. "Rather too much to be palatable, however, I should think from the odour of it."

Nevertheless, to Leah's satisfaction, he wraps a bit of paper over the cup, and puts it in a safe corner of the saddle-bag.

After awhile, Madeline goes to the window to draw in the shutters ; for now the sun is streaming in. She stops a moment to watch the doctor, who has alighted from his horse, and with the bridle thrown over his arm is walking slowly up and down, just outside the gate. Seth Badger is with him, and they are talking earnestly. They are speaking of Mr. Trelawny's death, she is sure.

She draws in the shutters softly, and lies down ; and by dint of forcing herself to be quiet, she falls into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

"They'll be coming from the east and the west, from the north and

the south," Leah, unconsciously falling into Scripture phraseology, remarks to Madeline in the dreary days before the funeral, "to hear the will read. And though there ben't one on en'll say they expected a penny, they'll think he might so well ha' mentioned their names, if only to show his goodwill to en."

Seth Badger has gone, leaving all the funeral arrangements to Leah, who is busy and alert, as if preparing for a feast of many guests. Madeline is looking for the advent of one of the family, and as yet he has not come. Austell Trelawny is in no haste, it seems; and Madeline is forlorn and dreary in the old house with its mournful accessories.

Leah wears a long face and shakes her head as she talks lugubriously of the vanity of life, while she manages to extract a good deal of satisfaction out of the event of old Mr. Trelawny's death. There is a constant influx of neighbours of the poorer class of farmers; and, Seth Badger being still absent, there is full and plenty to eat, and gossip without interruption.

Madeline keeps out of the way, staying either in her room, or taking long rambles with the secure feeling that there is no one to waylay her.

So the week has passed, and to-morrow is to be the funeral. Leah is mournfully satisfied with her arrangements. The whole connection may come, and they will be well fed at a sort of nondescript meal which they may call luncheon or dinner as they please. For lodging them she makes no provision. Like Pharaoh's locusts, they must depart with the night.

But as Leah's preparations are nearly completed, Seth Badger swoops suddenly down, and disconcerts her. All her subdued cheerfulness deserts her, and she at once becomes ailing and complaining.

"How can a body do anything with a parcel of bull-frogs in a body's head?" she asks, when Seth airily inquires how she is getting along.

He at once enquires for Madeline, who has gone out; he is anxious to know whether Austell had come for her, looking round he sees her coming to the gate. Seth hastens to meet her, teases her about Austell having been there alone, and asks, with a sneer, if she is not going to Dinglefield, this is no place for a girl like you.

She cannot pass him, he has fixed himself against the gate, she has to listen to insinuations against Austell, and adds, I desire to be a help to you in this emergency. Madeline does not answer but longs to see Leah in the court.

Seth Badger tells her he loves her, she only gives a shrug of abhorrence—he advises her to throw off Austell, who most certainly would throw her off.

But she answers boldly, "I could not trust you before, but you know what you attempted at Mr. Trelawny's death-bed, I am the last girl in the world to whom you should mention the word marriage."

Seth suddenly alters his tone, and with a scowl, advised her to let him feel kindly towards her, and reminds her that her lips must be sealed, he could not *risk* her holding the secret, only as his wife—would it be safe.

Madeline declares she will never speak of it, and tries to force her way.

There is a strange, dark flush that mounts slowly to his brow, and he speaks as slowly: "I can testify to that myself. And also to the fact that the bowl was in your hands, and that I broke it."

He stops here and looks at her with a meaning in his eyes she by no means fathoms. He sees she does not, and he adds: "Of course Carlyon has to suspect one of us. And he is morally certain that only a very inexperienced girl would use an article so easily detected as prussic acid."

She is looking at him, a puzzled expression in her pale face. She cannot take in at once the meanness of Seth's wickedness.

"You need not be frightened," he adds, almost gently. "I can hush the whole thing up, so that there shall not be even a breath of it, if—"

"If what?" she asks, steadily.

"If you will give me your promise to marry me."

"Marry you!" she cries, smiting her hands together in her passion. "Marry *you*! Why, how can I tell that you might not feed me with gruel?"

"Take care," he says, warningly, under his breath, while an angry frown comes over his face. "Your wild, scornful tongue—even yours—may go too far."

"Too far! Nay, I never could find words to speak my scorn of you. If you were to have me hung as high as Haman, all the world pointing the finger of scorn at me, as a girl who had murder in her heart—and such a shamefully wicked murder as that of a defenceless old man—I could bear it, never flinching as I would from the horror of being your wife even for one single moment."

How does she dare to say it? She is looking full at him, the whole fire of her indignant soul flashing out on him through her clear eyes.

Perhaps the girl has never been so nearly beautiful, as she stands there defying him, her slight figure drawn up unconsciously, her small hands clenched together, the hot, indignant colour flushing her face that is all lighted up with the innocent fervour of her scorn of baseness. Seth Badger darkens still more in watching her.

He is clenching it, shifting his position on the gate, still looking at her. A mere child—

When suddenly an outside sound comes to them both, with a sharp shiver of the present in it. Leah splashing a couple of pailfuls of water briskly over the court-yard flags, and clattering after the stream in her pattens, with the swish-swish of her broom. The town-place must be freshened up a bit, to do honour to the maister's funeral to-morrow.

With a start, Madeline drops her eyes from Seth Badger's; and he pulls himself together more slowly, and opens the gate.

"You certainly have a strong way of putting it," he says, with a sneering laugh, as he lets her pass through. "If you should take a more sober look at your position before to-morrow, send me a word by Leah. It will not be too late; and a mere hint will serve your purpose. There is a worse evil than being my wife, I can tell you."

And then he adds, in a voice low enough to be almost a whisper—for they are very near Leah and her broom now, and Madeline is picking her way over the wet flags: "Decide as you will, Austell Trelawny will never marry you."

To-day old Horace Trelawny is to be buried; and although the funeral will not be until noon, from early morning there have been carriages of every description arriving. Certainly the Trelawny family-tree in stem and off-shoots is no small one, to say nothing of the roots reaching under the ground.

The concourse for the funeral is rather larger than might have been expected, all who are even remotely connected having thought proper to come. Something more than a desire to show respect to the dead, has gathered the crowd: nor with all is it the hope of a legacy. Curiosity has brought many: curiosity not only to know what the old miser has left, but also to enter a house that was open to very few of them during Horace Trelawny's lifetime.

Madeline, standing in her window, has drawn down the curtains, and is peeping through them at the arrivals.

Madeline stands watching the people, through her dropped curtains. They are strangers to her, except the doctor and Seth Badger, who, in a sort of fashion is playing host. The child feels sadly alone; as if she had not a friend in the world. She is no relation to anyone in that throng, she thinks; no one knows anything about her; and, as it never has until of late, this fact brings a pang with it. All the girls she sees have some one with them to take care of them: a father, or a mother, or a few have only a brother. Madeline, who has not thought very much of kindred before, begins to envy these more fortunate girls, and wonders if Seth Badger would have said what he has to her, if she had had a brother to befriend her.

Presently she gives an exclamation of pleasure. A carriage has driven up to the gate, and through the ivied vista of the double archway, she sees Austell Trelawny has jumped out, and is assisting some one to alight. Yes, it is Mrs. Trelawny; and Madeline feels a thrill of pleasure she never expected to be given by the sight of that black poke bonnet which she has so often tried on surreptitiously, wondering where her own face had disappeared, so beyond finding in the black depths. And here is Louise, in black silk, and shaking out her skirts, while she looks up at the house, and says something to Austell. Madeline draws back, for she is not at all sure Louise's sharp eyes will not detect her in the act of peeping.

While she is standing there and wishing the Trelawny party had not gone within doors so quickly, Leah comes into the room.

"Now, Miss Madeline, you're to come down and go to the funeral," Leah says, captiously. "Here be Maister Roscarrock come over, and taken everything in his own hands, and Maister Seth ha'n't a word to say, and's looking all so black as a thunder-cloud. A mercy you're to walk with Maister Austell, for Maister Seth would as lief eat 'ee up as look at 'ee, in the frame of mind he's in at present."

"I can't go, Leah," answers Madeline, glancing down at her white dress, the least inappropriate one she has for the occasion, but scarcely fit to go to the funeral with one of the family.

"But you must. Maister Austell be waiting for 'ee, and not even the corpse itself can move till 'ee comes down," replies Leah, giving the most convincing proof of the necessity of the girl's presence. "Ha'n't 'ee ever a black frock to put on?"

Madeline shakes her head.

"Not a bit of black riband? I wonder folk don't keep some black put by for convenience sake, specially as the one sure thing in life is death. Eh, well, I must see what I can do for 'ee, suppose."

And Leah bustles off to find Madeline some token of grief to don, while the girl herself makes havoc with the trimming of her hat, and strips it of its knot of corn-flowers and wheat.

A bit of black riband to tie at her throat is all the mourning Leah can find to spare from her own funeral equipments. As she fastens on this blot to her white dress, Madeline feels some compunction, because there is joy in her heart at the thought of meeting Austell, rather than sorrow for the old man, who has evidently ordered her attendance at his funeral.

She hurries downstairs as closely as possible in Leah's footsteps, to the great central hall, which Leah has fixed upon as a sort of reception room, sure to afford space for all the guests. A vague impression of gloom, and of heavy clouds of black dresses closing in between her and such gray light as is trying to creep through the darkened windows, is all for which Madeline has time; for Mr. Roscarrock, who is standing near the foot of the stairs, waiting for her, shakes hands in a way which draws all eyes upon her, as if the greeting were a part of the ceremony for which they are assembled.

The windows are so hung with black, that in the uncertain light it is impossible to recognise any one—which is just as well, as Madeline thus misses the look of curiosity in all the faces turned on her. Why Mr. Roscarrock (who is old Horace's lawyer, with, as he states, full instructions as to the funeral arrangements) should have left every one waiting until the appearance of this small figure in white, no one can say.

Yet all can give a guess; and the nearer of blood they are to Horace Trelawny, the more strongly do they resent the presence of this stranger.

Mr. Roscarrock has sent some one for Austell, and stands saying something to Madeline which she does not comprehend, so eagerly is she waiting.

And then Austell comes, and they shake hands as might any other two acquaintances; and Austell explains that for some unexplained reason he did not hear until yesterday that his cousin was dead. All this sounds formal enough to those standing near; but Madeline hears it with a throb of pleasure, for it was not forgetfulness of her that has kept Austell away. Seth Badger was wrong when he said that. And then Austell proposes to Madeline that she shall go with him to speak to his mother, who is in one of the parlours.

"Why haven't you a black dress on, Madeline?" is Mrs. Trelawny's first question, as soon as she has kissed her. "You never do the right thing, nor seem to see any fitness in wearing proper clothes."

"I haven't a black dress, and I didn't expect to come to the funeral," explains Madeline.

"What is the difference, Aunt Mary? Madeline isn't one of the family," interrupts Louise. "Let me look at you, child. You have not changed in the least. Your hat is frightfully crooked. Stand still and I will straighten it for you."

Madeline laughs a rippling little laugh of pleasure. It is so natural to be found fault with by Mrs. Trelawny, and snubbed and straightened by Louise.

But Mrs. Trelawny cries hush! in a low voice of disapproval of her forgetfulness of the occasion.

In a moment more there is the sound of the heavy tread of men descending the stairs, and a hush comes over all, as the coffin is carried out of the house, to be borne to that one narrow home coveted by a few sainted ones, and many a heavily burdened one.

Then there is a movement amidst the crowd; Austell comes for Madeline, and gives her his arm, and together they walk out into the daylight.

Austell says something to her in an undertone; but the girl does not answer. No wonder; Mrs. Trelawny and Seth Badger are close behind; and as the town-place is crossed, and the procession passes out of the gateway, the coffin borne before, "underhand" instead of on the shoulders of the bearers, the funeral psalm breaks out, chanted at intervals along the way to the churchyard.

Certainly no one need be greatly surprised that old Horace Trelawny dead should be somewhat eccentric in his ways, like old Horace Trelawny living.

Perhaps the ordering of his funeral may have been simply out of love of the past and its associations. Yet there is hardly one of the family who does not fancy how the old man might be laughing in his sleeve, there in his coffin, at the dismay with which they learn from Mr. Roscarrock that not a carriage is to be in use, but they must trudge, according to old custom, across the sands; and not to the more modern church of Perranzabulo, but to the desolate sand-swept site of the older one.

There Horace Trelawny was baptized and was married; there the ancient Trelawny tombs lie covered with sand, and his wife rests under that same shroud. And yet, for all, is it anything more than just another oddity of the old fellow's, this whim of resting there himself?

The little procession draws its black length in and out among the towans. For all the shining of the sun by sudden bursts out of the veering clouds, the place is drear enough to fit the outward show of mourning in the coffin's followers.

Here, wherein the dead man's youth stood the old church, a few stones only mark its burial under six yards of sand, which, says tradition, half a score of centuries before buried also the little Celtic church reared over the Celtic St. Perran's last long resting-place. A great dune, loftier than the others, over yonder to the northward, might seem to stand up as a witness to this tale; but in this spot the sands have at last stopped short in their encroachment, and a scant covering of turf holds them to their place. Here and there the wind has plucked back a fold of the sand-shroud, and uncovered some relic of the dead.

The bearers now lower the coffin, for a brief pause, on a stone fragment of the ruined church.

There is no gate, and no leitch-stone beside it, where the coffin may

rest for the last time on its way to the grave, and where the mourners may sit beside it, on the bench on either hand, taking their last silent farewell. But the family for a moment gather round in solemn quiet; until now the bearers take up their burthen again, for the last time.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

These are the first words that startle Madeline, as the procession moves on, the few steps to the grave.

And then she puts aside all thought of herself as ungrateful to be cherished just now; and a burst of tears comes for the dead old man, who in some ways was kind to her, and on whose coffin-lid now falls "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Austell is touched by her gust of tears. He draws her hand more securely through his arm, and gives it a gentle pressure by way of sympathy; and Madeline feels the comfort of his touch, and stills her sobs, not to disturb the prayers. She does not know her eyes are the only wet ones that look into the grave, which presently is left alone among the bleak dunes and the bleached bones which the sands have untombed—alone, with the shadow of an ancient cross lying across it, the same shadow that has rested there for centuries, whatever else has shifted to and fro.

"There is no accounting for Madeline. She has not the slightest self-control, and cries over everything in the least pathetic."

Louise says this to Seth Badger on the return drive from the funeral. Louise and Mr. Badger are among the occupants of the second carriage, which follows fast behind that in which Madeline sits silent, opposite Mr. Roscarrock and Austell.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS FACT.

BLACKMOOR FOREST, at the spring the Froome, was once called the Forest of White Hart, and at that time the seat of royalty; it was much resorted to by our kings, on account of the great abundance of deer and other game. King Henry III., with a large retinue, having one day entered the chase to enjoy the sport of hunting, roused a milk-white hart. The creature afforded his Majesty so much pastime, that, at the pulling down, it was the royal pleasure to save the beast, and place round his neck a collar of brass, on which was engraved:—"I am a royal hart, let no one harm me." But the king and his retinue having run over and spoiled the lands of a gentleman of the county, named Thomas de la Luide, and refusing upon remonstrance, to make good the injury, De

la Luide imprudently resolved to spite King Henry; when, joining with others, he hunted the white hart, and having run it down, foolishly took the life of the king's favourite. Making merry over its haunches, he was heard in his cups to utter many disrespectful things towards his sovereign, which were conveyed to Henry, who presently convinced De la Luide of his presumption, and so highly resented the indignity, that he made every one concerned in the death of the noble animal, to pay into his exchequer an annual fine, called "White Hart Silver," which was not remitted during the reign of that monarch. From this circumstance we may date the origin of the White Hart for a sign at the various inns and houses of entertainment throughout England.

WE ARE SOWING.

Animated.

ARTHUR BAKER.

We are sow - ing, dai - ly sowing, Countless seeds of good or
ill, Scatter - ed on the lev - el low - land, Cast up -
on the win - dy hill, Seeds that send in rich brown
fur - rows, Soft with hea - ven's gra - cious rain, Seeds that
rest up - on the sur - face Of the dry un - yield - ing plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen,
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men.

Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air,
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.



LIFE DREAMS.

You ask for a dream of life. Ah me !
Many a dream could I tell to thee ;
Many a vision of joy and light
Gilding life's scroll with its lustre
bright,

Conjured up in the musing hour,
Filling the soul with its magic power.
And seems it strange ? It has aye
been so,

Yes, even from memory's earliest glow,
 As the Eastern sky at the dawn of day
 Is flushed with beauty and golden
 spray,
 As the cloud is tinged with the rain-
 bow's beams,
 So is childhood wrapt in its own fair
 dreams.

Sweet hopeful visions, all fresh and
 gay
 Of the future which seems so far away,
 Unto the hopeful heart that yearns
 To traverse its pathway, and to it turns
 With a fearless heart and a joyous
 smile,
 Nor thinks of its dangers and snares
 the while.

Ah, dreams of childhood, so strangely
 fair!
 How soon are ye banished by grief
 and care!
 How soon do the storm-clouds go
 lowering by,
 And sin and sorrow o'erspread your
 sky;
 And childhood's gladness and winning
 grace,
 How soon do the touch of the world
 efface!

Or when the feet on the threshold stand
 Where youth's riper blossoms and
 fruits expand,
 Gleaming all lovely before the eye,
 How oft do we find that they droop
 and die;
 And the stars of hope,—like the stars
 of night,—
 Fade one by one and depart from
 sight!

So have I found it along the way,
 A child of dreams, I have owned their
 sway,
 And bowed too oft to the magic spell
 Which rules in imagination's cell,
 Till life with its sterner realities
 Has torn the veil from before my eyes.

For there are times when the heart
 must wake,
 And its dreamy regions of bliss for-
 sake;
 When the idol is from its temple torn,
 And its spirit is left o'er its loss to
 mourn,
 When, instead of the fair, the bright
 ideal
 Is given the mournful, the sadly real.

Yes, for the wanderer on time's rough
 sea
 Many a billow and stern may be;
 Here it is ours with sorrow to cope,
 Here vanish our visions and fades our
 hope;
 But beyond time's reach is a brighter
 shore
 Where disappointment is known no
 more.

Ah, dreams of happiness! Visions
 fair!
 Ye may hope for fruition only there;
 For there is the bosom's sad throbbing
 stilled,
 There is each longing, each wish ful-
 filled.
 No shadow it knows, and no broken
 dream,
 But its joys are lasting, and what
 they seem.

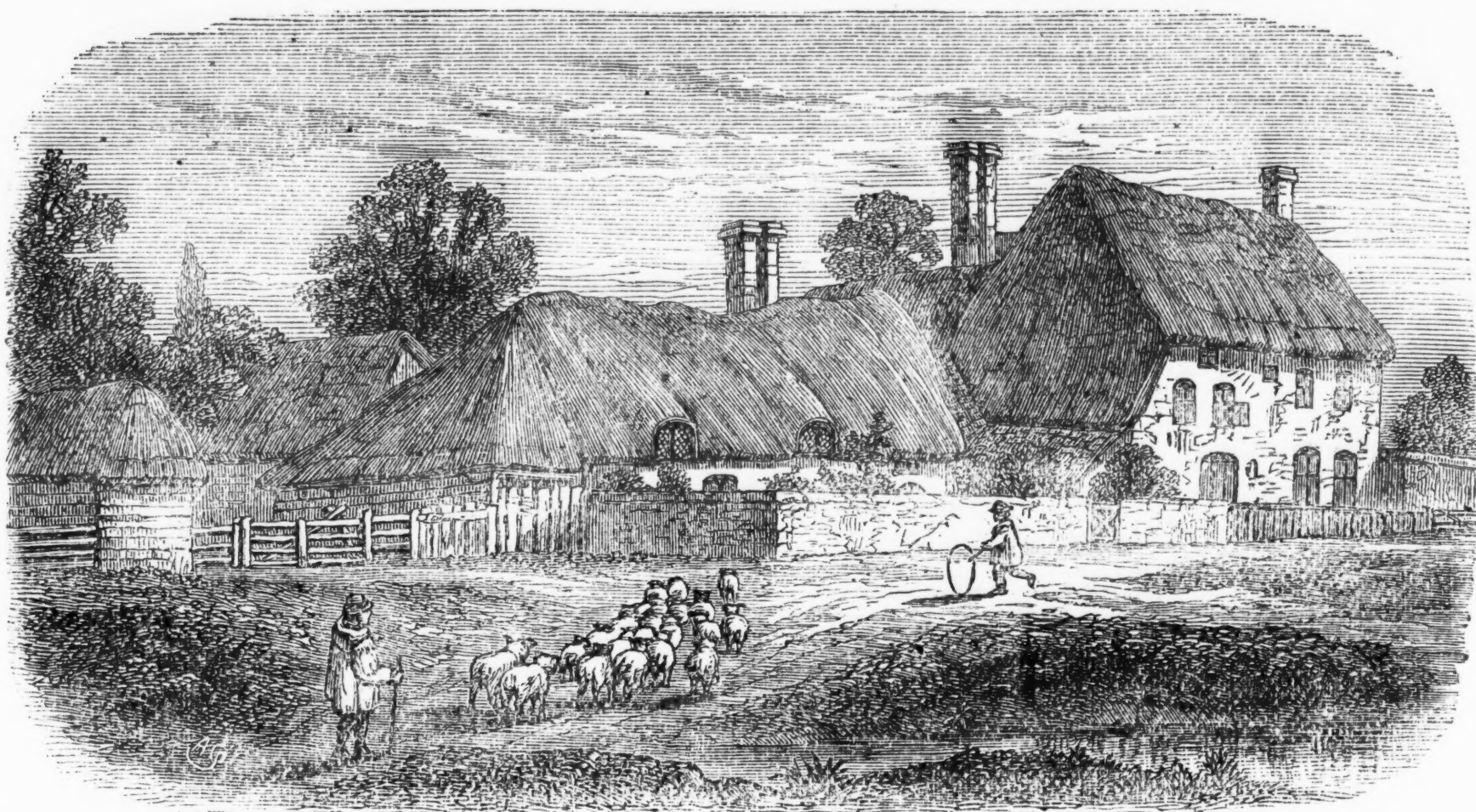
FAITH CHILTERN.

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

"CYPRUS is the most eastern Island of the Mediterranean, and lies off the coast of Syria. It is 145 miles in length, extreme breadth 55 miles, and its minimum breadth 27 miles, having an area of 4,500 square miles—about the size of Jamaica, or nearly a third less than Yorkshire, and has now a population of 200,000. It has hitherto been but little visited by travellers, owing to the erroneous statements regarding it. There is, however, no reason why travellers should not visit this Island with as great impunity as any other part of the

Levant. The climate varies in different parts; the northern region is the most hilly and wooded, and the least fertile, and the heat in that district is tempered by the winds from the Karamanian Mountains, which preserve the frozen snow in the highest spots during the greater part of the year. The cold is very severe in winter. In the plains, in the southern districts of Cyprus, the heat of the sun is excessive, but is moderated by the sea breezes. The richest as well as the most agreeable parts of the Island are in the vicinity of Cerinea and Paphos (Baffo.) Larnaka, the chief seaport of the Island, is about a quarter of a mile distant from the sea; the Consuls and most of the European inhabitants reside at a suburb on the seashore, called by the Italians the Marina, which is the chief depôt of the commerce of the whole Island. Although Larnaka is situated in what is regarded as the worst part of Cyprus, the country around being arid, this port, it is stated, has been selected solely owing to the safe anchorage of its roads. About an hour's ride from Larnaka, situated on the borders of the large Salt Lake, on the road to Citti, is a mosque in which the Turks suppose to be interred the body of the wet-nurse of their prophet. Nikosia, the capital of Cyprus, was besieged by the Turks under Mustapha in 1570, the siege lasting 45 days, when it was taken by storm; between the gates of Famagusta and Baffo, situate in a pretty garden, is a small mosque, in which is interred the Bairactar, or standard-bearer, who first planted the Turkish flag on the walls. From the summit of the minaret of this mosque the best view, it is stated, is to be had, the mulberry and palm trees being interspersed with minarets and ancient Christian churches, now converted into mosques. The principal products of the Island are wheat, barley, cotton, silk, madder-roots, olive oil, wine, carobs, hemp, pitch, wool, tobacco, salt, fine timber, and fruit; there is an average yield of 1,246,000 gallons of wine, and 198,000 cwt. of salt. These are stated to form four-fifths of the entire exportation, which is at present principally to Marseilles, Leghorn, Trieste, and Coast of Syria. Nearly the entire imports consist of British goods brought from Beyrout, Constantinople, Smyrna, and the Mediteranean ports. Efforts were made in 1866 to increase the growth of cotton.

From Limasoi there is a considerable trade in the shipment of wines and raki, made in the vicinity, to Egypt and the islands of the Archipelago; large quantities of carobs, which grow in the neighbouring forests, are shipped to Russia and Italy. To the sportsman Cyprus offers a wide and untrodden field. Its hills and valleys are described as swarming with hares, partridges, francolins, bustards, and quails; in the winter, woodcocks, snipe, and wild duck are found in great abundance; mufflons, or wild sheep, and wild boars, are to be had at Cape St. Epiphanius, the district around which, called the forest of Acama, is uninhabited. The antiquities of the Island belong to three distinct epochs—Grecian, Roman, and Christian. The period of the Byzantine Dukes lasted nine centuries; and among many fine churches erected at that period is still to be seen the superb one of Machera. There is a conjecture, for which no ground is assigned, that the monuments of that period were in a great part destroyed during the time that the Island was held by Richard I. of England.”—*Murray's Handbook for Travellers.*



“HOW TOM SYMUS DID HIS HARVEST WORK.”

FOUNDED ON FACT.

“Well, Bob Low, how goes on the harvest with ye, me man? The weather is pretty ‘catchly,’ ain’t it.”

“Yes, Tom Symus, there ain’t much the matter of that as far as I knows. I always takes a glass of good beer that I gets at “The Lion,” and that keeps out all weathers to my thinking, before I starts in the morning, and the same again when I comes home o’night, and with what Farmer John’s allows, we do pretty tolerable.”

“Well, then, I s’pose that, in all, you drink well nigh five or six pints per day.”

“May be I do, and more to, when all is counted up; don’t ye know, neighbour, that at harvest time we work’s double hard, and my plan is drink double hard.”

“Yes, neighbour, I was of like opinion last year, but I have found out a new dodge this harvest, and to my liking ‘tis worth two of the old plan.”

“Tell us what ‘tis Tom Symus?”

“I does like this—my mistress gets up and gives me a nice hot cup of tea ‘af-fore’ I goes off to work, and then I takes with me some home made ginger beer with plenty of sugar and plenty of ginger in it; my wife is a rare good hand at making it every Saturday, she brews a good lot, and it is fit to drink on Monday. This does well to drink till tea time, then my good woman brings me a nice jug of hot tea into the field, and when she can’t come herself, she sends it to me, so even if she ain’t well I gets my tea. When I comes home at night there is always a nice pot of coffee on the hob. As coffee don’t hurt by standing, ‘tis always ready if I come late or early. That is my dodge, and I thrive upon it, don’t you think so, Bob.”

“Yes, you looks well, there is no mistake about it.”

“ Well, I not only looks well, but what is more I feel so, I hope to have a bran new suit of clothes ‘af-fore Christmas into the bargain.’ ”

“ Where did you get the ginger beer dodge ; maybe sometime I will try it.”

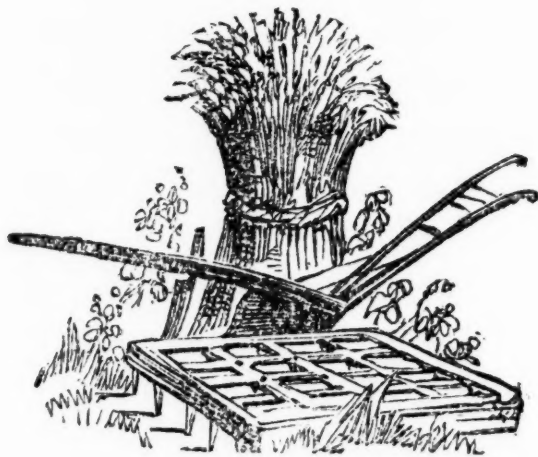
“ Why, my wife told me, and she said t’ll be better to put your beer this harvest time on your back than in your inside ; but come into our place and have a drink neighbour, and you will see another ‘wim’ of the good woman. She has stuck up a paper with ‘An act is better than a word’—for she says that the high folk can talk better than the poor men about the harm of drunkenness, but we poor men can act and shew the fruits of their talk.”

“ Strikes me your wife has her head screwed on the right way ; thank ye, I will step in a’ get her to give me the receipt, and maybe she will give me a sight o’ the paper as well.”

Gladly the wife gave the wished-for information.

“To make a gallon of good ginger beer, 1lb. of sugar, 1oz. of ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of carbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Tartaric acid, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of cream of tartar.”

“ Well, pound the ginger, put all into an earthen pan, pour a gallon of not quite boiling water, stand till cold, and then put a tablespoon of barm on a bit of toast, and let it stand till the next day, put into bottles, lie down, and it will be ready to drink in two days.



HARVEST TIME.

“ First come the tender blade, and then the ear,
And now the full corn in the ear we see ;
God send the crowning blessing of the year,
The finest of the wheat for you and me.”

“ Sweet odorus scents in every wheatfield rest,
Or breathe in welcome fragrance o’er the plain ;
The smell, as of a field the Lord has blest,
Heaven’s mark of love is set in every grain.”

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

DR. CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF

The discoverer of what is called "the Sinaitic Manuscript," that is, a very ancient manuscript copy of the New Testament, perhaps the very oldest now existing, which lay hid for ages in a convent in Mount Sinai. Dr. Tischendorf tells us, in his own narrative, that he had, from his earliest years, devoted himself to studying Scripture, and he determined to make it the business of his life to find out the oldest copies of the Bible, so as to be able to correct any mistakes that have occurred in our modern translations of it. But he was poor, and had no money to meet the expenses of travelling. He applied for help to the minister of public worship in Prussia, but to defray the cost of a journey to the East, he had only a hundred dollars (fifteen pounds), given him, and had already spent half this sum before he reached Paris. It cost him five thousand dollars to make the journey to Syria, part of this sum being furnished by the Sovereigns and learned societies to which he applied for help, and partly earned by his own labours.

After searching all the libraries in France, England, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, for the information needed for his undertaking, Dr. Tischendorf travelled through Greece and Egypt, and at last, in 1844, made his way to the convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of Mount Sinai. In the hall of this convent he espied a large basket of old manuscripts, which was, indeed, the rubbish-basket of the convent. But what was his surprize and delight to see among them a number of sheets, which he knew at once to be part of the Old Testament in Greek, one of the oldest copies he had ever seen. He begged that as these treasures were only intended for the flames, he might have them given to him, and accordingly forty-three sheets were presented to him; but the interest he showed in the matter made the monks, for the first time, alive to the value of the manuscripts, and it was not till a second visit to Sinai in 1860 that Tischendorf could obtain the whole of this priceless Bible, which he finally bought for the Emperor of Russia. He describes the delight he felt when he saw this whole Bible wrapped up in a red cloth, while at the same time he felt it necessary to hide his raptures. Great was the self-command he had to exercise when asking the steward of the monastery, in as careless a tone as he could assume, for leave to take the manuscripts into his bed-room to look over at his leisure.

Had the monks observed his eagerness, they would probably have doubled the price, or possibly not let him have the treasure at all. Cold as was the weather, and dim as was his light, Tischendorf sat down at once and began copying out the epistle of St. Barnabas, an ancient work, which had got bound up with this venerable Bible.

Tischendorf's perseverance was rewarded by his being able to give to the world a valuable revised edition of the New Testament.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Arrived at the Priory, Madeline would willingly have made her escape upstairs, but Mr. Roscarrock stops her, telling her that the will is to be read, and she must stay to hear it. She looks at Austell, who smiles and whispers that she must go into the hall with the rest of the people; and then Mr. Roscarrock has something to say to Austell, who walks away with him.

Madeline goes obediently, as she is bidden, into the great hall, which was once the monk's refectory, where Leah has placed as many chairs as she can collect, and has thrown open the windows to let in the sunlight.

There are groups gathered in the room, some sitting, some standing. Madeline drops into the first convenient place, which happens to be the window-seat of one of the long, deep-set, single-paned windows, which no one else has cared to occupy, but which Madeline is glad to take because she can see what is passing out of doors, as well as within.

Madeline is wondering a little at the changes wrought here. Across the quaint, scriptural tiles of the square fireplace, Leah has put mourning festoons, so that Joseph wears a scarf of black over his coat of many colours, and the Red Sea on the other side is all one inky flood of grief.

Madeline, who is not in the least impatient, has soon let her glance wander from the hall through her window, which commands a view of the front of the house. She sees three men standing together out there; and when Mr. Carlyon presently moves aside, she sees that Austell and Seth Badger are left together.

A moment they stand thus, and then begin pacing the strip of greensward to and fro. Madeline feels much more interest in watching them than anything within the hall. Austell has his head bowed, as if he were listening, and Seth Badger seems to have all the talking to do.

It is not of her that Seth Badger is speaking, Madeline is very sure, despite Seth's threat; Austell would never listen so quietly to such a story as Seth had to tell. If Austell had knocked him down, or even turned threateningly towards him, Madeline would have had her fears; but her lover walking there so quietly reassures her. Not that she is for an instant afraid that Austell will believe her so wicked because of Seth Badger's words; yet she would rather he should not hear them.

But the scenes shift quickly to-day. Now the hall is full, and Austell and Seth Badger come in with the last. Seth is talking to Mr. Trescoe, who holds a paper in his hand, with which he taps Seth's arm by way of emphasis.

Austell has stopped on the threshold, and stands leaning against the door post. When he first appeared there Madeline made room for him on the window-seat beside her. But he never so much as glanced over at her; so she has shaken out her skirts, that no one else may have the seat.

Madeline is quite out of the circle which has formed round the table at the head of the hall, and of which Mr. Roscarrock is the centre. Horace Trelawny's kindred do not recognise her as one of the family, even though the old man himself has directed that she should be chief mourner. Of course that direction may have been because he felt grateful for her attention to him.

Mrs. Trelawny and Louise are seated opposite Madeline, quite near the table where are Mr. Roscarrock and Mr. Trescoe. Mr. Trescoe is to read the will, which he holds in his hand; but before he begins, Mr. Roscarrock rises, and intimates that he has a word to say as preface to the reading. It is an explanation which Mr. Trelawny had instructed him to make, and which would clear some points in the will about to be read, which, without it, might seem peculiar, and a little arbitrary.

There is a buzz of expectation on the part of the listeners; a rustle of dresses; an eager, forward movement on the part of the men, as if they are trying to catch every word that drops from the speaker.

Of course they all know, Mr. Roscarrock goes on to say, that their kinsman and his client, Mr. Trelawny, had married in early life, and had a son.

Now there is an uneasy stir, a suppressed restlessness; but none take their eyes from the lawyer, who is smiling as if with good news. But when he adds that many, no doubt, remember the son, as well as the unfortunate estrangement of his father, which estrangement was all the sadder for his early death, there is a look of pleased relief on all faces; and those who remember the son bear no ill will to him because he displeased his father through whatsoever cause.

Perhaps none of them knew, Mr. Roscarrock goes on to say, that young John Trelawny had married and left a daughter, whom on his death-bed he bequeathed to his father's care as her true protector. It is now his pleasant duty to inform them that Madeline Dubois, who has so faithfully nursed the old man without any knowledge of the relationship, is indeed his grand-daughter.

The whole picture is worthy the pencil of Hogarth—the expectant, eager faces, every owner of which believes in the wonderful accounts of the old man's wealth, and his hoping for some lucky venture not mentioned in the will, and therefore common property, to be divided amongst them; and for all their interest to dwindle down to the insignificant young woman sitting over there in the window!

She seems to them a fraud and a deceit, so suddenly to have arisen up as a nearer relation than any one of them, and no doubt by the law as well as the will, to be the only heir.

Every eye is turned on Madeline, who for one startled moment sees nothing, and for the next sees no one but Austell, and wonders if he will like or dislike this new position of hers? But Austell is not looking at her; he is speaking to some one at his side who has asked him a question.

Mr. Roscarrock clears his throat to speak again; and everyone at once becomes attentive. He has but little more to add. Madeline has been provided for in the will, which, unless she had been mentioned, would be

but waste paper. And he holds the sum bequeathed to her for her use. For the rest, Mr. Trelawny had made over to him in a deed of trust the farm and house of Trelawny Priory for Austell Trelawny—a Trelawny having always held this estate. Mr. Roscarrock supposes the will would devise the rest of the estate, but of it he knows nothing except that his client had made it.

Then there is a will to be read — the paper Jack Trescoe has been flourishing about. The grand-daughter is not to be the heir; and old Horace Trelawny had really some consideration for the members of the family.

The interest is increasing instead of diminishing.

Now it is Mr. Trescoe's turn; and he reads in a loud, emphatic voice the document which he himself drew up, and which was duly signed and witnessed.

So after all, Seth Badger is the real point of interest. For what are a few thousands in the three-per-cents, or the falling old house and its ill-cultivated lands, in comparison with all the hoarded wealth the old man is known to have possessed?

No matter how much disappointment the Trelawny connection feel, not one of them forget that Seth Badger is the lucky heir. The men shake hands with him, and joke him as to luck; the mothers are eager in their invitations; and the girls detect something quite prepossessing in his appearance, and some have always been admirers of—red?—no, auburn hair.

Even their great disappointment does not rob the family of appetite, and full justice is done to Leah's cooking; by some in a desultory picnic fashion; by those who can find a seat at the long table in the south parlour, in a more business-like and comfortable way. They are all in haste; for the daylight is fast slipping by, and the nearest have long homeward drives before them.

Louise has taken possession of Seth, whom she regrets not having met before; and she is sweet and smiling, and Seth is wonderfully affable with all the kindred. Indeed, the whole thing is strangely like a military funeral: a display of crape, with muffled drums on the way to the grave, and a flourish of trumpets and gay music on the homeward march.

Only Austell Trelawny looks sad and troubled, as he talks gravely with Mr. Roscarrock; and he does not go into the dining-room at all, though Leah takes care that he at least tastes her dainties—for is he not master of the house?

All this Madeline sees from her place in the window-seat. No one seems to care whether she is hungry or not; and once when she speaks to some one brushing by her, she gets only a stare of surprise, but no answer. Is it because of her parentage? Has her grandfather's tardy justice indeed come too late? All are her kindred, and yet not one of them bid her welcome into the family. They are enjoying the hospitalities of old Horace's house; and she who should be their hostess sits apart with a strange look in her eyes, which no one notices.

Is it all Seth Badger's fault? Madeline sees him seated by Louise on the

stairs, eating from the same plate—alas, Leah's provision of china is far too scant—and he is drinking bumpers of old Horace's port out of her glass. She is rallying him on his possessions, and he is answering her banter.

Presently the groups separate. The carriages come to the gate and are filled, and the mourners drive off after much hand-shaking, kisses and good-byes. All this Madeline watches from her window; but no one notices her.

They have all gone now, but Mrs. Trelawny, Louise, Austell and Seth Badger; and these are standing waiting for Mrs. Trelawny's carriage. Madeline does not go out to them. Either the sight of Seth Badger deters her, or the remembrance that Austell has never come near her, except when compelled to do so at the funeral. And neither of the ladies asks for her, or seems to remember her existence.

Louise is quite engrossed in talking to Seth Badger, and has given him a rose which he has jauntily stuck into his buttonhole. Austell is silent and scarcely observes them. He puts his mother into the carriage, and then calls Louise; and after he has seen them in, he tells them briefly that he cannot go with them. That he has business with Mr. Roscarrock, which will detain him to-morrow at Truro.

"You are not going to sleep in this draughty old house, Austell?" Mrs. Trelawny says. "You'll be sure to take cold; and a cold at this season is not easily shaken off. And with consumption in your father's family, you can't be too careful."

"I shall sleep at Roscarrock's," Austell says, shortly.

"And we forlorn ones are to get over the thirty or so miles to Dinglefield as best we may," Louise says, cheerfully. "Now, Mr. Badger, have you not gallantry enough to take care of two women whom Austell deserts so shamefully?"

"If I could be useful, or could in any way hope to take Mr. Trelawny's place," answers Seth, with becoming diffidence.

"Only try," says Louise, laughing.

And Seth, without any hesitation, takes the offered seat in the carriage and is driven off. Perhaps the best thing he can do is to go away.

Austell stands and watches until the carriage is out of sight. Then he turns slowly, and goes into the house in search of Madeline.

Austell looks into the great lonely hall in passing, hardly expecting to find Madeline there. But he catches sight of a gleam of white in one of the window recesses.

She does not move, even though she knows Austell is standing before her. That Austell should have permitted his mother and Louise to treat her so—that he should have left her to herself, and the scant civility of her new-found relatives, when she needed a friend to stand near her—she might resent. But with all this, there is a bitterer feeling, that words of Seth Badger's have caused the change in him. If so, he has judged her unheard; and her whole soul rebels at his injustice.

For an instant, Austell watches her pale, averted face, which seems loth to meet his eyes; and then:

"Madeline," he says, as gently as he can, "you said you wished to speak to me."

"Did I?" letting her speech alone give any recognition of his presence, and never changing her position. "But it was when you first came, was it not? Now, I do not care to say anything."

"But I wish you to care," he returns, still speaking gently, and taking the place beside her. "I wish you to say just what you intended to."

She had intended to tell him of Seth Badger's threat; to ask him what she ought to do. But now, the story would come to him as an old tale. He has heard Seth's version, and he must have believed it, or at least have felt a doubt. Her heart hardens to him in her indignation, and she will ask no help from him. If he can believe this evil thing of her, let him make his accusation now. So when he presses her to speak, she answers curtly: "I have changed my mind."

Austell is puzzled. From some mysterious hint of Leah's as to the doctor's not having been sent to betimes for the maister ("which the one as said the message had been sent, best knew the reason why"—), Austell had gone at once to Mr. Carlyon for an explanation, learning from him that Madeline had herself told him of her sending the message at such an hour by Saundry. Whereas, at that very hour, as Mr. Carlyon had taken the trouble to prove to himself by unsuspected questioning of Saundry and others, Saundry had betaken himself to Betty Trenoweth's neighbouring cottage, where Leah had accompanied him to "cousey a spell," as Mrs. Betty termed the gossip there enjoyed. And then Mr. Carlyon saw fit to tell the bewildered young man of the broken bowl and the flavouring of the gruel, and of the girl's strange, feverish agitation, and her eager waiting for the doctor's declaration that Mr. Trelawny had died from paralysis—of which, indeed, there was not the faintest shadow of a doubt. Then Austell, stunned and confused with the blow, and hardly knowing as yet what he feared or what he doubted, had found himself standing face to face with Seth Badger, hearing from him a slight, almost a kind version of the scene in Mr. Trelawny's sick-room. Indeed, Seth has even told what he did tell, with an apology. But though both he and Carlyon would gladly have been silent, as there was no harm done, thanks to Seth's prompt measure in breaking the bowl, Leah's tongue was not discreet, and at least so much of the matter as related to the girl's preventing a message to the physician and interfering with the nourishment which should have kept up the old man's strength, had in an odd, disjointed way leaked out. Of this Austell was himself afterwards sure; for Louise had dropped some disagreeable words, and his mother had declined to take Madeline home with her—though Austell knew that if he had pressed the point, she would not have refused him.

Seth had spoken of Madeline's forlorn position; of her arduous nursing; of the dreariness of the old house; the moroseness of old Trelawny. All these he had touched upon as palliations to Madeline's temptation. He never said in so many words what he supposed that was; only that there was a bowl of gruel in her hand, the odour of which was suspicious, and he had managed to break it and spill the contents. And there would have been the end of it, if Leah had not been too officious.

Though Badger's story, corroborated by Carlyon, seems to be without a flaw, Austell wishes to hear Madeline's version from her own lips. But, unfortunately, the girl has grown angry and stubborn.

"Madeline," Austell says, after there has been a long silence between them, "I hoped you would spare me the pain of speaking. But as you will not, I must tell you that Seth Badger has told me something which I must ask you to explain. Let me add, Badger spoke reluctantly and kindly of you."

"Did he?" asks Madeline, with a little ironical laugh. "How benevolent of him! Well, if you have Seth Badger's account, why do you want mine?"

"Because I have always distrusted him, and have had confidence in you."

"You have an odd way of showing your confidence in me," returns Madeline, with another bitter laugh. "At least, one would not have thought you had much feeling of any kind for me for the last few hours."

"I wished to speak to you alone. I could not trust myself before so many people. Besides, I was bewildered by the suddenness of the blow, and had to collect myself before I spoke to you," explains Austell, in a voice which in his effort to steady he has made hard.

Madeline does not move. Her own voice sounds just as hard as she says: "If Seth Badger had told me anything against you, I would have told him he lied; and if I had a man's strength I would have beaten him."

"A poor argument to prove me guiltless. You must remember it is my part to defend you, and temper and violence would do you more harm than good, especially as Badger is inclined to be your friend in the matter."

"My friend!" cries Madeline, flaming with passion. "Then Heaven in common justice should quit me of all enemies."

She is too incensed to tell her story, or confess the truth, if she had what anxiety many would have been spared.

"If Austell can believe it, he may."

If her mother had been alive, or any tender woman had taken her in her arms, Madeline would have sobbed out the true story. Or if she had been a few years older, she would not have allowed the taint of a suspicion to rest upon her act, but would have taken infinite pains to remove it. But she is young and inexperienced, hurt, wounded beyond expression. Austell, who, she was so confident, would protect her, has gone over to the enemy. And with just that trait of obstinacy in her, which is the formation of a character that will die rather than betray a trust, she says in her heart: "If he can think this thing of me, he could never have loved me. Let him think it. What does it matter to me?"

"You will be ready to go home with me to-morrow," he says, abruptly, after that unsatisfactory glance at her.

"To your mother's?" raising her eyes for a brief instant to his face, as if to see whether he is in earnest, and then turning them upon the great saund-dune outside looming dismally against the sky.

"Let me stay here with Leah," Madeline proposes.

The Priory is not the home Austell would have chosen for Madeline, ruinous as it must for the present remain; for old Horace's plan as to the money for repairs is not feasible now. Nor is Leah the person best fitted to take charge of Madeline. But what can Austell do?

"Would you be willing to stay here?" he asks, slowly.

"Yes. At least for the present. That is, if you do not mind it," she adds, quickly. "We are cousins, you know, and therefore I can stay here."

"Especially as the house ought to be your own by right." And then he adds, seeing that she looks impatient: "Let it be as you will. I must be off now, as I have promised to be at Roscarrock's this evening; but I will speak to Leah first. And I will ride over again to see you before I leave home. Meantime—"

She does not seem to see that he has put out his hand to bid her good-bye; for in her white dress she has flitted past him to the door, with one of those swift movements of hers, which are like nothing so much as the sudden flashing of some wood-bird out of sunlight into shadow. "Then it is not good-bye, if we are to meet again," she says, and folds her hands together. He shall not touch them, and know how she is trembling.

She looks back over her shoulder, as she is passing out of the room. She says, with a piteous little appeal in her voice, as she stands in the doorway: "Maybe you will wonder, sometime, how I, without any money, and so far away in the country, could manage to get the poison. It is so natural to wonder how people manage, even in committing crimes."

"Madeline—"

But she has not waited for Austell to answer her. She is gone. They have looked their last upon each other: he standing stern and flushed in the red western light; she turning a white face out from the dimness into which she vanishes.

Her words startle Austell. He has never before thought of the means she must have used to procure the acid. Could either Leah or Seth Badger have had something to do with the attempt, and then have thrown all the blame on Madeline? Austell is startled; and yet if Madeline is guiltless, why did she not deny it? Nay, why did she acknowledge it?

He never thinks of putting any blame on himself for her silence; yet he feels not nearly so sure of her guilt as he was a half hour ago. But then, what has feeling to do with it? Is not the testimony—her own testimony—clearly against her?

A short time after this, old Uncle Saundry is on the road with his wagon and his sturdy, light-haired Cornish donkey. He is singing a favourite ditty, when the old blind man is startled by hearing a step, and a voice, saying,—

"May I go with you, Uncle Saundry?" "I be going straight for Falmouth, if I can set 'ee down anywhere atween here and there."

She has swung herself up lightly among the bags of sand. The old man is soon playing his fiddle and singing a song, then he talks away about old Trelawny's mine over there.

"Folk tell me the mine ha' somehow drained away the brook as ran close by the Priory walls. That ben't, to my mind, not to say safe. They sands, they're always shifting, shifting; what for ever 'ud keep en from stealing down upon the old Priory itsen, if they're a mind, on

some fine stormy night when the Witch o' Fraddam goes sailing about the coast in her coffin, stirrin' up the wind and waves wi' her wicked old broom? Why, ha'n't I heard my grandmother tell how, in her mother's day, the Barton of Upton, Lelant way, where she were dairy-maid, were buried in a single night; and don't I mind when the house came again to view through another shifting o' the sands, not twenty-five year ago? And the fields about Gwithian, as lie a dozen feet deep under the sand, that I mind once yellow wi' corn?—na, na, it be a dangerous thing, it be, and just a mere tempting o' Providence, to meddle wi' the streams as Providence ha' set like chains to bind the treacherous sands. This young Trelawny, now, he be as keen after bringing they riches to light, as the old maister were after keeping en dark. Why, folk don't know unto this day, I hear, where be all the old miser's money. Roscarrock, that were his lawyer years and years, he told this young Trelawny, so folks say, that the old maister knew all along o' this lode o' tin, and some think copper, too, down there under the field where the granite and slate meet. But as for Maister Badger, as were left heir to pretty much everything else, I hear he keeps it to himsen how much he's the richer for his uncle's death. Eh, eh, but riches ben't the best things after all—and that Maister Badger's but a red-haired Da-ane, I hear. The more's the pity, if so be the old maister's slip of a grand-daughter be tokened to en, as some do think."

The girl has not been heeding this rambling talk over-much; she has been gazing out absently over the sands. But now she gives a little start, and glances up questioningly into the old man's face beside her, unconscious of that sudden appeal. And then, with a faintly careless smile at the idleness of it, she turns and looks back over her shoulder. Over the sands—far over, to the gray walls of the Priory.

"Gee wup—k'up, k'up!" chirrups old Saundry; and the donkey mends his pace.

* * * * *

Austell is at Dinglefield. He had tried once to see Madeline, before he left Cornwall, but without success. He is now fretting over her intended crime, and the part Seth had taken, as he supposed, to shield her.

Austell is looking up again, absently, at that nursery window, and is letting his cigar die out, and has half lost himself in those far-away days. When suddenly something—not a sound so much, over the deadening snow, as an unseen presence—makes him turn.

There in the dusky night—

"Madeline!" he says, half aloud, as if his thought had taken bodily shape.

But the next step shows him it is not Madeline, as well as the voice can tell him, which says,—

"Maister Austell."

He is standing in the light from the drawing-room window, so it is not difficult to recognize him.

"Leah! is it you?" he cries, with a great start. "What has brought you here this time of night? Where have you left Madeline?"

"I left her, Maister Austell?"

Old Leah has not advanced out of the shadow, else Austell might have been struck by the dazed look in her eyes, that turn slowly on him from the lighted window opposite which she, too, is, and through which she, too, sees that pantomime at the piano, where Seth is leaning, looking boldly down into Louise's face, while with a pretty air distraight she lets her white hands wander over the not whiter keys.

"He here!" Leah says, under her breath, before she turns to Austell with that answering question: "*I left her, Maister Austell?*"

"Where is Madeline?" he reiterates, with hasty peremptoriness.

Leah does not answer very promptly. If she were standing in the full light Austell might have seen that her lips have moved slightly, and that she has checked the first words rising to them, before she says,—

"Why, look a here you, Maister Austell, you'd not ha' me bringing a young maid out all this long way in suchee a storm as this'n? Not but what I bode to come mysen, not knowing if you'll ha' heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Eh, not over brave news, Maister Austell. 'Tis not bezibt that all should go well wi' us in this life, else we'd be deaf to the voice inside a calling us——"

"Leah," with sudden impatience, "you can improve your text afterward, but I must first know what it is you mean. What has happened?"

There is the slightest pause.

"Faith and troth, Maister Austell, but 'ee take a body's breath away! What should ha' happened? But you know the new mine at Trelawny?"

"The mine! Is anything the matter there?"

The tone is rather of relief; but he is still looking at her anxiously.

"Na, what should happen to the mine? But," in a complaining voice, "it ben't fair on the old house, that it ben't, to let the poor buccas dig and dig till they ha' turned away the brook as ran along by the walls. And that be what ha' come o' your fine mining, Maister Austell."

"Is that all, Aunt Leah?" with a strangely relieved laugh. "They've put you to inconvenience in the way of water, by this chance diverting of the stream? I'll see what can be done. But, then, there's a well in the town-place, I remember."

"Eh, but good lack! it be choked up, too."

"The well! Why, how is that? Certainly, you have reason to complain; without stream or well, the house must be uninhabitable."

"You ben't so far wrong there, Maister Austell. But the house be choked up, too."

Austell can only stare.

"Whatever could possess en to do it!" she resumes, after an emphatic pause. "The stream gone,—and 'ee know how hard the wind been blowing from the sea this three days past,—and the big towan that were over against the house——"

"Were!"

"It ha' smothered the house i' the night," she adds, with alacrity, having sufficiently prepared him, as she judges by that sharp, quick repetition of her word. "The wind were roaring like Tregeagle's ghost the whole night through, last night,—I covered up my head, to shut it out like; and first thing in marning, when I durst look out, the sand were level wi' the windows on the second floor. The big towan had just flung itsen across the dried bed o' the stream; the windows o' that side were blocked; even the town-place were filled wi' sand as drifted over the low part o' the wall."

"Good heavens! and you and Madeline——"

"Trenoweth's lads come to help first thing in marning. They got me out of my window."

"And Madeline—where did you take her?"

There is a slight pause.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE CHILDREN.

PIERRES' TRIAL.

By MISS C. K. B. HARRIS.

PIERRE was a Swiss boy. He lived with his mother high up in the mountains, which slope away from the valley of the Rhone; mountains richly wooded, and watered with sparkling streams dancing from rock to rock as they descend from their snowy beds to the valley below.

The cottage or chalet, as such dwellings are called in Switzerland, in which Pierre and his mother lived, was not built like our English houses with bricks, nor covered as they are with square neat slates, but walls and roof alike were made of the wood of the pine-trees which grew so plentifully around.

It had wide sloping eaves which reached far out beyond the house, so as to shelter those seated below from the hot sun in summer, and to prevent in winter the heavy flakes of snow which fell so continually, from piling themselves up round the door and windows underneath. This roof in its turn was protected from the storms which whirled round it in winter, threatening to displace the slight beams by heavy stones laid in rows all over it, thus weighting it down, and keeping it steady.

Marguerite's chalet stood among a group of others which were scattered over the mountain side, and like them

when first built it had looked very white and pure with its newly planed wood, but exposure to the weather, had, after a few years, changed its colour to a beautiful rich red-brown, which seemed a pleasant contrast to the green pasture land in which it stood.

Under the windows of most of these chalets there ran a low gallery, neatly carved with pretty devices, and forming a cool place to sit, under the shelter of the spreading eaves, during the heat of summer.

And just above this gallery many people had cut deeply into the walls different texts taken from the Bible, and these served not only as an ornament to the dwellings, but often as a word of help and encouragement to the hard-working peasants passing continually to and fro to their work.

Over Marguerite's door were cut these words, in pretty ornamental letters, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He will strengthen thine heart:" and there were many sad and weary ones, who looking up, had read those words, and learned a lesson from them, which made them go along their way with a silent prayer that their hearts might be strengthened under their trials; and others remembering perhaps, how the Lord *had*

strengthened them in a time of trouble, went on to their work cheered and encouraged, and ready to trust Him in the future.

It was strange, however, that though many had taken comfort from that text who passed it daily, yet those to whom it seemed specially to belong—from being cut in so deep into the wood of their own chalet—had never taken any comfort at all out of it; in fact, never thought of looking up to it as they passed in and out of the door each day.

Pierre, poor boy, had had a heavy burden laid on his young life, and as he grew older he got to feel it a heavier trouble, and to wonder how he could bear it to the end of his life; and his mother trying to help him, and to keep him from feeling its weight, forgot the best way of all of making that burden lighter and easier for both of them—the way the words above the door could have taught them.

Ever since Pierre's mother, when he was a baby, had known that her only son must be a cripple, she had turned away from almost all words of comfort, and her face had grown so sad and pale that the hearts of many of the friendly peasants round about, ached for her. As he grew older she had tried to hide her old disappointment, and if the child with a gentle wistful look sometimes drew away her hands from her face, and asked her why she did not laugh like other people, she would give him any reason but the real one, for the tears filling her eyes and the sorrow in her heart. Once, when very little, he had crept near to her where she sat on the low bench outside the cottage door, and asked her why she cried as she sat there, and she had answered, pointing up to the clouds breaking into rain above their heads; "It's the clouds, Pierre; it's the clouds." It was the dark shadow hanging over his life that Marguerite really was thinking of, but Pierre was satisfied with the answer, only for a long time after he used to wonder why the clouds should bring tears to his mother's eyes, till at last, one day sitting on the doorstep,

he settled the matter satisfactorily in his own mind, thinking that because it made him wish to cry when he saw his mother cry, that so it made her feel inclined to do the same when she saw the clouds weeping.

However, all this was a long time ago. Now, Pierre was fifteen years old, and he knew better—oh, so much better, why clouds or no clouds, his mother's face was always sad. Poor boy, he had a brave spirit in that sunken, deformed body. For he never told his mother that he knew the secret of her grief, or that he grieved himself so much at the thought of being a cripple: he only became more loving and tender to her, almost treating her as if it were she who was to be taken care of, and doing any little work he could to save her, he only guarded himself from ever bringing home tales of how the boys in the neighbouring village laughed and jeered at him; he only pressed back the bitter words which so often rose to his lips as he saw other boys happy and gay, for Pierre loved his mother truly and tenderly, and had long ago determined that he would never tell her that the thought of his future life was as great a sorrow to him as to her.

What made it harder to him was that that future life had always been mixed with such bright hopes in his mind when he was younger.

Often as he had watched his mother working so hard for both of them, inside of the chalet, and out in the fields, he had looked forward to soon growing strong and tall, and saving her all trouble, and taking care of her, and making her rich; so that it was very painful to him now at fifteen years old to feel that that time could never come: that the only thought he could have of himself was that he must always be a trouble and source of anxiety to her.

And so Pierre and his mother had lived on from day to day, the boy's face getting as sad and wistful as the mothers, and neither of them thinking of the promise cut in so deep into the wood above their heads.

To be Continued.

GOOD HEALTH.

HOMES.

BY ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

WHAT a beautiful and touching picture poets and novelists draw of the peasant's home—a picturesque cottage, with pretty, well-cared-for garden, a smiling wife and merry children, in winter the armchairs of the aged grandfather and grandmother drawn up to the cosy hearth, and at all seasons a place for everything and everything in its place; but the reality we who have seen it know too well—a couple of dark, dirty, dingy rooms, a family bearing the impress of overwork, vice, and poverty, confusion and noise is in the ascendant, in short, all that is unlovely, repulsive and degrading. Of course I admit that exceptions there are, and I have seen some, but they are few indeed, and go where you will in our large towns and country hamlets, for one clean, attractive cottage are to be found a dozen hovels. Now, I am well aware that the orthodox method of treating the subject of improved house accommodation is to enumerate all the requirements of a small household, to state the number of cubic feet of air each member of it will hourly consume, to point out what sanitary science, morality, and common sense call for, and then, when these things are not forthcoming, to demand government supervision and perhaps to denounce the landlords. Moreover, in most quarters one or two quack remedies are proposed. such, for instance, as those huge, comfortless, expensive and detestable barracks called Model Lodging Houses; but neither quack remedies nor government inspectors, nor systematic health lectures will suffice in the face of the real obstacles to progress and improvement. Now what are these difficulties? First we have the constantly increasing aggregation of countless thousands of families in a limited and insufficient space, a crowding together altogether unnecessary, but not to be prevented by Acts of Parliament. Why, nothing is commoner than for two families to occupy a tiny hovel—they must be near their work and cannot live a mile off; so say they, so say many persons who ought to know better; and of course if two families want to live in a space hardly sufficient for one, we know the consequences. But the day comes when the heads of these families have to get employment two, three, yes, ten miles off, and then there is no thought of a move. No, the men ride or walk morning or evening and still herd in their close court or fever-infested street. I have repeatedly seen instances of this state of things. Secondly, we have the curse of early marriages and overgrown families. Go where you will in our large towns you find apprentices married to young girls, young couples with nine children, who in good times earn a pound a week; and what think you in bad times? What can sanitary science do in such a case as this—an apprentice married to a young girl, wages seven shillings a week? A case of the kind I myself actually saw in Birmingham four years ago. Thirdly, what can you do to cope with the vice, drunkenness, extravagance and improvidence running riot in our midst? I, as a medical man, not however a parish doctor, have casually seen both in London and in many other towns, large and small, cases by the dozen, yes and

by the hundred, where everything that could degrade and impoverish seemed combined to effect the utter and hopeless ruin of all concerned. Ask any clergyman or parish doctor, any policeman or collector of rents, and ponder well the fearful picture they could disclose. Many a man and woman goes through life knowing and caring little—nothing of the horrors surrounding the homes of thousands of working class families—living it is not, it is a struggle against disease and death, a struggle exciting disgust more than pity; help and advice are unavailing; alms thrown away; without hope in this life, without hope in the world to come existence drags on in the midst of squalor, profligacy, and crime. And, in the last place, what can you do when strikes, lock-outs, illness, old age, idleness, or loss of work are playing their part? Do *you* know, you who talk so glibly about national wealth and the increase of population and prosperity, what really lurks behind the scenes? Do you know that in every large town a hundred times a week the heads of families are taken ill or meet with accidents; that in ninety out of the hundred cases the man or woman hopelessly, doggedly takes to bed for a week, or a month, or six months as may be. In a week the family credit has been exhausted, and then, whether the wages have been ten shillings or five pounds, whether work has been regular or not it matters not, misery and want reign supreme, and till the family income is restored it is hardly possible to guess how the body and soul are kept together. Bad times again—perhaps, I admit, the the man's own fault, or perhaps due to dislocations of trade, for which no one is directly responsible, but the cause matters little—ah, what they mean to-day in a hundred houses those only know who have looked beneath the surface.

In England a great part of the whole life of every man and woman must be passed in the house or workshop. No doubt our climate is fairly mild, more particularly in winter, for the latitude is *very mild*; but our summer is often chilly and wet, and our winters foggy, stormy, and gloomy—in short an out-door life is practically impossible, and hence only in the extreme south of the larger island, in a few sheltered and sunlit plains and valleys, is any attempt made at out-door life during the summer, and during the rest of the year, even there, and during the whole year in most counties the family lives in doors. Few, indeed, are the people who take one meal a week in the open air between the 1st of May and the 30th of September. In towns, indeed, there must be thousands who never take a meal and hardly ever sit out in the open air the whole year through. Our climate is in large measure responsible for this: hot dry weather is so rare, and our mild winter is nearly always damp and gloomy. A good home is, therefore, all important to the Englishman, and perhaps drawing-rooms more gorgeous, libraries more exquisitely fitted up, and dining-rooms more thoroughly comfortable the earth cannot show than those in scores of thousands of noble mansions and roomy villas; the heart can desire nothing finer, the imagination can conceive of nothing more charming; but from the well-carpeted rectory or the pleasant suburban villa to the garret of the penniless and extravagant artisan, or the hovel of the fifteen shillings a week labourer—oh, what a mighty interval. It would be waste of time

to give any hints about house accommodation beyond a few of the simplest and rudest. I believe, then, that with more prudence, temperance and discretion the house accommodation of the poor would, in four cases out of five, be vastly improved in the course of three years, and this without any interference on the part of government; but I do not expect any radical change as long as working men are as a class what they are—as long, in short, as a landlord, not a bad sort of man either, could truthfully say to me, “Working men don’t mind where they live; anything will do for them.” To the working man I would say, remember that even when you are at work your wife and family are at home; get a house, then the best house your means will admit of: stint yourself in other respects, do with less meat, discontinue beer, and hurl out of the window your filthy pipe, and with the three, four, or, it may be, ten shillings a week you thus save you will be enabled to get a clean, roomy, comfortable house, with perhaps a little garden. If, moreover, you cannot find a good house in one street go into another; do not fear a little walk morning and evening, the exercise will do you a world of good. Take care that your house is in good condition, that it is well drained, ventilated and lighted, that it is sufficiently private to shut out its inmates from prying eyes, and that in fact it possesses those advantages and comforts which should always be associated with the name of home. How different would be the workingman’s hard lot were he more to value his home and to pass more of his time in it; were it so clean, neat, and cheerful that he and his should find in it all they need and pass in it their happiest moments; but this cannot be, and while English officers look back to the beloved home of their childhood and yearn to return to its familiar shelter, while the great families of the land continue to cling to the ancient seat of their ancestors, the poor labourer, the toilworn mechanic seldom has a home, seldom tries to make the place where he sleeps and has his meals anything but a lodging in which he and his may pass a few weeks or a few years, but whether they live long or not in it its gloom, dirt and squalor never change. Far be it from me to say that no workingmen have cheerful, comfortable homes, or that some mechanics do not fondly love their wives and families and peaceful cottages; but what ought to be the rule is the exception, and, labourers do not seem to feel these things as persons more happily circumstanced would do: the miseries, temptations and dirt surrounding many of them are such that they would goad me and some like me to desperation and recklessness.

WASHING SILKS.—No person should ever wring or crush silk when it is wet, because the creases thus made will remain. The way to wash silk is to spread it smoothly upon a clean board, rub white soap upon it, and brush it with a clean soft brush. The silk must be rubbed until all the grease is extracted, then the soap should be brushed off with clean, cold water, applied to both sides. Most of the colours are liable to be injured when washed in hot suds, especially blue and green colours. A little alum, dissolved in the last water that is brushed on silk, tends to prevent the colours from running.



MADAME COSQUER AND NINORCH.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

"Me, Maister Austell? says Leah. *I* didn't take her annywheres."
He strides a step forward, and puts his hand heavily on her shoulder.
"Tell me where Madeline is." The hoarse voice frightens her.

"Me, Maister Austell? But I knaw no more than the dead."

"You know no more than—— When is it you saw her last?"

She is quaking under the hand that still rests heavily on her shoulder. She draws a deep breath, and her old lips tremble a little, as if they feared the words upon them. Shall she tell him when? Shall she confess that not in last night's storm, but on one day more than a week ago she lost trace of the girl who had been given into her charge by him? All trace was lost, for though she had caught sight of Maister Seth talking with Miss Madeline upon the cliff, a few days before her disappearance, and had therefore connected that disappearance with him, yet his being here to-night seems to contradict that supposition.

The truth is, Leah, taking her cue from the deportment of the Trelawny kindred, had turned the cold-shoulder on the girl from the old maister's death, grumbling over the trouble of having a young maid to fend for, and reflecting that but for her she herself would be quite mistress at the Priory.

So when the young maid suddenly disappeared, Leah couldn't see what call an old woman had to be following after, whether she had gone to Dinglefield or had taken a fancy to run away and marry her cousin Seth. In one of these two ways Leah had not doubted that the disappearance would be accounted for. And the road to Dinglefield was long; and Maister Austell had only come back home this week; and Leah had been willing to wait for events to develop themselves. But now that Miss Madeline is not at Dinglefield, and Maister Seth is——

Leah grows frightened. What will Maister Austell say to her neglect of his charge? Must she make the confession that was on her lips just now?

She checks herself; and when she does speak she has changed the words.

"How can I tell 'ee to the minute, Maister Austell?" she says: and he does not observe the evasion. "Miss Madeline, she taken a nif at me some time agone; ay, ever since the maister died; and she ben't friends wi' me, to tell me all her out-goings and in-comings. It be building a wall round the cuckoo, that it be, to strive to keep Miss Madeline at home; you think, if so be you'd ha' put one more course on, you'd ha' kept'n in; and all the time she be ready to fly out over your head, or into your face, she'll not care which. And so, when she chose to go out on the cliff, to see if there were any hobble, what could I do but leave the door on the latch? She might ha' come in when she would, for me——"

"*Did* she come in, woman? Did you look for her throughout the house?"

"She weren't in the house, Maister Austell," she said, slowly and reluctantly.

"And this morning? You have learned nothing of her?"

"I—I couldn't learn anything, Maister Austell,—I——"

He has dropped his hand from her shoulder. He turns sharply away.

"Maister Austell, where art 'ee going?"

He flings back a glance over his shoulder as he goes.

"To the stables, for my horse. Go in and tell them I am off to Trelawny."

"To-night, Maister Austell? In the storm?"

Why should he answer? He turns sharply away.

The old woman makes one movement, as if to follow him, as if to tell him something more. But he is gone. Why should she follow?

She turns slowly in-doors, and her face loses something of the conscience-stricken terror which the darkness hid from him, and wears a crafty smile instead.

"Let him go, if so be he's so keen after it," she says to herself, and lifts the latch of a side door.

* * * * *

Some years have passed away, and Austell has obtained no clue to Madeline's whereabouts. He is now seeking in Brittany the relatives of Madeline. He will discharge his obligation to the old man. The money is not his if Madeline is dead, it must pass to the girl's relatives. Austell is seeking his way to "Kermartin" (the address of Madeline's friends he has found), the beauty of the scene is engrossing his thoughts—he hears a voice—a song.

He turns, and looks full into a pair of brown eyes.

For a moment, he sees no more than only those. His are held fast by the strange expression in them: a wild and startled gleam of absolute terror, out of a colourless face.

"Mademoiselle must pardon me. I did not know I was intruding."

The face is not pale, is no longer startled; and Austell is conscious of the embarrassment being upon his side, while he makes his apology in indifferent French, as her eyes slowly withdraw, and break the momentary spell in which they have held him. That spell removed, he discovers that he is confronting a tall young woman in peasant dress.

"I have been directed to Kermartin. If I have come wrong, perhaps mademoiselle will have the goodness to set me right."

She gives him a furtive glance from under her lashes, and answers him in French, but with the Breton accent and idiom.

"Messire is right. This is Kermartin."

"But—pardon me, but I expected to find a farm-house—"

"Messire is right again. This is a farm-house."

"And the fermière—"

"We are farmers."

"I may have been misdirected—it is Madame Cosquer I would see."

"Messire will enter, then. Madame Cosquer is within."

And still he hesitates.

"Perhaps mademoiselle will tell me if I am mistaken in coming here to seek that Madame Cosquer whose daughter years ago married an Englishman, John Trelawny?"

"If you will come in to my grandmother," she says quietly, "she will tell you what you wish to know. The gate round yonder—"

While Austell is still pausing in the doorway, taking in his first view of the Breton peasant-home, his guide has gone hastily forward, speaking to a woman whom Austell has not at once observed seated there.

An elderly woman, in a peasant dress, bids him welcome, and insists on his being her guest. She then narrates the history Austell has wished to hear. Austell eagerly breaks in upon the conversation, saying how Madeline was lost, and giving Leah's story about the stormy night and the girl being missed, and tells how he found the address in an old chest of drawers.

Has Madame Cosquer known of the girl's presence in the room all this while? As she calls her now, Ninorch rises and comes slowly forward. She embraces her, and lays her hand on her shoulder. Austell shifts his position a little, but does not succeed in getting a view of the girl's face, screened as she is by the grandmother.

"Ninorch, you hear what messire says?"

"It is for you to answer messire, *ma mammik*," interposes the girl, in a demure voice. "It is you to whom my cousin Madeline's money will come."

"But, Ninorch, listen—I cannot consent—"

To what?

Austell is not destined to hear, or at least to understand: for Ninorch has broken in across her words, with an urgent flow of Breton, of which Austell can comprehend nothing but that she is very earnest, half-pleading, half-insisting, as she lays her other hand, too, on the grandmother's shoulder. The distaff is obliging enough to slip off Madame Cosquer's knee just then, unheeded by her; and Austell, availing himself of the opportunity to quit his seat, picks it up from the hearth-stone, and remains there, leaning against the chimney-place where he can command a view of the two faces.

Certainly, it is worth his while to have made the change: a more interesting tableau vivant he has not often seen. Just as he takes up his new position, the girl has ended her appeal, and with her two hands folded on the motherly shoulder, leans forward with a sidelong movement of the head, looking for her answer into the really grand grave face of the elder woman. There is something in the movement, which sends a strange thrill through the on-looker: and then he remembers that this is Madeline's own cousin, and that a certain resemblance in her is not to be wondered at.

Austell has to stay at Kermartin week after week without any answer respecting the property—not an unwilling guest either. Ninorch, the daughter, had become necessary to his happiness. She often asked questions about her cousin Madeline, and bantered him about his love for her. One day he had been making a confession about his duty to Madeline and his love for her—he often told her of the dreadful charge against her—when she coyly said:

"One can guess very easily why you stay here."

"Can one?" repeats Austell, a little softly.

"Certainly; it is something about my cousin's money."

"But that is not altogether it."

"Not altogether?" Ninorch repeats, and looks up into his face.

The look, brief as it is, brings a rosy flush to her cheeks, and she turns away her eyes. "I cannot conceive what else can keep you," she says, petulantly.

"Can you not?" he asks. "Are Breton girls so unsophisticated?"

"Breton girls are wise," she answers. "They know the fine words of a stranger are loaded with meaning, as a frog with feathers."

"I am not a stranger, but a kinsman. At least I was to your cousin."

"She may have had faith in you, since she knew you so well. But I—"

"You have only known me for a short time, you would intimate. We can learn much in a limited space of time."

"If we are studiously inclined," she adds, with a little shrug.

"Or interested," Austell remarks.

Ninorch nods an assent.

Ninorch is very anxious about the charge against Madeline, and sarcastically asks, "Is she guilty in every one's eyes?"

He passes his hand over his eyes, heavily, shutting out some vision.

The reader can see that Austell is deep in love, and the time passes so sweetly and rapidly that he does not trouble to return home. A letter from Leah brings him to his senses. Madeline is not lost, but will return to the Priory about the middle of September. He wishes to be true to Madeline, but cannot give up Ninorch.

Ninorch often makes Austell pass through severe ordeals. One day she again tells him he is weary of Kermartin, as he tells her he is indeed going away, to see Madeline and tell her all. He bids her farewell—she only answers, "In that hour when you should be with Madeline, you will be with me."

He drops her hand. He turns suddenly away from her, without a farewell word. He does not look back, nor answer, when, standing there looking after him, with that smile just quivering on her lips, she calls softly aloud for both.

"*Au revoir!*" is what she says. "*Au revoir!*"

He does not look back, nor pause, nor answer, save that he puts up his hand with a swift gesture of denial. And then, with lowered head, he swings himself heavily down through the gap in the hedge, into the lane below.

Ninorch makes one movement as if to follow, when he passes out of her sight. And then she checks herself, and turns softly away.

The tears are raining down over her smile, that is now only a quiver of the lips.

"It is hard," she is saying to herself—"hard! But what other way was there?"

* * * * *

"He is gone!" Ninorch is saying under her breath, as, in the dusk, she stands before the bee-hives and unties the scarlet riband that binds the little silver cross about her throat. She is knotting the gay pennant round the straw thatch of the midmost hive; and she stoops down, whispering again, as if she would tell it to the bees, whose home she decks out with the signal of rejoicing:

* * * * *

It is in the sombre hall where Austell parted from Madeline some years ago that the girl is standing now, with forehead pressed against

the window-pane, as if watching for someone's coming. There is a pink flush of expectation in her cheek, a slight tremor in the hands she raises to shade her eyes from the afternoon light without, which is certainly in glaring contrast with this gloomy room. Madeline is waiting for someone—someone who is tardy in coming, who, perhaps, does not desire to meet her after these long years, in which all but Leah have thought of her as dead. And now she has come back to trouble them—to trouble them in a far more trying way than when she had to be scolded for torn dresses and ruined hats, or for idleness and wilfulness. Mrs. Trelawny is assuredly in no haste to resume the charge of her; and Austell—well, Austell never had a fancy for ghosts. Besides, a certain bit of flesh and blood, daintily and coquettishly decked out in a pretty peasant dress, has an attraction for him, which Madeline never had, and which serves as a clog to his unwilling feet.

This waiting grows unbearable, and Madeline is thankful to catch sight of Leah clattering about the town-place in her pattens, for all the world as if she had just stepped back out of the old days when Horace Trelawny was master. For time has changed Leah very little.

Madeline is saying to herself: "How well old Leah is looking!" and then she leans out of the window and calls her. For a moment Leah inclines to deafness; but she overcomes any tendency towards that infirmity of age, and hears very distinctly.

"Aunt Leah, is it not late? Do you think Austell has put off coming until to-morrow?"

"He's safe to come. Maister Seth, too; and I'll be main glad to see 'n, just to know how he been taking all this while that little joke o' the auld maister's about the will. Good luck, how keen Maister Seth were after it! All for himself, and none for nobody, like Jan fisherman down at the Bicking, when he hauled in St. Perran's grindstone floating on the water, and found it were naught but an empty barrel-hoop. But then he got a bit o' money wi' 's wife, did Maister Seth—better small fish than empty dish. She'll be for coming, too, like enow, and I'm fain to see which o' the two wears the breeches. I'll bet on Maister Seth, though; that I will."

"And I'll wager on Louise," Madeline says, laughing. "There is no one better at managing another than Austell's cousin."

"I don't see why Maister Austell ha'n't a wife to bring along wi' en. He were just the kind to be easily caught and made a fool of."

"Poor Austell!" Madeline says, under her breath.

"Eh, so he is poor Austell, and 's to be pitied in more ways than one," Leah asserts, remorselessly, having at least caught the tone of compassion in Madeline's voice. "He'll not only ha' to give up the property to you, but he'll ha' to marry 'ee; and it be my belief he don't care to do either."

"I will not force him to do either," Madeline says, with deepened colour.

"There ben't a many gets their wishes i' this life," Leah resumes, sententiously. "And Maister Austell be just of the kind that'll do what he thinks right at the minute, and never heed the stretch o' years ahead of en, he may repent in at his leisure. Now, Maister Seth, he

were aye different. He'll just march on in his own road, and it's a bit easier to follow 'en than to keep step wi' en."

"I never could see why you were all so afraid of Seth Badger," said Madeline, with the disdain of a conqueror. "Mr. Trelawny—my grandfather, and all of you. For my part, I never was in the least in awe of him."

"It 'ud been better for 'ee if 'ee had been," declares Leah. "It be easier to creep through a hole i' the wall than cut your way through the rock. If you'd married Maister Seth you'd ha' saved yourself a deal o' trouble, and other folk as are nameless 'ud been obliged to you."

"Other folk?" repeats Madeline.

"I do not intend to make my return hard to Cousin Austell; and for the rest, no one cares whether I am dead or alive," Madeline says, softly.

"Don't they, though! Do 'ee think as Maister Seth wants the past cast into his teeth? It 'ud none be more to his taste, maybe, than that gruel you spilled on the hearth that day the auld maister died; and I aye thought Maister Seth knew more about the seasoning o' that than he let on he did. And he were so set on marrying you, to keep you dumb, maybe."

"And yet you never breathed one word of your doubt of him!" exclaims Madeline.

"Arrah, not I, indeed! Other things may be seasoned so well's gruel, and an auld woman ben't not to say better than an auld man, i' some folks' mind. Not but what I did put a drop o' the gruel i' the doctor's hands; but he didn't choose to make nor meddle wi' 't; and I never stir up biting dogs, not if I know myself," Leah declares, with much self-gratulation on her wisdom.

Madeline does not answer. After a little thought she remarks:

"Perhaps it would have been better if I had never gone away."

"It ben't your going they'll complain about. It be your coming back," the old woman persists in telling her.

"It cannot be helped now," Madeline says, impatiently. "Hark, Leah! Do you not hear horses' hoofs?"

"It be the sound o' wheels," Leah decides, after listening a moment.

"Maister Austell ha' someone wi' en, or he'd never take to a coach."

"It is Mrs. Trelawny with Austell." Madeline has been watching for the approaching carriage, and catches a glimpse of it through the ivied gateway of the town-place.

"I'd none ha' thought Maister Austell that cowardly," remarks Leah, with contempt; "that he'd hide ahind his mother's petticoats. It's a queer thing to me, a man be that brave he'll stand up and be shot at, and then he'll turn coward at the sight of a mere maid like you. I'd stand up and be saucy, if I were you."

The carriage is stopping, and Leah has to refrain from further advice as to deportment, if she would safely reach her own domain, the kitchen, before Austell and his mother arrive. Neither does Madeline go out to meet them.

"I will look for Leah," Mrs. Trelawny is saying, somewhat nervously, to Austell, as the two cross the town-place together. "You can cal me when you want me."

And Austell, who would fain keep her with him, does not like to say so, but goes alone to the great dining-hall, where Leah has sent him to find Madeline.

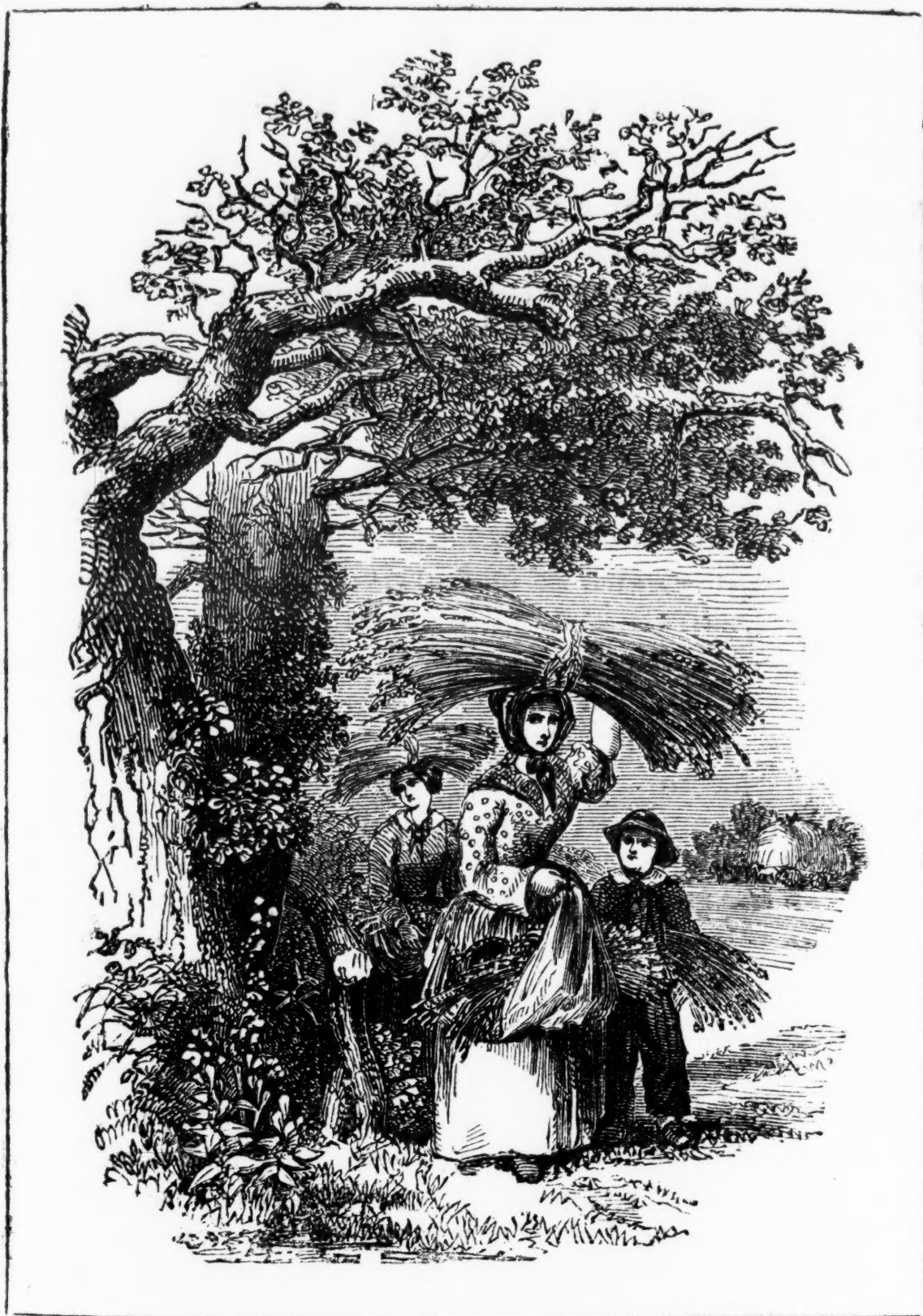
The scene of his parting with Madeline is painfully vivid to Austell, as he makes his reluctant way in search of her. It is as if he had again come at Horace Trelawny's bidding to pledge himself to take care of the old man's grandchild, and shield her from the machinations of Seth Badger—Seth Badger, who, old Horace feared, would work the child harm, and whom, after all, Austell had trusted, abandoning Madeline. Austell remembers his parting with the girl, her petulance and wilfulness, her proud determination not to be helped by him; and he doubts if the long years between have softened her heart towards him. If they have, how will she bear the story he is bound in all honour to tell her?

(To be continued.)

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

DID you ever hear the word "husband" explained? It means literally the band of the house, the support of it, the person who keeps it together as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. There are many married men who are not husbands, because they are not the band of the house. Truly, in many cases the wife is the husband; for oftentimes it is she who, by her providence, and thrift, and economy, keeps the house together. The married man who, by his dissolute habits, strips his house of all comfort, is not a husband; in a legal sense he is, but in no other, for he is not a house band; instead of keeping things together, he scatters them among the pawnbrokers. And now let us see whether the word "wife" has not a lesson too. It literally means a weaver. The wife is the person who weaves. Before our great cotton and cloth factories arose one of the principal employments in every house was the fabrication of clothing; every family made its own. The wool was spun into thread by the girls, who were therefore called spinsters; the thread was woven into cloth by their mother, who, accordingly, was called the weaver, or the wife. And another remnant of this old truth we discover in the word "heirloom," applied to any old piece of furniture which has come down to us from our ancestors, and which, though it may be a chair or bed, shows that a loom was once a most important article in every house. Thus the word "wife" means weaver; and, as Trench well remarks, in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, indoor, stay-at-home occupations as being fitted for her who bears this name.

STEAM-COOKED RICE.—The good old plan of cooking potatoes with steam in a colander made to fit a saucepan, is, we fear, on the decline. Much complaint is often made about "bad potatoes" but if they were steamed instead of boiled they would be very different. The same remark is applicable to rice. When boiled loose in water it is often sent to table a mass of paste; but when it is properly steamed it is soft, dry, and nutritious.



GLEANERS.

“The Harvest-Home! The Harvest-Home!

Come sing the joyful Harvest-Home—
At early morn

We reap'd the corn,
And now we've borne the harvest-home.

The corn is stack'd, our cares are o'er,
The flood and storm we fear no more;
Soon on the threshing-floor like hail,
Shall fall stout Roger's swinging flail,

Then let us sing the Harvest-Home.

The queen and all her noble court
Would joy to see our rustic sport;
We freely welcome all who come
To celebrate our Harvest-Home.

Then let us sing, &c.

The gleaners now may sweep the field,
And plenty for them may it yield!

The birds, too, fill their little claws
Between the stubble's prickly straws,
Then let us sing, &c.

Our master shows no niggard hand
To us who till and reap the land;
He shares our troubles, that we know,
And works as hard, and harder, too.

Then let us sing, &c.

Though he is rich and we are poor,
We leave our blessings at his door:
If all the rich like Him were kind,
Envy the poor would never blind.

Then let us sing the Harvest-Home!
God bless our master's Harvest-Home!

At early morn,

We reap'd the corn,
And now we've borne the harvest home.”

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAY. DEVONSHIRE.

THE following brief notes of a very pleasant holiday I spent in Devonshire some four or five years since, I hope may prove useful to such of my readers as have the opportunity of following my example, and interesting to others who may not be so fortunate.

One fine morning in August, a friend and myself set off by the weekly excursion from Waterloo Station to the West of England, and after a long journey through Surrey, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Dorset—past Woking and its gigantic cemetery, Salisbury with its superb tapering spire, and innumerable other places and objects, ancient and modern, beautiful and interesting—we at last arrived at our destination for that day, Seaton—a little town just within the borders of Devon. It may easily be imagined that our first occupation on this, and on many future occasions, was to search for a suitable inn or hotel, and this found, to order a “high tea” without delay, which by this time we were fully prepared to do justice to. After an hour or two we were quite ready for a stroll round the quiet little town and over the cliffs to a small and quaint fishing village close at hand, rejoicing in the name of Beer, the inhabitants which, in times gone by, were notorious for their smuggling propensities. The village consists of one street of thatched whitewashed cottages, stretching from the tiny bay where the fishing-smacks are hauled up high and dry on the beach, up the hill behind—the chief, if not the only, water supply consisting of a clear stream which bubbles up out of the ground just above the village, and dashes down by the side of the road in a paved channel just outside the cottage doors, and in which numerous ducks were enjoying themselves immensely. Seaton is a quiet little town, with few attractions of its own, but is surrounded by beautiful country, and will, no doubt, increase in importance year by year. After resting here on the Sunday, we set off on our travels in good time on the Monday morning, carrying all our “luggage” with us.

Passing through Beer again, we walked on for two or three hours through beautiful scenery to Branscombe, a village most delightfully situated in a sheltered valley. Excepting a very small gap to the sea, Branscombe is surrounded on all sides by steep hills, whose slopes are covered with grass of most brilliant colour, thickly sprinkled with trees. In the valley are extensive apple orchards, and numerous clear brooks running in all directions through them. The scene, as it first meets the eye on descending to the valley, is, indeed, lovely.

Pressing onwards, after a short rest, we reached Sidmouth, a fast growing watering place, situated in another beautiful valley, forming the course of the river Sid. The white houses, sprinkled far up the valley amongst the numerous trees, and the deep red colour of the soil where exposed, form a most effective contrast. We rested here a few hours, had some dinner and an hour’s sail, and then set off again in the cool of the evening. Passing through Otterton, and crossing the shallow river Otter, we reached Budleigh Salterton about nine o’clock. It being of course quite dark, we had some difficulty in finding quarters for the night, but succeeded at last to our entire satisfaction. Budleigh Salter-

ton we were not much struck with, and, consequently, pursued our way early next morning, and walked the few miles between it and Exmouth. This town is pleasantly situated on the river Exe, which is here nearly two miles in width but very shallow. The tower of the church, built up on the hill overlooking the town, forms a conspicuous and well-known landmark as viewed from the sea. Having soon exhausted the attractions of this place, we hired a boat, and by means of sail and oars, made our way across the river amongst the sandbanks, and round the opposite headland to Dawlish, some five-and-a-half miles distant, where we arrived about half past five, having been treated on the way to some dreadful yarns of sea fights &c., by our boatman, an old man-o'-war's man.

Dawlish is an exceedingly attractive and fashionable watering place, and was so full of visitors as to give us considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for the night, there being a scarcity of hotels of the second class. The town possesses a good parade, where we spent a very enjoyable evening, the weather being lovely, and a brilliant moon illuminating a perfectly smooth sea. That the sea is not *always* calm here is easily seen from the deep dark caverns which the waves have worn in the cliffs of hard, bright, red sandstone, and in some of which are great masses of sea weed which have been flung up and accumulated during the stormy winter. There are also many isolated peaks left standing some distance out at sea, showing where whole acres of cliff have been completely washed away by the sea. Through the centre of the town, from the country to the sea, runs a pretty garden of considerable width, called the "Lawn," in which lies the course of a small stream formed at various points into miniature cascades.

We left Dawlish about three o'clock next day, after having enjoyed a row on the "briny," and walked to Teignmouth, a larger town than Dawlish, but hardly so attractive, at least, in our opinion. It is, indeed, a port, and some little trade in shipbuilding is carried on there. It possesses a pier—rather a rarity in these Devon coast towns—which was, however, closed for some reason at the time of our visit. The houses fronting the sea, forming a crescent, are large and imposing, and have a good wide stretch of turf between them and the beach. Leaving here about eight o'clock, we had a lovely ride by rail to Torquay, the first portion of which lay beside the river Teign, which looked most beautiful under a bright moon. The town lies at some distance from the station, the road lying round a portion of Tor Bay, and the effect of the twinkling lights across the perfectly placid water, with a cloudless deep blue sky above, was most fascinating. Next morning we had a very enjoyable bath in the sea, which was so clear that the fish could be seen swimming far below. Torquay is justly called the "West of England Brighton," for, in its character it much resembles the famous Sussex town. Fronting the quay is a long row of most excellent shops, hardly to be surpassed in Regent Street itself. At the time of our visit the spacious quay was very full of yachts of all shapes and sizes, which, with their snow white sails and polished decks, looked the very picture of neatness. Numerous mansions are scattered amongst the trees on the hills behind the town, and very pleasant they must be in summer,

overlooking, as they do, the picturesque quay and the wide expanse of Tor Bay. The climate here in winter is famous for its mildness, and frequently in the middle of January lists of plants in flower in the open air at this place, are given in *The Times*.

On Thursday afternoon we proceeded by train to Kingswear, and ferried across the river Dart to Dartmouth. This curious old town is built on the steep bank of the river, the streets rising one above another to some height; one of the latter being approached from below by flights of some fifty or sixty steps. After rest and refreshment, we rowed out to the mouth of the river, at this point only 250 feet in width; it widens out immediately, however, into a fine harbour of deep water, of sufficient size to accommodate 500 large vessels. At the narrowest part are two small castles of the time of Edward IV., that on the right bank being used as a fort, and adjoins the old church, which rejoices in the name of S. Petrox; and that on the left, built on the very edge of the rocks, is used as a summer residence; in winter the ocean waves rushing up the narrow entrance to the harbour, dash nearly over it. Friday morning we spent in making a steamer trip up the river, known as the English Rhine. The course of the stream is very winding, and as the boat rounds each headland, the broad expanse of water ahead—in one or two cases as much as two miles across—has more the appearance of a lake than part of a river. The banks in the narrower portions rise up very steep and are thickly wooded, whilst here and there picturesque houses peep out from the trees. In the evening we had a good two hours row up the river, over our course of the morning, and in the moonlight the wooded banks looked almost lovelier than by daylight. The water was as smooth as glass, and not a sound was to be heard as we rested on our oars, save the cawing of the rooks flying homeward far above our heads.

On Saturday we were off by the 12.52 train to Exeter. The railway, after passing Teignmouth, runs along by the sea and the river Exe the whole distance, making the ride extremely pleasant. Of course, our first thought was to visit the cathedral, which is very fine. The interior we saw under a disadvantage, as the choir was then undergoing restoration. We spent a considerable time examining the handsome carved oak seats then being placed in position, also the famous reredos, which was the cause of so much contention a year or two since. As a work of art, this is very beautiful. After a glance at the numerous ancient tombs, we ascended the north tower, and were startled on our way up by a tremendous noise, which we presently discovered to be only the great bell striking six. The view from the summit over the surrounding country is most lovely—to the southward one can trace nearly the whole course of the Exe, right away to Exmouth, some 10 miles distant. Leaving the cathedral, we visited the ancient Guildhall, and the fine museum in Queen Street. On Sunday we attended the cathedral services, and in the evening took a pleasant walk into the interior. Our most enjoyable holiday was now over, and next morning we returned to London. It will not be out of place to add that the trip cost us very little over £5 each.

J. W. BROOKES.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

JOHANN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN,

Well known as a critical expounder of ancient classical art, was born on the 9th December, 1717, at Stendal, in Prussia, his father being a cobbler. The extreme poverty of his parents was for a long time a great barrier to Johann's obtaining an education. At length he persuaded them to send him to the burgh seminary, where his ability and perseverance were at once recognised. With his untiring industry he made rapid progress, and having been promoted to the rank of usher in the village school, he soon began to contribute towards the support of his parents. Early developing a taste for art, he spent his time in unremitting study; and as a pleasing instance of his youthful enthusiasm it is related that having heard that a celebrated library was to be sold at Hamburgh, he proceeded thither on foot, asking charity by the way, as was the custom of German students on their rambles, and purchased some of the books on which he had set his heart.

At the age of twenty-one it was thought he was fitted for the Church. Winckelmann was sent to study theology at the University of Halle. There he had access to the public libraries; but at the end of two years he abandoned his ecclesiastical researches. Help from home failed him, and he was thrown friendless upon the world.

Having read "Cæsar's Commentaries," Winckelmann resolved upon a pedestrian journey to France in order to visit the scene of the great Roman General's military exploits. His funds soon became exhausted, and he was compelled to retrace his steps. When near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the following incident occurred:—At the bridge of Fulda he saw his seedy appearance reflected in the stream, and had pulled out a razor for a clean shave when a party of ladies set up a loud scream, thinking he was on the point of committing suicide. A satisfactory explanation ensued, and the ladies generously constrained him to accept a gift of money, which materially assisted him in continuing his journey.

Winckelmann next went to Jena, where he struggled hard to complete his knowledge of medicines, his idea being to make it a profession. This also failed, and he became tutor in a private family. In 1743 a schoolmastership was offered him at Seehausen, and though the income was but £35 a-year, he was glad to accept it; the more so, as, being near Dresden, he had frequent opportunities of inspecting the famous treasures of art accumulated there. In this situation he remained five years, toiling night and day in the pursuit of his profession, his means being so scanty that he narrowly escaped starving. Reluctantly quitting his occupation in 1748, in consequence of a quarrel with the school inspector, he was once more without employment, and after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain it, was engaged in a subordinate position in a nobleman's library, at a yearly salary of £12. His incessant labour at length began to tell upon his health, and in 1751, at the recommendation of the Papal Nuncio at Dresden, he went to Italy. Taking up his quarters in Rome, his health gradually improved,

and in 1759 Cardinal Albani made him keeper of his collection, with an ample salary and merely nominal duties. He now associated with the most eminent men of his day, and, forgetting his early struggles, devoted himself to literature, and gave the world a series of masterly writings, the principal of which—the “History of Ancient Art”—was published at Dresden in 1764.

By this time Winckelmann had established a European reputation, and might, had he so chosen, have been the guest of kings and emperors. In 1768, he was induced by his friends in Germany to pay them a visit; and accompanied by a Roman sculptor named Cavaceppi, he set out for his native land. But on arriving at Ratisbon, where he was received with great distinction by the Empress-queen, Maria Theresa, he determined to return to Rome. In opposition to all entreaties, he proceeded to Trieste, where he took up his quarters at an hotel, intending to sail for Italy in the first ship for Ancona. Here a tragic incident occurred on the 8th June. He met at the hotel an Italian stranger named Arcangeli, who promised to introduce him to the captain of an Ancona ship. The man had been banished for theft from Austria; but Winckelmann, ignorant of the fellow's antecedents, told him everything about himself except his name, and showed him the presents he had received from the Empress. These excited Arcangeli's cupidity; and one day the Italian asked him to show the company at dinner the medals which had been given him by the Empress Maria Theresa. Winckelmann refused, and likewise declined to tell his name. He sat down, with his back towards the Italian, and began to write. Arcangeli took from his pocket a knotted cord, which he threw over his victim's head. It tightened round Winckelmann's throat as he started up, but he struggled manfully with the assassin for a short time. Arcangeli then drew a knife, and plunged it into the bosom of the unfortunate man, who died in a few hours. The murderer escaped, but was soon afterwards captured, and made to pay the death penalty for his atrocious crime.—Condensed expressly for “After Work,” from “Paul's Celebrities.”

THOMSON SHARP.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

PIERRE'S TRIAL—CONTINUED.

By MISS C. K. B. HARRIS.

PIERRE'S favourite seat had always been on the long low seat just outside of the door under the shelter of the drooping roof, also down in the hay-field where his mother worked, and where he liked watching her tossing the hay along with the other women, dressed in their pretty Swiss bodices, and large white sleeves, and broad-brimmed hats, such as may be seen on all the mountain side in that part of Switzerland; for long ago Pierre had given up going about with other

boys, and though he had never told his mother the reason why he always kept by himself or near to her, she knew well that it was because he had already suffered so much from the cruel jests and jeers of his companions.

One pleasant summer's afternoon Pierre sat as usual on the bench by the chalet door, a book beside him, but his eyes wandering to the various groups of people, most of them laughing and merry, who were constantly climbing up, or going down the hill.

The air was pure and fresh among these mountains, and from where Marguerite's cottage stood the view down the green sloping valleys, and away across to the high mountains in the far distance, which still in June, had their peaks covered with snow, made many people toil up the rough narrow paths just for the pleasure of standing at the top, and looking round upon all this beautiful and varied scenery. It was not only the inhabitants of the surrounding chalets who stood up from their work and gazed down with a feeling of contented pride upon the country they are so justly fond and proud of; but there were visitors from almost all parts of the world who had come over to Switzerland to seek health or pleasure among its beautiful hills, and among these, many had already that year passed and repassed before Marguerite's door. Pierre was always glad when summer came, for he liked watching the different groups that passed daily, and wondering where they came from, and weaving fanciful stories in his own mind concerning them.

As he sat now, warming himself in the sun, his eyes fell on a merry set of children coming up the steep ascent; they were riding on mules, whose bridles were made gay by bits of coloured ribbons, and their necks adorned by little shining bells which chimed in with a pleasant tinkling sound to the laughing of the party. They passed the cottage, and stopping at a short distance from it, dismounted, and seating themselves under the trees prepared to eat their luncheon, and to rest themselves.

But one of the children, whose face as he passed the house had seemed to Pierre to be the brightest and merriest looking of the party, stopped behind the others, and asked him for a drink of water.

Poor Pierre—It was a trial to him to get up and let himself be seen, but there was such a kindly look in the lad's face, that he felt he was safe from any mocking laugh, and going inside he brought out a glass of milk, and gave it up to him.

"Thank you very much;" the boy

said gently as he handed back the empty glass, and in his expression and in his voice, Pierre knew there was a word of sympathy and pity. As he joined his companions Pierre stood looking after him; a touch of envy and bitterness mixing in his heart with the admiration he felt for that happy, joyous face.

The cripple saw however, with great surprise, that as he joined the others who were already seated on the mossy grass that he did not attempt to dismount, but that the gentleman who was with the party came and lifted him off carefully from the mule, and carrying him in his arms, laid him wrapped in a shawl under the trees.

Pierre felt strangely attracted, and creeping closer to the group watched them unnoticed for a long time. He saw the other children spring up after they were rested, and go off in different directions in search of flowers and ferns, but the boy who had spoken so kindly to him still sat leaning against the tree, and talking to the gentleman who lay on the grass beside him.

Pierre did not know what they were saying for they spoke to each other in English, but he could see that they were looking away to the snowy peaked mountains with admiration, and not less so upon the nearer scenery round them.

Marguerite came back from the fields as Pierre still stood watching, and handed him a few wild roses she had gathered on her way home, but he signed to her not to speak loud, and pointing to the figures under the trees whispered, "Mother, *why* does he look so happy?"

Marguerite's eyes followed in the direction to which he pointed and rested for a minute on the sunny upturned face of the boy, and then with a bitterness in her voice she answered, "I suppose he *is* happy, and that is what makes him *look* happy."

Pierre's voice was lower still as he held his mother by the dress, for she had tried to draw him away, thinking the sight of happiness and pleasure would be as great a pain for him as for herself, "Mother," he said, "I don't

think that's the reason, for I think he is something like *me*."

It was almost the first time Pierre had referred to his own infirmity so plainly, and the remark was called forth now by his wonder at seeing a lad whom he saw was a cripple, as he was, looking so happy.

His mother turned at his words, and looked with greater interest at the slight figure on the grass; the pain in her mind turning to compassion, as she said softly, "God help him, poor child."

Pierre put the flowers back into his mother's hand; "Give him the roses," he said, "I think he would like them."

He felt shy of offering them himself, but his heart had gone out to the gentle looking boy, and he felt as if his favourite flowers must please him too.

Marguerite hesitated too. The gentleman and his companion had turned their eyes from the white mountains, and were both looking up with interest at the picturesque chalet near them, and the gentleman was pointing out with his hand the letters carved into the wood.

Pierre and his mother turned also to see what it was had drawn their attention, and as they read the words so long neglected, the gentleman perceived them standing there, and addressed them in their own language.

"We have just been reading your verse up there; it is a true and beautiful promise to have over one's door—better still to have it in one's heart," he said, and he looked with interest at the sorrowful looking woman and her equally sorrowful-looking son. He seemed at once to guess the secret of their sad looks, and rising, laid his hand on the cripple's shoulder, saying gently as he again glanced up at the chalet, "Those who belong to the Lord Jesus Christ shall have their hearts made strong—that is the promise; strong to bear sorrow; strong to fight against sin."

Pierre looked up surprised. The words were new and strange to him; but Marguerite answered still sadly, "It may be true to some Sir, but there are sorrows that even the Lord cannot help us to bear; that's my belief—that's what I have found."

(Concluded in our next.)

A CHAT ABOUT COLOGNE.

EVERYTHING we touch, taste, see, or hear, produces a certain something called sensation. Who can forget the child-sensations of opening life? or the deeper, solemn, and more exalted ones of maturer years? But of all sensations, the one which gives an ever-deepening joy, is that felt, when the dreams of our best moments pass into realities, and when the anticipations of our youthful and enthusiastic days become accomplished facts. Such was the sensation which possessed us when we first set foot on German soil in the regal city of Cologne. Some may possibly smile at such enthusiasm for that country which, until recently, we in our ignorance often sneered at, as though it were a nation of barbarians, instead of being rich in men with *gest*. But to *know* a people and their history, is to love both them and their country. All countries and all history become glorious when regarded as fresh revelations of the deeds of God among men and through men. History, which to not a few is merely an uninteresting accumulation of dates and facts relating to kings and queens and their satellites, would become instinct with life and interest, if the idea of God in History fully possessed the minds of both historians and readers.

It was late at night when we reached Cologne, and we gladly availed

ourselves of the hotel omnibus which was waiting at the terminus to pick up passengers for the "Belle Vue." After taking some refreshment, and indulging in a stroll through the hotel garden with an American fellow-traveller, we retired to rest, thankful to enjoy the new sights and sounds alone. On throwing back the window a strange, un-English sight met the view. Immediately in front flowed the grand, historic Rhine, and in its placid waters myriads of lights were reflected as in a mirror, whilst on the right the outline of a magnificent bridge could be distinctly seen. The beauty of the water was rivalled by that of the cloudless, star-spangled sky of the summer night. The balmy air wafted the strains of delicious music from the garden beneath. Music well befitted such a night and such a scene, it made the beautiful go beautifully. At last, weary even with happiness, we lay down to sleep upon one of those beds which the Germans make so enticing with large downy pillows. We would fain see a general exodus of English pillows, which seem to be made with the express purpose of causing nightmare, restlessness, and feverishness. The German pillows are a yard square, filled with down, and covered with a pretty rose-pink ticking over which is put a pillow-case, so trimmed with lace insertion that the pink lining is seen.

Koln, or Cologne, is one of the oldest cities of Germany. It owes its foundation to a camp pitched by the Romans under Marcus Agrippa. During the reign of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, a native tribe called the Ubii migrated from the right side of the Rhine to the left, and settled on the spot now called Cologne. Originally, the city was named *Civitas Ubiorum*, but in A.D. 50, Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, sent a colony of Roman veterans, who, in honour of her, changed its former name into *Colonia Agrippina*. The present appellation, Cologne, is a modification of the ancient *Colonia*. There are unmistakeable evidences of the possession of the city by the Romans, not only in the remains of walls which once formed its defences, but inscriptions, coins, and different articles are found from time to time when the ground is excavated. Even the citizens are said to "betray their hereditary blood, and to differ considerably from their German neighbours. They were so proud of their Roman origin, that up to the time of the French revolution, the higher citizens styled themselves patricians; the two burgomasters wore the consular toga, and were attended by lictors" (officers whose duty was to carry the fasces, or symbols of magisterial authority, before the chief magistrates on their appearance in public).

The present Town Hall is believed to have been built on the site once occupied by the Roman *Prætorium* (or general's tent in the camp, also governor's house or palace). Cologne is rich in historical associations. In this city the mother of Nero was born in the camp of her father; here also Trajan was called to ascend the Imperial throne, and Vitellius and Sylvanus were proclaimed Emperors of Rome.

Constantine, in the year 308, commenced a stone bridge over the Rhine to Deutz, which lies opposite the city, forming the *tête-de-pont* of Cologne. It is considered to have been a Roman fort, and was a fortress up to 1114. At the present time it is connected to the mainland by two

bridges, namely a boat bridge, and the one referred to at the beginning of the paper. This grand permanent double-iron lattice bridge is a magnificent specimen of the skill of modern engineers. Its length is 1397 feet; part of it is a railway bridge, the other part (28 feet broad), is used for general traffic. Above the portals are immense equestrian statues which stand like giant sentinels of the city; on the Cologne end of the bridge, Frederick William IV., and on the Deutz end, William I.

Later on in the year 503, Clovis was proclaimed king of the Franks in Cologne. From the 12th to the 15th century it was a commercial city of great importance. In 1259, Cologne secured a right by which all ships were obliged to load and unload in its port. In the time of its prosperity it could muster 30,000 fighting men. At last, however, came the ebb, the city fell under the dominion of Popish ecclesiastics of which there were at one period of its history as many as 2,500, whilst there were twice as many beggars. Churches and convents increased amazingly, so that before the first French Revolution, Cologne contained upwards of 200 places of worship. In 1814, the Russians took the city, and not long after it became Prussian, from which date it has increased rapidly in size, wealth, and importance, till now it ranks high among the chief cities of Europe.

Facing the Cologne end of the suspension bridge, stands the Dom Kirche or cathedral, in all its grandeur. It was begun about the year 1270, and is still in course of erection; even now it is but a fragment compared with the intended design of Zwirner. It is impossible to give an adequate description of its architectural magnificence and vastness. Cologne still boasts of twenty-five churches, out of which number only two are Protestant. They each possess more or less interest for the historian, artist, and architect.

On the 29th of June, 1577, was born a child who became, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art, the best workman with his tools, that ever exercised a pencil." His parents named him Peter Paul Rubens.

But the name and fame of Cologne will last as long as there is a printing press in the world, for in this city towards the decline of the fifteenth century, William Caxton learned the art of printing of Conrad Winters, who had set up his press in Cologne.

ALICE AUGUSTA GORE.

GOLDEN SAYINGS.

True friendship is like a well-built arch which standeth at first at a greater distance, and thence leisurely groweth up into a greater closure at the top and so it will stand the better for weight.—*Ibid.*

Many a fair and beautiful form has enshrined a truly ugly mind, and on the other hand a lovely soul has sometimes inhabited an ungracious body.—*Jay.*

Spiritual blessings which secure our felicity are better and much more desirable than fine notions which satisfy our curiosity.—*M. Henry.*

Abba and Amen uttered in faith are the might of prayer, faith is the tongue that begs pardon and the hand that receives it.

Many weep for sin as old friends do when they part for awhile, but who wish and hope to meet again.

NOTES ABOUT THE WEATHER.

THERE are other ways by which to form a correct opinion of the kind of weather we are going to have besides looking at a barometer. It is well to know these ways, so as to be able to avail ourselves of them when we cannot conveniently obtain access to a barometer.

A piece of common floor oilcloth when spread upon the floor forms a very reliable substitute for a barometer. When damp falling weather is approaching the oilcloth will become wrinkled up in ridges and not lie smoothly. In this condition it will continue until the weather is about to become clear; when it will straighten itself out and lie smoothly on the floor until the weather is about to undergo another change.

Another way by which a very correct judgment can be formed in regard to the kind of weather we are to have, is the following:—Select for observation the smallest cloud you can see; keep your eyes fixed upon it, and notice if it grows in size or if it decreases and disappears. If it increases, it is a sure sign of approaching rain, or bad, wet weather of some kind. If, however, it decreases and disappears, it is a sure sign that there is going to be fair weather. The rapidity with which the cloud either increases or diminishes in size forms a good criterion by which to estimate the probable length of time that will intervene before the weather clears up, or the storm sets in. When the air is gathering electricity each cloud will attract towards itself all the lesser ones in its neighbourhood, until it produces a shower. On the contrary, when the electric fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will break into pieces and dissolve.

The leaves of the white or silver poplar trees are also good barometers. When wet stormy weather prevails or is approaching they turn the under or white sides of their leaves upwards, and their upper or green sides downwards. In fair weather their leaves keep their natural position with their green sides upward.

The following rules, applicable to forming an opinion concerning the character of the weather for the seven days intervening between two changes of the moon are generally very reliable.

First. The nearer to midnight the change of the moon takes place the greater is the probability that there will be fair weather for the following seven days. The space allowed for this calculation occupies from ten o'clock at night to two o'clock the following morning.

Second. The nearer to noon or mid-day the change of the moon takes place the greater is the probability that there will be fair weather during the following seven days. The space allowed for this calculation occupies from ten o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon.

Domestic fowls always roost high when wet weather is approaching, but roost much lower when the weather is going to be fair.

The ark is a guest that always pays well for its entertainment, and when Christ had borrowed Peter's boat to preach a sermon out of it he presently repaid him for the loan with a great draught of fishes.

THE VILLAGE ALE-HOUSE.

A public-house in a country village had over its door the following lines:

“My Name and Sign are thirty shillings, just,
And he who tells shall have a quart on trust.”

Those of our readers who have studied the early history of England, and are acquainted with the value of old English coins, will easily be able to discover the answer to this puzzle. *Mark Noble kept the Angel.*

				s.	d.
The Mark	was	worth	..	13	4
„ Noble	„	„	..	6	8
„ Angel	„	„	..	10	0
				<hr/>	
Total				30	0
				<hr/>	

But we would not have advised any one who could guess the riddle, to claim the offered reward; and we may thus set down our reason:—

Now *mark*, my friends, it is more *noble* far
To shun the “public;” for the bitter fruit
Of money squandered at the ale-house bar
Is not to make an *angel*, but a brute.

E. S. T.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

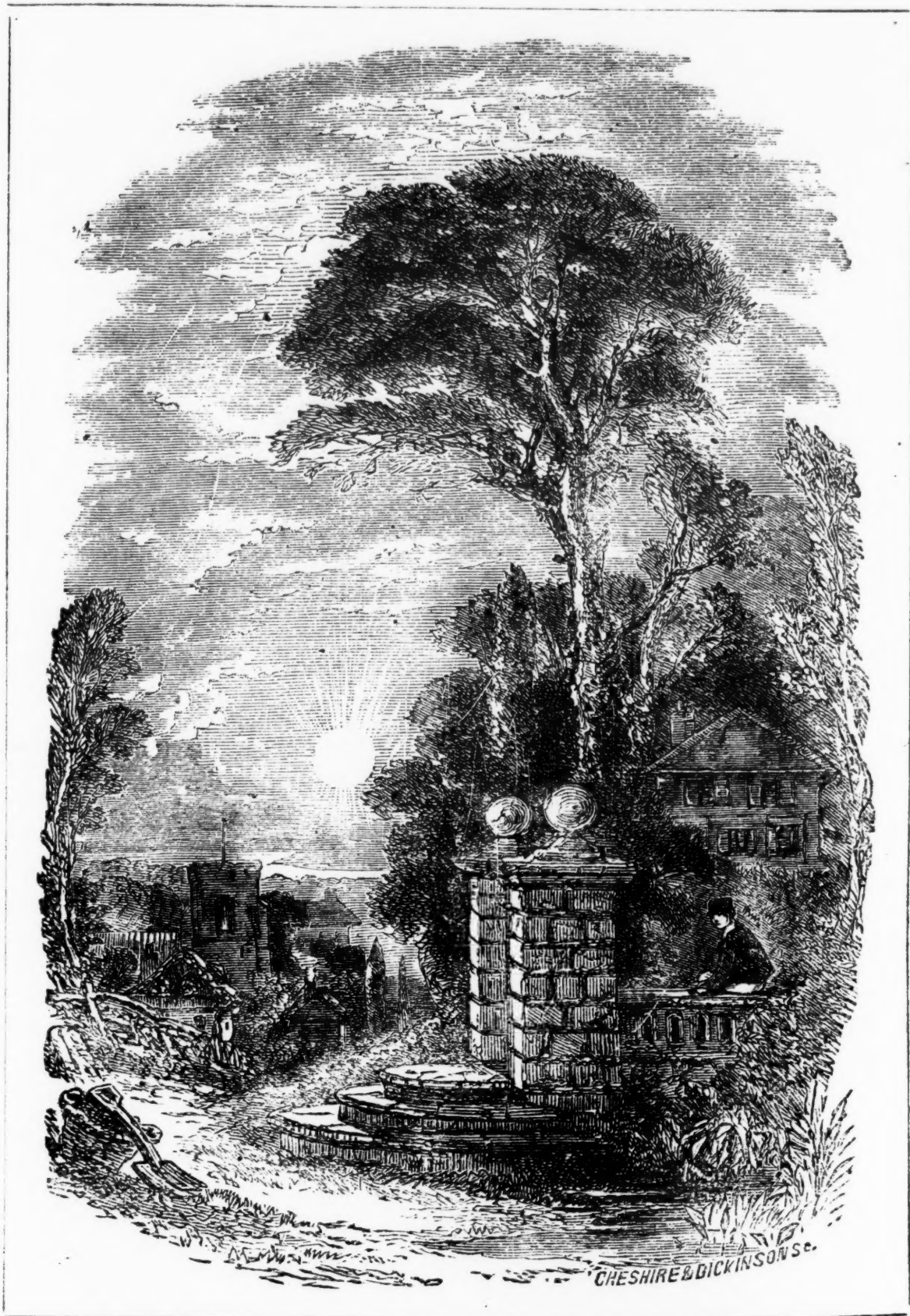
What neat housekeeper is not annoyed when she sees on the spotless woodwork of her doors or windows those long dark scratches which reveal that someone has tried to light a match by drawing it across the paint? Now this is sometimes our experience, for servants will be forgetful or careless, and the tell-tale scratches greet our eyes in most unlooked-for quarters. But we have found a remedy for the marks, which, as everyone knows, quite defy soap-and-water. Cut a sour orange or lemon in half, apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard; then wash off with a clean rag, dipped first in water to moisten it, and then in whiting. Rub well with this rag, dry thoroughly, and nine times out of ten the ugly marks will vanish. Of course, sometimes they are burned in so deeply that they cannot be quite eradicated. All finger-marks on painted walls, &c. should

be rubbed off with a little damp whiting in the same way, and never washed with soap-suds, which destroys the paint.

DRYING UMBRELLAS.—Most people dry their umbrellas handle upwards. This concentrates the moisture at the tip, where it is close, rusts the wires which secure the stretchers, and rots the silk. After the umbrella is drained it is better to invert it handle down, and dry it in that position; or, better still, not to spread it open, as nothing so quickly spoils its shape.

A GOOD BAKING POWDER.—Take of tartaric acid eight ounces, bicarbonate of soda nine ounces, rice flour ten ounces; see that all the ingredients are perfectly dry, then powder them, and mix them by sifting all well together. Preserve the powder in glass bottles carefully corked. A teaspoonful of it is sufficient to raise a pound of ordinary flour.





THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

The sun shines bright, the air is calm,
Fir trees and flowers give out their
balm;

All things around speak forth to man,
And tell of God whose all-wise plan
In the beginning He hath willed
And through six thousand years fulfilled.

All still is good, and so will last
Until this world and time are past,
And life begun, prepared on earth,
In heaven will have new second birth.
He ruleth all with power and love,
By things on earth leads thoughts
above.

In living creatures, works or tree,
One wise Creator we may see,

The bees industrious speed their flight
Guided to choose their course aright
To flowers that contain a store,
Of that sweet food that once of yore,
Gave health to holy John to preach,
And wondrous truths of God to teach,
From wilderness was heard His voice,
Repent, believe, and then rejoice.
For lo! the Saviour comes to give
Pardon and Peace to all who live,
If truly they forsake all sin,
And meek and lowly turn to Him.

Swallows know 'tis autumn weather,
Wisely gather them together,
Prepare to fly to warmer clime,
There to abide cold winter time.

The dragon-fly darts swift about
 Among the bushes in and out,
 With slender body striped with green,
 Transparent wings that scarce are seen
 Flapping in its appointed way,
 Enjoying life though short its day.

The shrubs have borne their brilliant
 flowers
 That charmed us during summer hours.
 But time is wasted not by them,
 Look, buds already on the stem,
 Where flowers are now begun to be,
 Though not till summer shall we see

Them open forth to scent the air
 And please us by their beauty rare.
 Thus whichever way we turn
 How many lessons we may learn,
 Then let us songs of thanks and praise
 To God our Father gladly raise,
 And see and own His mighty hand
 In all things spread around the land,
 On earth, in air, and in the sky
 We know His watchful care is nigh,
 We feel His power, we know his love
 For ever guide us from above.

ELIZABETH TWINING.

PLANTS AND INSECTS.

“Recently Sir John Lubbock, M.P., delivered a lecture on the Relation of Plants to Insects. He gave a description of the flower of the common nettle, of which he exhibited an enlarged diagram. He pointed out that the lower lobe of the corolla formed a kind of platform, having at each end a projecting lobe or tooth. Between the lower and upper projected the little point of the pistil. At the lower end of the tube there was a small reservoir of honey, and just above was a little row of fine hairs. What did all those parts of the flower mean? and why was the flower white? What was it that regulated the length of the tube? and why was the corolla white, while the rest of the flower was green? Such questions might be asked with respect to almost every flower. A celebrated German botanist, Christian Conrad Sprin-gell, had been the first to throw light on this interesting question. Every one knew the importance of flowers to insects, and that bees and butterflies derived the main part of their nourishment from flowers, but comparatively few were aware of the importance of insects to flowers. If flowers were useful to insects, insects were indispensable to flowers. The beautiful and varied colours of many flowers were due to the existence of insects. The hues, lines, and shades found in day flowers were invariably absent in night flowers, and the reason was that, as they bloomed at night they could not be seen. Those flowers which were not fertilized by insects did not possess either colour, scent, or honey. In the great majority of instances the relations between insects and flowers were mutual, but in some plants it was different. There was a North American plant which actually seized and devoured the insect which alighted on its leaves. By means of a diagram Sir John illustrated this process by which the insect-devouring plant captured its prey. Representations of open and closed leaves were shown. Sir John said that a number of interesting experiments had been tried with these leaves, and it had been found that they very much disliked cheese, which disagreed with them and made them extremely ill. He then entered into a description of the simple structure of flowers and dwelt at considerable length on the results of the fertilization of flowers by different causes. Those fertilized by insects reached the

highest state of excellence. Self-fertilization, he said, tended to dwarf the flowers. In the case of a convolvulus experiments had been tried by which it was shown that where the flower had been self-fertilized it only grew to a height of five feet, while the flower fertilized by the pollen of another plant had grown to a height of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The hon. lecturer then mentioned some experiments to test if bees were or were not able to distinguish colours. He said he had taught a bee to come to a certain place for honey, and he had then placed a quantity of honey on some blue paper. He allowed the bee to come to this honey several times, and he then placed some more honey on a piece of orange-coloured substance. During the absence of the bee on one occasion he took advantage of the opportunity and shifted the positions of the two lots of honey. The bee came as usual to the spot where the blue paper had formerly been placed, and stood as if in doubt near to the orange-coloured substance, and then it dashed over to the blue paper and commenced feeding from it as usual. The lecturer said he had experimented with a variety of colours and found it was always the case; if they used a bee to take honey from a certain colour, he would always select that colour from among others. It was fortunate for them that bees enjoyed the same colours and liked the same smells as they did, as there were certain flowers which were fertilized by flies, who preferred livid yellow, dingy red, and very unpleasant-smelling flowers, and they were invariably accompanied by a very disagreeable odour. Therefore, if the majority of flowers were fertilized by flies they would find that their gardens lost many of their present charms. After referring to the physical action of flowers of the class fertilised by insects, the lecturer went on to refer to the different plants which repelled the visits of insects. Why were some flowers sticky and some slippery, and what was the use of hair upon plants? These conditions were to repel the visits of unwelcome insects who could not make use of the pollen they robbed the flower of for fertilizing purposes. He proceeded to explain the physical adaptation of insects to the flowers with which they were so nearly allied. Referring again to plants, he said that they found that at certain particular hours, flowers closed. This habit of going to sleep was very curious, and different flowers kept different hours. The reason for it, however, was obvious, for flowers which were fertilized by moths and other night-flying insects would derive no advantage from being open by day, and on the other hand, those fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open by night. The closing of flowers, he believed, had reference to the habits of insects, and it must be confessed that the opening and closing of flowers was gradual, and that the hours varied greatly according to circumstances. Although it would be possible to construct a flower clock, he was sure in these days it would not be of very much use. The observations to which he had that evening called attention had given to flowers additional interest, and often showed that insects, especially bees, had an importance previously unsuspected. The arrangement of the colours, forms, and scent of flowers—all had reference to the visit of insects, and were disposed in such a manner as to secure the great object for which these visits were destined, so that it came to pass that just as gardeners by selecting

seeds from the most beautiful, so insects, by the fertilization of the largest and most beautiful flowers, begat others as beautiful, so insects, by the fertilization of the largest and most beautiful flowers unconsciously, but not the less effectively, contributed in a large degree to the beauties of our woods and fields."

HOMELY PROVERBS.

'FAST ENOUGH, IF WELL ENOUGH.

A certain mother would often say to her daughters, when they were engaged in any female handiwork requiring care and skill, "Now, girls, when this is completed, and it comes to be looked at by others, remember, they will not be so likely to ask, 'How long did it take to do this?' as, 'Who did it?'" Her saying is suggestive. Blind impetuosity and headlong impulsiveness are not to be commended, and they generally defeat their own ends. How many fail of achieving what they might have achieved, of being what they might have been, because they are all feverish assiduity one day, all listlessness and vapid vacuity the next. Not such was the celebrated painter, Apelles, who was so attentive to his profession, that he never spent a day without employing his pencil, whence *Nulla dies sine linea*, (No day without a line).

"Alas!" said a widow, speaking of her brilliant but careless son, "he hasn't the gift of continuance." Those who act by fits and starts, though clever, are outstripped even by the dull, when these are diligent. 'Tis the old story of the tortoise beating the hare. "Perseverance kills the game," says the Spanish proverb; and the Italian, "He conquers who sits in his saddle." We have—"A mouse in time may bite a cable in two." "Slow and steady"—the two together, not the one without the other—"Slow and steady wins the race." "Fair and softly goes far in a day." Suppose some strong and swift-footed reader of AFTER WORK were to set off running at full speed up that immense detached mountain in Persian Armenia, venerated by the Armenians as the resting-place of Noah's ark after the subsiding of the Deluge, or with similar fierceness were to assail the

loftiest peak of the Caucasus chain, 18,493 feet high, greater than the elevation of Ararat; what would be the consequence? He would very soon be out of breath, and then, perforce, he would have to do as one advised, who, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, would say, "Stay awhile to make amend the sooner." And the king of adages with Erasmus was a favourite saying of the Emperors Augustus and Titus, *Festina lente*. (Hasten leisurely). Erasmus wished it to be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes—on public buildings and on our rings and seals.

Hasten leisurely; do nothing in mad haste. "Who go softly goes safely, and who goes safely goes far." (Ital.) "Take it easy and live-long are brothers." (Germ.) "Fast enough if well enough." (Lat.) Haste trips up its own heels. "Naething in haste but gripping o' fleas." (Scotch.) "He that goes too hastily along often stumbles on a fair road." (French.) "Reason lies between the bridle and the spur." (Ital.) "Draw not your bow till your arrow is fixed." "He that rides ere he is ready wants some o' his graith." (Scotch)—he leaves some of his accoutrements behind him.

To check unprofitable haste, Sydney Smith adopted what he called a *Screaming gate*. "We all arrived once at a friend's house before dinner, hot, tired, and dusty—a large party assembled—and found all the keys of our trunks had been left behind. Since then, I have established a screaming gate. We never set out on a journey now without stopping at a gate about ten minutes' distance from the house, to consider what we have left behind. The result has been excellent."

THOMSON SHARP.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READING.

UPS AND DOWNS.

THERE is nothing so characteristic of life—with its freight of cares and joys, hopes and disappointments—as uncertainty and fluctuation. Absolutely we cannot name one single thing ministering to our mere animal pleasure or comfort that can be held with any certain feeling of durability. This fact, viz. : the patent truth realised by every child of sorrow or trial, of the ever-varying phases of our condition, offers a pathetic comment on the frailty of our common nature and its evanescent qualities. But by contrast with the ups and downs of existence here and now, man is led to value still higher that state in the future to which he looks with the eye of faith—a state in which vicissitude and change are unknown; unless it be the change that awaits a higher development and nobler powers. And thus by a merciful provision of our Father in heaven, mankind turn from the trembling ground beneath him, and fixes his thoughts far away from earth, feeling within him the guarantee that the ups and downs of his brief career below are but a probation, to fit him for the enjoyment of a serene, untroubled future.

Well, indeed, would it be for us, could we learn to look at chequered life in this way. Salutory would be the lessons learnt, if we viewed the uncertainty of our hopes in this world as giving a greater weight and importance to the claims of the life beyond. But, instead, we too frequently repine at the hardness of our lot, and fail to see that the Hand which smites us with trial and change does so for our highest and best welfare. And, thus, it is too common to see people who have had a large share of the ups and downs that attend most careers, becoming soured, morose characters; cynically despising all things, and living a purposeless, aimless life. This they are doing simply because they have made the discovery that none of their possessions were lasting or durable! Yet surely this is foolish and illogical, entailing more misery and heart-wretchedness than was either necessary or called for. For if the depressions of every-day experience warrant sadness; surely the elevations that mark our lot here are deserving of our gratefulness. Fancy existence prolonged without the cheering influence that comes to us in times of joy and success! Why, these “ups” that visit all of us sooner or later, if we are patient, are like the green oasis in the desert, and if they come few and far between, still the desert would have been more unbearable were they absent altogether!

We all know something of ups and downs, do we not? Ah, it is needless to ask the question. Now it is a friendship formed; one that promises fair, and seems likely to last with benefits to both;—but a little space of time passes, and we make a sudden discovery that fills us with dismay; the friendship is broken, and in place of the happiness we looked for come regrets and estrangement. This is one of the most frequent of the vicissitudes that beset our path. Sympathy is so sweet at all times; and specially so when the heart is full, and longing to unburden its load to a close listener, who can be relied upon. We unfold our inner selves, unsuspectingly and generously we tell our secret.

desires, and feelings, and emotions, to another, under the seal of a holy friendship. Alas! for the simplicity and unsophisticated nature of our confidence! The so-called friend turns out an enemy in disguise; or, if not so, perhaps a wide chasm opens up unexpectedly in some vital divergence of thought or opinion. The "up" is replaced by a "down;" we are wretched and lonely, for we have sustained a shock which it takes some time to remove the effects of, and restore us to equanimity.

Then look at the rise and fall we are always experiencing in respect to things of every-day life, and affairs that touch us personally in mind, body, or estate. How bright shines the sun of our prosperity one day; but how swiftly sweeps the cloud of adversity across his face the next, and hides his lustre. How high rises our hope one hour, how deep our dejection the next, owing to altered circumstances over which we had no control! Projects and plans which we had formed with the buoyant trust that they would succeed; a few short weeks lay in the dust for us, and we are left sad and desolate, mourning like children over their poor shattered toys. How constantly do we spend our energies upon things that yield us no comfort; but are like the apples of Sodom, bitter to our taste when within the power of grasping. Yet, in all these fluctuations; in all these ups and downs of our existence, there is a purpose if we miss it not, and a purpose which is intended to benefit us in ways we neither see nor appreciate. Were our lives to be one continued and uninterrupted flow of comfort and success, we might become loth to leave this scene for a better. Again; still better, perhaps, philosophy of the best kind may be gained by the constant repetition of the doctrine that all things temporal are as the chaff driven before the wind. Our souls should be built up in strength and calm serenity by the knowledge rightly learnt through these vicissitudes, and therefore let us welcome them as a part of the system Divinely arranged to mould and develop our higher selves.

But there are ups and downs of a different kind still. There are mysterious changes affecting emotion, feeling, and general tone of the mind. How frequent an experience in the case of every reader whose eye lights on this page! Yet often, nay, mostly, we are unable to give substantial reasons either for the rise or the fall of our spirits. Now it is as though some invisible breath of sadness from a distant world had swept the harp of our souls, and tuned them to sadness; for we feel gloomy and downcast without apparent cause. Anon, a strain of livelier melody seems to have been awakened within by an unseen touch, for we are glad and buoyant, and still, we know not why. The convenient terms for expressing these changes are "good and bad spirits"—that is, we are either in the one or the other. Truly these are some of the most singular of the ups and downs we have to pass through. We have little control over such sensations; but we know they exist, and come upon us unbidden. Let us be thankful, however, that at any rate there is one direction in which we can always look with the certainty of finding a settled welcome, and a steady, unvarying source of noblest gladness. There is a Book, and but one, which will always tell the same old, old story—that of the Divine love and forgiveness for

all men. There is a Throne, at the foot of which we can bend again and again without fear of repulse,—with the certain assurance that none of the ups and downs of our poor lives will affect or alter its tenderness and pity towards us. And, after all, these ups and downs, as we have said, will make us more likely to cling loosely to the present world than anything else,—a blessing in disguise, did we but realise it as we should. Let us, then, look upon the ebbs and flowings of life with calmness, for concealed within many of the petty trials and annoyances that harass us, are the seeds of a patient and noble heroism, fitting us for better things to come.

E. CLIFFORD.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD. PERSEVERANCE.

THE name of Christopher Columbus is the one which comes first to our minds when speaking of perseverance against difficulties. The great discoverer of America was, as most of us know, refused help in his enterprise by his own government (that of Genoa) and by all the kings and great men to whom he applied, until he turned for aid to Ferdinand of Spain and his queen Isabella. And when his urgent supplications had induced these true sovereigns to give Columbus a few small ships in which to sail to the West, the crews of these little vessels disbelieved him, threatened to mutiny, and could only be kept to their duty by the promise that if they did not come, within a certain number of days, in sight of the land he felt certain he would find, he would take them back to Spain. He still, however, held on his way unshaken, and when, after having made the wonderful discovery of the New World, he was accused of rebelling against the King of Spain and sent home to Europe in chains, he persisted, on being set free, on again returning to America to pursue his discoveries, though he begged that when he died the chains might be buried with him as a memorial of human ingratitude.

Another instance of perseverance amid hindrances is Blaise Pascal, the famous French mathematician and philosopher. His father, having taken a prejudice against studies of that sort, would not allow Blaise to have lessons in geometry and mathematics; but the lad, thirsting for knowledge, taught himself those sciences by a method of his own, in a solitary room in his father's house. So completely self-taught was he as to be quite ignorant of the terms generally used in geometry, and he gave all the figures names of his own invention, calling a line a *bar*, a circle a *round*, and so on. He was a great contradiction to the old proverb that "He who teaches himself has a fool for his master."

Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, was a poor Scotch Shepherd boy, who never in all his life received a year's schooling, and who yet contrived to reach a high place in mathematics and astronomy. When watching his sheep at night Ferguson would study the stars, and when he found that, not having a telescope, his eye could not separate them one from another sufficiently to study them separately, he contrived a simple instrument of his own invention, which merely consisted of a piece of thread with beads strung upon it, which he

would slide up and down upon the string till they hid particular stars, causing him only to see those upon which he wanted to make observations, "and then, laying down the thread, he marked the stars upon it according to their particular positions." But a still more striking instance of Scotch perseverance is given us in the history of King Robert Bruce. This brave and patriotic sovereign, having been defeated in thirteen battles, took refuge in the little island of Bathlin, on the coast of Ireland. After sleeping one night in a barn he saw, as he was lying awake in the morning, a persevering spider who, after thirteen times trying in vain to spin her web, still continued her work undiscouraged. It occurred to the king that this little insect had met with exactly the same number of defeats he had, and the thought came into his mind, "If *she* succeeds the fourteenth time, why should not I?" At the fourteenth attempt the spider *did* succeed in fastening her web at the desired height, and heartened and encouraged the good king set forth again to fight the battles of his country, and was victorious.

But perhaps the most beautiful instances of perseverance against hindrances are to be found in the accounts we read of the patient labours of missionaries. How wonderfully persevering, for instance, were Hans Egede, the Norwegian missionary in Greenland, and his excellent wife. Egede had at first great difficulty in persuading his wife to leave home and friends and undertake, with her children, the long voyage to dreary Greenland, but when once she had made up her mind to go she became the life and soul of the mission. It was she who by her advice and example encouraged the cowardly settlers whom Egede had persuaded to go with them, but who had declared their intention of returning to Europe if provisions were not sent out to them. She induced them to wait three days longer for the wished-for supplies from Europe, and in three days they did come; nor was any more said by the settlers about forsaking the missionaries and returning home.

What perseverance, too, has been shown by those good men and women who have made it the business of their lives to teach the deaf, dumb and blind. The greatest instance, perhaps, of success in this sort of perseverance was shown in the case of the American girl, Laura Bridgman, who was both deaf, dumb, and blind. This poor child could only be taught that *words* meant *things* by having her fingers passed again and again over the raised letters so arranged as to spell the word, without her at all understanding what she was being meant to do, until one day, when it seemed as if light seemed all of a sudden to break into her mind, and the patience of her teachers was rewarded by her being able to read.

Now for the last branch of our subject—perseverance under natural disadvantages, that is to say, such drawbacks as having been badly taught or having defects in sight or hearing. The great Athenian statesman and orator Demosthenes was an instance of this. He was, perhaps, the best and most eloquent speaker Greece or any other country has ever known, yet by nature he stammered, had a bad pronunciation, and was exceedingly awkward both in his figure and his manner. But having determined in his mind that he *would* be a great

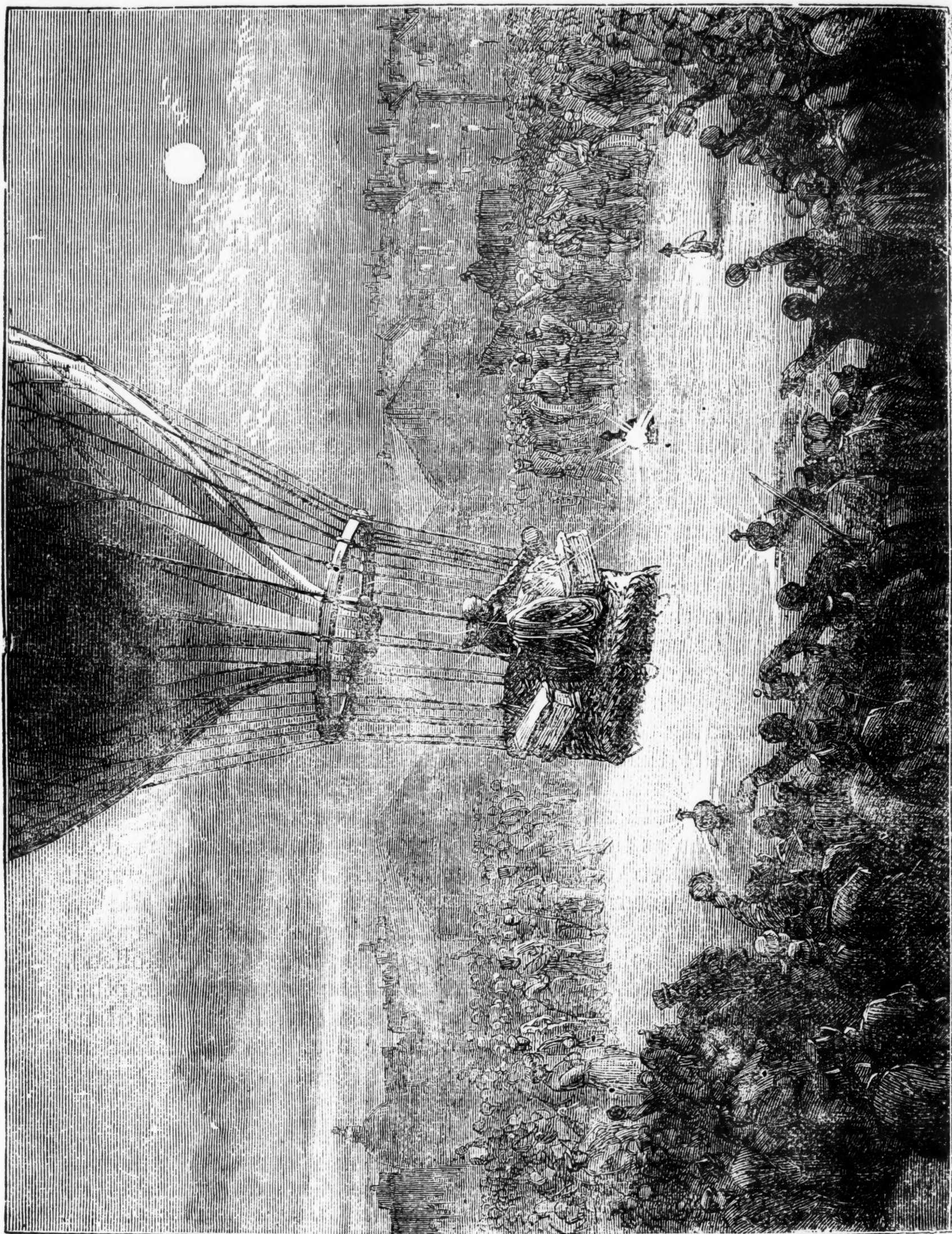
speaker, Demosthenes used to practise his speeches by himself in a room in a retired part of his house, or by the sea-shore, and studied how to make the best positions and gestures before a looking-glass. In this way he not only overcame his defects, but became, as we have said, the most famous speaker ever known. To come down from ancient to modern times, we may bring forward Saunderson, the blind scholar, as an instance of wonderful perseverance. He actually managed to learn Greek, though how he managed to make out the Greek characters at a time when there were no raised Greek types for the blind, is a great mystery. "Saunderson," says Prescott (whose life of the blind philosopher is all the more interesting from having been written by one who was nearly blind himself), "was able, through the power of his memory, to perform long operations in arithmetic, and to carry in his mind the most difficult geometrical figures." The way, in fact, by which he supplied the want of sight was by contriving a table with pins, intended to represent figures, the numbers becoming higher or lower according to their distance from one another. Instead of diagrams he used pegs, with threads drawn round them to answer the purpose of lines. So clever did Saunderson become in the use of these materials that when busy over his sums and problems, he would change the pins with as much ease as we can write and rub out figures on our slates, and if disturbed in his calculations he would go back to them easily again, finding out the position in which he had left it by passing his hand carefully over the table.

We have most of us heard of the Czar Peter the Great, but with him, as an instance of perseverance against natural disadvantages, we may end our anecdotes. This great Emperor, to whom Russia owes so much, found, on first coming to the throne, that his navy was a very poor one compared to those of the other countries of Europe, because no one in Russia knew how to build ships, nor had he anyone among his subjects skilful enough to teach them. He therefore determined to study ship-building himself, and as the only way of learning how a thing is done is to try to do it yourself, the Czar went to Holland and got himself apprenticed to a ship-carpenter. "The house," says Peter Parley, "where he used to live when there is still standing. He afterwards went to England and followed the same trade there as in Holland. Besides learning the business of ship-carpentry, he took lessons in other branches of mechanics and also in surgery. In short, he neglected no kind of knowledge which he thought would be useful to himself or his subjects."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

FIRE ALL NIGHT.—Have a piece of sheet iron fitted over the bottom of the grate, put in a layer of coal closely packed, then some wood and paper, then more coal packed closely; lastly, a little paper and wood, with a small quantity of coal above it; light the top paper. A fire so built, and not touched after it is lighted, will last all night.

EXCELLENT TOOTHACHE REMEDY.—One drachm of collodion, added to two drachms of Calver's carbolic acid; a gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which, inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth, invariably gives relief. Observe, this is for the teeth only; not for the ear.



BALLOON ASCENT.

CLOUD SCENERY.

FROM the work of Mr. Glaisher, the distinguished aëronaut, entitled, "Travels in the Air," we make an extract descriptive of the cloud effects witnessed by him in the upper air. The ascent to which he refers was made in August, 1862, from Wolverhampton, England. He says: "The spring-catch was pulled, when for a moment the balloon remained motionless, and then rose slowly and steadily. In about ten minutes we passed into a magnificent cumulus cloud, and emerged from it into a clear space, with a beautiful deep blue sky, dotted with cirri, leaving beneath us an exceedingly beautiful mass of cumulus clouds, displaying magnificent lights and shades. When at the height of twelve thousand feet, the valve was opened and we descended to a little above three thousand feet. The view became more glorious; very fine cumulus clouds were situated far below, and plains of clouds were visible to a great distance. Wolverhampton, beneath us, was sharply and well defined, appearing like a model. The clouds during this ascent were remarkable for their supreme beauty, presenting at times mountain scenes of endless variety and grandeur, and fine dome-like clouds dazzled and charmed the eye with alternations and brilliant effects of light and shade. * * *

When at the height of twenty-four thousand feet a consultation took place as to the prudence of discharging more ballast, or retaining it to insure a safe descent; ultimately it was decided not to ascend, as some clouds, whose thickness we could not tell, had to be passed through. * * *

A most remarkable view now presented itself; the sky was of a fine deep blue dotted with cirri. The earth and its fields, where visible, appeared very beautiful indeed—here hidden by vast cumuli, and plains, and seas of cumulo-strata, causing the country beneath to be shaded for many hundreds of square miles; there, without a cloud to obscure the sun's rays. Again, in other places, there were detached cumuli, whose surfaces ap-

peared connected by vast plains of hillocky clouds, and in the interstices the earth was visible, but partly obscured by haze or mist. In another place brightly-shining cumuli were observed, and seas of detached clouds, which cannot be described. Due north, a beautiful cloud appeared, the same we passed through on leaving Wolverhampton, and which had followed us on our way, still reigned in splendour, and might, from its grandeur, have been called the monarch of clouds. On looking over the top of the car, the horizon appeared to be on a level with the eye; the image of the balloon and car, in descending, was very distinctly seen on the clouds.

After being in the cloud regions for about four hours, the aëronaut descended in safety, seven miles from the place of starting.

A most remarkable phenomena was witnessed by the celebrated French aëronaut, M. Fissander, in 1868, on the occasion of an ascent at Calais. It is thus described:—

"We are already four thousand feet high, and the sea foams beneath our car. * * * But the splendor of the panorama which unrolls itself before our eyes is sufficient to dispel all sense of danger, and we scarcely dream of the rapidity with which we are being carried out to sea. To our left we perceive the town of Calais, like a city in miniature placed upon a liliputian shore; we distinctly see the jetties of the port, and a crowd of microscopic spectators running along them like a family of ants. At our feet the transparent sea, like a vast field of emerald, brilliantly lit up by the solar rays. Looking upwards towards the sky, we see violet-coloured clouds, which appear suspended at a great height in the air. I had scarcely taken my eyes from the clouds, when we perceived a very unexpected phenomenon of mirage, which added to our astonishment. We turned to look for the coast of England, but it was hidden by an immense veil of leaden-coloured cloud. Raising our eyes to discover where this cloud-wall terminated, we

saw above it a greenish layer like that of the surface of the sea, and soon we descried upon it a little black point the size of a walnut-shell. Fixing our eyes upon it intently, this little, moving spot turned out to be a ship sailing upside down upon an ocean in the sky. In a few moments a steamer made its appearance it was the image

of the boat from Calais to Dover, and by the aid of a telescope, I could distinguish the smoke coming out of the funnel. Then two or three other vessels came upon the scene, and added to the wonders of this magic sea projected into the air by a fantastic effect of mirage."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

PIERRES' TRIAL. — *Concluded.*

By MISS C. K. B. HARRIS.

THE gentleman glanced down at his brother who was eagerly listening to them, and then at the bent figure beside him, and said; "My little brother and I have had sorrow too, my friend. I fancy we all have had pretty much the same sort of burden to bear. You like me—your son like my brother."

Pierre looked up and nodded. That was true he was sure.

"But I don't think that to us the burden has ever seemed too hard for the Lord to give us strength to bear it. We feel as if we can both say 'The Lord is my strength; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped.' I think my brother can even add in the words of the Psalmist, '*Therefore my heart rejoiceth.*'"

The smile with which his young companion looked up at these words shewed how fully he agreed in them.

Pierre looked from one to the other, and then said, half shyly, "Is that what makes him happy?"

"It is my boy; and is it not enough to make him happy? He is so sure that God loves him, and that Christ is his friend, that he is willing to let his life be as God wills. His is a great trial certainly, but the Lord has strengthened his heart by shewing him that he will only have to bear it a short time, and then will come such joy and happiness as no man can describe.

"Is he then going to get quite well again?" Pierre asked again, to whom the words *joy* and *happiness* had

always meant to be strong and well like other people.

"Not in this world; but Franky looks forward to a happy home in heaven with his Saviour who died to save him, and who promises to wipe away all tears from the eyes of His own children who love Him."

They were all silent for some time, but each seemed to be thinking deeply.

Marguerite and Pierre had often read in their Bible about Heaven, and heard it spoken of in church, but it was a new thing to them to see anyone made so happy by the thought of it.

"Ask the Lord to make you one of His children and to give you the hope of living with Him hereafter, my boy, and I think I may promise that with the hope will come the strength that the verse on yonder cottage speaks of."

The children were coming trooping back, their hands full of wild flowers, and their faces flushed with pleasure. All around was very beautiful, and life was very fair to them, but Pierre glancing at his fellow-sufferer saw that he too was happy.—And he now knew the reason why.

The sun was going down rapidly behind the distant mountains, and the party had to hasten away, but before they separated Marguerite had given the roses to the boy; and he had taken Pierre's sun-burnt hand in his, and whispered as he bent down to him before riding away, "If this world is

so beautiful, think how beautiful Heaven must be ! ”

And so they separated—Pierre and Marguerite standing waving their hands to their new friends, and looking after them till they had quite disappeared, and then they turned towards home, Marguerite repeating again and again “ God bless him ; God bless his bright face.”

Before going in they looked up at the words above and read them again, and when they went in and busied themselves getting ready their evening meal, their thoughts went back often to the strangers they had just parted from, and with them was always mixed in the thought of that promise of which they had spoken, “ Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage, and He will strengthen thine heart.”

“ Mother,” Pierre said, when the supper was cleared away, “ Let us read a bit about heaven.”

The Bible was taken down from the shelf and spread on the deal table, and then mother and son bent over it, and turning to the 21st of Revelations

they read with newly awakened interest the beautiful description given there of the home prepared by God for those who love Him, and for those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Pierre said as they finished reading ; “ Mother, that’s good ! ”

“ It is my son,” Marguerite answered as she rose to replace the volume reverently in its place, “ and please God we will read it again and again.”

“ Ah Pierre ! ” she added, laying her hand tenderly on his head, “ If you and I had thought more of how our Saviour is loving and caring for us every minute of our lives here, and is willing to take us home with Himself before very long, we should both have minded our troubles less.”

“ We will think of it now, mother,” Pierre said softly, into whose heart the words he had heard and those he had read, had sunk very deep, “ We will think of it now.”

“ Aye my son, we will ; and please God your face shall be as bright as that dear boy.”

A. C. HARRIS.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

But there is small use in turning coward now. Austell’s real battle had been with himself in the hour of his parting from Ninorch, when she would fain have kept him from coming to this little Madeline, whom he fears he has wronged so greatly. Ninorch——. But he strives to put away that thought ; for over there, in the embrasure of yonder window, he sees Madeline sitting. Why has she chosen such a dismal place of meeting ? Memory gives him one of her sharp answers to the question ; for in that same window she waited for him on the day they parted ; and she wears a white dress with a knot of black ribbon at the throat—the dress she wore on that day of her grandfather’s funeral, when Leah could find only this small badge of mourning for the occasion. Austell remarks this, as well as something familiar in the turn of Madeline’s head—something he has never observed before. If he were in Brittany, and the small head wore a coif, he would call out at once : “ Ninorch ! ” But :

“ Madeline,” he says, more sharply than he is at all conscious of, the old habit of controlling her coming back at the mere sight of her. Then, too, he is not altogether pleased with her cool way of receiving him. “ Madeline, where have you been all this time ? What induced you to disappear, and make us all so wretched about you ? ”

"Is it you, Cousin Austell?"

"Would you have had me stay to live out a life of penitence in the convent here, as one who could have committed a murder?" And then, with a slight, mocking laugh: "Have you been so very unhappy about me? Could you find no one to comfort you?"

"One cannot feel comfort in the fear of having been unjust," Austell says, gravely.

"You have feared that? But since when? And why?"

He does not answer at once—at least, not aloud. Perhaps he does try to answer the questions to himself, and is confused by finding that the conditions remain just the same as when, years ago, they parted here, and he went from her full of bitter doubts of her. The conditions are just the same; yet, where are the doubts?

She has paused for his reply. Finding none forthcoming, she says:

"Must one return from the dead to make one repent of an injustice? Or is it simply that we grow wiser with years? For myself, I am free to confess I have. The Madeline of to-day is not so reckless of the stain of suspicion as the Madeline of that day of the poor old man's funeral."

"Madeline," Austell breaks in on the softened voice, "I cannot conceive what could have put it into your head to permit us to believe you guilty even of the wish to poison the old man. You were not usually so patient under an injustice."

"An injustice! Was it only that? What hope had I, a weak girl, in the unscrupulous hands of Seth Badger? He threatened me, and tried to force me into a promise of marrying him; for, as he said, no one would believe me if he chose to testify against me. But I laughed at his threats at first; what did I fear if Austell Trelawny had sworn to take care of me? It was a false oath, Cousin Austell, because it was half-hearted. So, when you misunderstood my very own words, interpreting them by what Seth Badger had taught you—when you believed Seth Badger, and thought you were acting a kindly, even a magnanimous part, in leaving me to your mother, for Louise to torment, I said, if this is a man's love, I do not care to have it. What one does not care for, it is best to avoid; and so I went away."

She adds this with just a touch of scorn in her voice, as if it were hardly worth while to give the excuse.

"It was hard on you, Madeline. Poor Madeline," says Austell, with a thrill of compassion. "But it was hard on me also. Perhaps *your* promise was only half-hearted; if you had loved me as your words seem to imply, you would not have given me to bear the burden of wronging you. For, Madeline, I have thought for some time that you could not possibly have wished to do the deed Seth Badger hinted of."

Her impulse is to tell him everything. But memory, that plays such scurvy tricks with us, has brought Badger's mocking voice close to her ear. She hears it repeat: "When you want him to make much of you, you would tell him, how heroic you could be, and how near he came to losing you. The blacker shadow you make of me, the better foil for your own shining."

She will not make Seth Badger's shadow any blacker than it is; so she only says:

"Thank you very much. Even tardy justice has a spice of pleasure in it."

"You ought never to have permitted even a suspicion of evil to rest upon you. No one would have doubted you, if you had bravely spoken out." And then, after a slight pause: "Madeline, if I were to ask you for the whole truth now, would you understand that it is not because I have a doubt of you?"

She answers him at once:

"And if I were to say to you: Cousin Austell, do not ask—would you understand that it is not because I fear the truth?"

"I would understand," he says, promptly and gravely. "But, Madeline, it is not I alone. Others have heard—"

"Mr. Carlyon, Austell Trelawny, Seth Badger—only these three. Mr. Carlyon will not hear my version of the story in his grave; Austell Trelawny tells me that he does not need to hear it; and Seth Badger—"

"And Seth Badger?" Austell repeats, with a certain meaning in his tone.

She smiles a little; but that he cannot see in her dim corner, though he leans eagerly forward. This Madeline, sitting so very still in the dusk, her hands folded so demurely in her lap, with not a gesture nor a turn of the slightly drooped head, and speaking in that quiet voice, is so unlike the Madeline he parted from, that a sense of unreality is upon him, and he would fain have seen how she is changed. But he cannot see; he can only hear.

"And Seth Badger—is quite welcome to keep his opinion of me."

"And yet you say you are no longer reckless of suspicion."

"He is not so completely in shadow as she. She can see the angry flush in his face as he says this. But she is not misled by the words; she knows the anger is for Seth Badger, not for her; and it makes her the readier with her rejoinder:

"We have done with the past, Cousin Austell—with suspicions, and confessions, and explanations—"

"Not yet."

Austell breaks in on her with a strange hurry in his voice. He has not turned aside out of that gleam of light which slants narrow and dusty through one of those loop-hole windows on the town-place, leaving Madeline's recess the dimmer for its contrast. But he has rested his elbow on the table, and shades his eyes slightly with his hand.

"Not yet. Madeline, will you be a more patient listener than when last we talked together in this room? You need not fear my being hard on you—harder than I can help; for, Madeline, if I have again done you an injury, believe me it was unwittingly."

"Then do not mention it. If I were dead to you all these years, I have no claim on them, even if such a claim had not been cancelled that time you say I was an impatient listener."

Madeline speaks hastily, her head thrown back a little, as if she were averting a blow—sharply, as if she feared a pain in what Austell was about to say to her. But Austell is not looking at her and misses the gesture; besides, he is determined that this time, at least, there shall be no concealments between them; that now they shall understand each other thoroughly.

"I must speak, and you must listen," he says, more authoritatively than he is aware. Then, after a pause, as if to collect himself: "I have been to Britany to see your kindred there."

"Yes?"

This small word, partly of affirmation, partly of interrogation, has not half the interest in it which Austell is expecting Madeline to exhibit. It seems quite a matter of course that he has taken the journey.

"Perhaps you do not know that you have a grandmother living there, and"—a short hesitation—"a cousin."

She draws back farther into the gloom of the embrasure, and he can only detect a nod.

"Your cousin is a little like you; or, rather, like what you used to be—for I have not had a look at you yet in this dark room."

"Of course she is much handsomer," Madeline says; a fact which Austell does not deny. "Is she as good as she is pretty? The stories generally run in that way, do they not?"

"She is very good, as well as beautiful. If she were not, perhaps I would not have to make the confession I must," he says, slowly.

"Of course you fell in love with her. You would not have been a man if you had not. Why are we made beautiful and good, if not to please you?" Then, changing her tone, which has a sharp ring in it, she adds gently: "I never knew I had a cousin there. Are you quite sure of the relationship? Why did you not bring her here with you? As your bride—"

"You are far too hasty in your conclusions," Austell says, with much pain in his voice. "You are right in your surmise that I loved your cousin. I thought I was free to—"

"Why do you use the past tense? Have you ceased to love her?" interrupts Madeline.

"I shall do my best to," is the short answer. "You must give me time. A year or two, perhaps; and then—"

"And then you will come back and fall in love with me. Is that your meaning, cousin Austell?"

Madeline asks her question softly, bending towards him in the twilight. He does not answer, nor draw near to her; instead, he starts up and walks up and down the long hall, as on that other evening of their disastrous parting.

"Cousin Austell," Madeline says, when he has turned his back on her in his walk across the floor, "I would have been very glad if you could have come back to me and said: Little Madeline, I have always loved you—loved you when I thought you dead as living. I suppose all women long for just such love, and but few find it. Yet if it was not in me to call it forth, how could I blame you? I never intended to hold you by a past promise. You did me no wrong when you loved my cousin."

While she is speaking, he has turned in his walk, and stands quite close to her before she ends.

"But I shall do you a great wrong, Madeline, if I leave you now that I have found you. You do not understand how great. That rash act of yours—your flight, and your letting it be believed you were dead, how could it but have injurious consequences?"

"But you were all so quick to believe the worst. I never meant you to think anything more than that I had gone away. It seems to me you were very credulous."

"Besides, I pledged myself to your grandfather to marry you," Austell goes on, with his argument against himself.

"That was to protect me from Seth Badger's marrying me. So much I have learned from Leah. As if there could ever have been any danger of that!"

"It was more than that. No matter what it was, I am pledged," Austell says, hastily.

"But my grandfather could not compel me to marry you. It is a case where two are to be consulted."

"You must be reasonable, Madeline." Austell is putting some force upon himself to speak quite calmly. "You scarcely understand how strong a case against you my seeming desertion and your disappearance were; for, though Badger's story never was known, a vague sense of something wrong had gotten abroad on the day of the funeral, and travelled further than you are aware of. If I marry you now that I have found you, every one will see I hold you blameless, and my name will be a protection."

"How royal you men are!" she says, with passion; and for one instant little Madeline comes back to him out of the past. "You have only to stretch out the sceptre of your name to us, and we are safe. For my part, I would rather have mine blurred a little by a false judgment, than effaced in the manner you propose."

"Take care, Madeline. Your pride hurt you once; do not let it again. Before, my desire was to do what was best for you, as it is now."

"Only what is best for me, may not be best for yourself, Cousin Austell." So quietly is it said; too quietly for that little Madeline out of the past. "If I do not care to be treated so generously, you cannot force me to be. Yes, I am proud; but of that I do not intend to repent. Pride is a good thing in a woman."

"I do not think so," Austell says, quite coolly. "I always liked you best when you had been perverse and willful, and wished to be forgiven and taken into favour."

"As you would have liked a kitten, or any other foolish thing that had amused you by its impotence. I have outgrown all that, I fancy."

"I can hardly think of you save as a child needing some one to take care of her. Madeline, you have trusted me in many ways; cannot you believe I will do all I can to make you happy?"

"I can trust you in everything but in this one of our marrying. So we will wait until you can say to me: I love you as well as I loved Ninorch."

She says it somewhat carelessly, and Austell inwardly chafes at her even imagining she can ever be to him what Ninorch is. He is displeased, too, by her showing no interest in her cousin, and not pleading for her. To love one's enemies is such a desirable thing in a woman; especially one's rival. In his inclination to injustice towards Madeline,

he fails to observe that she has mentioned the name of her cousin, of whose existence she has just said she had no knowledge.

"I have your answer, then," Austell says, after a pause sufficiently long for Madeline to reconsider her words—sufficiently long for him to feel into what a gray, blank future she is shutting him out with her. "We will wait." Of course it is clear she expects him to wait with her.

"I have your answer, then," he says.

"Yes. Am I asking too much?" She asks this softly, deprecatingly.

"Perhaps not. You alone must know what you wish for your happiness. Only, you must give me time." And then: "I will not tease you any more. Let us go and find my mother."

"Poor Mrs. Trelawny! She is not so very eager to see me, I fancy. But let us go, by all means."

Madeline rises as she speaks, coming forward out of the shadow of the deep embrasure. As she does so, Austell starts, and passes his hand across his eyes as if to brush away some obstacle to his vision.

"Am I all awry, and not fit for Mrs. Trelawny to see me?" asks Madeline, laughing.

"You have grown wonderfully like Ninorch," says Austell, bewildered.

"So wonderfully like, that you cannot tell the difference? You must not make love to me for my cousin."

And then, seeing Austell still looks dazed, she stands forward in the full light from the open window. "Mother Mari is well," she adds, with a merry laugh, "and sends you her love—which Ninorch did not, for she said you would be with her at the very hour when you ought to be here. Come, if you want any crepes for your supper, I must instruct Leah in the making, for I shall bake no more of them, I promise you."

Though thus adjured by what some hold the nearest way to a man's heart, Austell still lingers. There are explanations to be gone through; and the two do not come to explanations all at once. Austell is readily enough satisfied as to how Madeline found Madame Cosquer's address among old Horace's papers, and followed it across from Falmouth to Brittany, an unrecognised passenger in the sailing-vessel of a mate of Uncle Saundry the droll-teller, and so reached Kermartin, where the grandmother was waiting for her with a love which Madeline felt she had no right to claim after so many years of putting it aside. Naturally enough, at Kermartin the girl went back to the familiar Breton name she had been known by as a little child, laying by the diminutive of the saint's name on whose day she was born, and by which old Horace Trelawny had chosen to call her. All this is quickly enough told; but when it comes to accounting for Ninorch's line of conduct, she does not find it so altogether easy, when Austell looks at her and says:

"And you could put no faith in me. You tried me by too hard a test, Ninorch; I might well have failed, when you yourself tempted me to failure."

She lifts a quivering little smile to him.

"No faith? I thought I had not—but, Austell, should I have had

the courage to tempt you, if I had believed you would be weak enough to yield to Ninorch, and betray Madeline's trust? I own I was frightened for awhile, lest you should stay there at Kermartin—terribly frightened; for if you had yielded finally—”

“You would have broken with me?” he says in her pause.

“I would have gone away from Kermartin; I would have lost myself to you; for I think that then you would never have come here to find that Madeline was Ninorch. But there, do not let us speak any more of that long last week; if I was hard on you, I was hard on myself. It *was* hard; but how else could I be sure you cared for Ninorch, yet would be true to Madeline? And—I thought if you could do Madeline justice here where you had doubted her—”

There is no answering smile to hers in Austell's face.

“I do not think you know how near you came to keeping me at Kermartin.”

But the girl shakes her head at that, and puts her hand confidently in his arm, and the two go away together in search of Mrs. Trelawny.

Ninorch and Madeline are strangely mingled in Austell's thoughts; which, however, are clear enough to prevent his mentioning the odd Breton name when he introduces Madeline to his mother.

Mrs. Trelawny declares she would never have known the child, she has grown so tall and changed so very much. But Austell, looking at her as if his eyes were just now opened, wonders at himself for never having known her all this while. Though how could he? What promise is there of the rose in the hard, shut bud?

“We all thought you were buried in the sand,” Mrs. Trelawny adds, pathetically. “And many a cry I have had over your death. Not that I wondered at it; for when you used to vex me with your torn skirts and strange ways, I always said you would come to a strange ending. I never thought to see you again, I am sure,” she continues, in a slightly ill-used tone.

“But you are not sorry to see me?” Madeline asks, half-laughingly, half-pleadingly. “I will promise to be careful and not vex you. Austell will go surety for me.”

“It is Austell you must not vex. If you will only keep him at home instead of wandering about with little purpose! Dinglefield is lonely now,” Mrs. Trelawny goes on, with the old note of complaint in her voice. “Austell does not care for the place, and Louise hardly ever comes to see me. She says Mr. Badger will not let her; which may be true, although she was never one to give up her own will to another's.”

“Maybe she can't help herself,” suggests Leah, who is stooping to thrust into the fire such a bunch of scented furze as blazes up the wide chimney, and still has gleams to spare to go flickering across to the bright tins on the walls, and to come back and shine upon the high, gilded back of Mrs. Trelawny's arm-chair on the hearth. For Leah, determined to repay herself for her hospitality by a share in the conversation, has found reasons good and many for making her kitchen the reception-room. The winter's reek of furze is stored away in the south parlour; up-stairs, in the old maister's rooms, the chimney's ways are past biding, and the damp, good lack! 'ee can no more drive en out by

a bit o' smoke than 'ee can throw gull over the cliff to break his neck. To Leah's seeming, only the north parlour is fitty for guests; and the table being laid for dinner there, they must assemble here—an arrangement Mrs. Trelawny falls into the more readily, because of certain secret fears of the great, ghostly, empty house.

"It takes a sharp body to get the better o' Master Seth," Leah has gone on to explain, as she tilts the cover of one of the saucepans on the embers, and chuckles to herself over the anticipation of his surprise at her improvement in cookery. "I never saw anny who could get the better of en, except myself, and it were no easy work for me, I promise 'ee. You've just to be a fool, like; and it ben't everybody can," she adds, with an air of satisfaction in her ability to arrive at what most people do not consider a very desirable condition.

"I will come back to Dinglefield and live with you. You must not be lonely," Madeline is saying softly to Mrs. Trelawny.

And while Mrs. Trelawny is expressing satisfaction in the arrangement if Austell approves, old Leah, who is rather gruff, because she is not wholly attended to, gladly espies some one coming across the town-place.

"It be Maister Seth," she declares. "Yonder he comes, striding along like Nanny Paynter's fowls, very high upon the legs; and Mrs. Badger behind. Didn't I tell 'ee he'd be here? He's aye one to turn up if so be there's annything to eat i' the house. It's past me, how he manages it. Most folk ha' an awkward way o' coming when you've nothing to feed en. But let me get a chicken i' the pot, and Maister Seth 'ud be sure to come and eat the best part o't. He were aye that aggravating."

No one is glad to see Seth Badger. Austell is inclined to quarrel with him, and at least to force him to tell what Madeline will not. But Louise's face, which has grown pinched and anxious, as if she were looking at some trouble in advance, which none but herself could see, curbs all show of ill-feeling. Indeed, Madeline and Mrs. Trelawny are willing to bestow more cordiality upon Seth than they can really feel. After all, the weak protect the strong oftener than, with all their boasting, do the strong the feebler ones. Many a man finds immunity from a just punishment, because of a delicate woman who is bound by his name, or a child over whom the law gives him a stronger power than nature conveys. And so Seth Badger is free to bluster in his own coarse way, because three at least of the party are sorry for Louise.

"How well you are looking, Madeline," Louise is saying, when, after a faint show of resistance, during which she has been secretly observant of Seth's will and pleasure, she is now untying her bonnet-strings preparatory to staying to dinner. "I never thought you could improve so, and grow so pretty. Don't you think she has?" she adds, turning to Seth, with a womanly instinct that he is not comfortable in being thrown out as it were of the family circle.

Slowly, in a way which Austell chafes under, but at which Madeline only laughs, Seth turns his eyes on the girl, for an inventory of all the changes that have come to her in these years.

(To be continued.)





SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

“It would doubtless shock many of the devotees who follow with much ardour the conventionalities of Christmas to be told that their much loved

ordinances are of pagan origin, and as far removed from the real observance of the day as is the simple religion of Him whose birth we celebrate from the ornate and highly-flavoured ritual ordained in the worship of Baal, or any other of the old world deities. The tacking on, as it were, of heathen customs to our Christian festival doubtless arose in that the early converts were unwilling to relinquish the traditions of their forefathers, and their teachers were doubtless as unwilling to insist, fearing, perhaps, they might not only lose their pupils, but their own lives, were they to persist too much upon the giving up of customs which they had been in the habit of observing all their life long. Time has, however, accomplished that which the earlier Christians failed in, and of the many observances known and loved a century or two ago we have but few in the present day. Decking our houses seems to remain the longest with us. The waits seem dying out, while it is only in country districts that the carol is ever heard. In the time of James I. and Charles I. it was the custom to serenade the inmates of a household with a carol on Christmas morning, and very frequently the young people would gather outside the door of their parents' chamber and salute them with such a carol as we have here given :—

As on the night before this happy morn
 A blessed angel unto shepherds told
 Where (in a stable) He was poorly born
 Whom nor the Earth nor Heaven of Heavens can hold.
 Through Bethlehem rung
 This news at their return,
 Yea, Angels sung
 That God with us was born,
 And they made music because we should not mourn.
 This angel carol sing we then,
 To God on high all glory be,
 For Peace on Earth bestoweth He,
 And showeth favour unto men.

This favour Christ vouchsafed for our sake,
 To buy us thrones He in a manger lay,
 And weakness took that we His strength might take,
 And was disrobed that He might us array.
 Our flesh He wore
 Our sin to wear away;
 Our curse He bore
 That we escape it may,
 And wept for us that we might sing for aye
 This angel carol, &c.

OLD HORACE TRELAWNY'S JEST.

A CORNISH STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

“Madeline has not married, you see,” Mrs. Trelawny is saying as an apology for the girl's fair looks, though in reality she is thinking how sadly altered is Louise, since she put herself into Seth Badger charge.

"It makes such a difference when one has only to think of oneself, rather than of some one else's comfort and wishes."

"I should think that care would be on the shoulders of the man Madeline married," Seth says, with a laugh that at least sounds ill-natured.

"You'd none be the man to shoulder that burden," puts in Leah, with innocent maliciousness. "Don't I mind the day I were that worried about the sweetbreads I were cooking for the maister's supper, and you said to me: Leah, you better get rid o' that girl, for mark my words, she'll be a deal more than I can manage, and it be only a wise old woman like you can do wi' the like of en."

Seth has turned with an evil gleam in his eye, when Leah begins to speak. He does not know where her reminiscences may lead her; and perhaps he is glad to find that either her memory or her courage is at fault. But it is scarcely so with Madeline who says:

"Now, Aunt Leah, you know Mr. Badger never said anything of the kind. He never thought you in the least wise. I was standing in the doorway listening all the time, so you need not trump up old stories. Why should not time cover up the past as effectually as the sands buried the old house? I am sure we none of us care to dig it out again."

But Leah's sharp eyes are twinkling with a surly triumph in getting her pennyworth of malice in exchange for the dinner she is cooking. "Eh, eh, I take it, the old woman's memory's that old and worn out, it don't hold anything now, not even the time you quarrelled down by the gate yonder. I did think as Maister Seth might ha' done better than cume a-courting when the maister were lying a corpse up-stairs. But men never do know the fitness o' things."

"Shall we not go and look at the farm?" Austell asks Seth. Leah's reminiscences have grown disagreeable to him also.

"Did he really wish to marry you, Madeline?" Louise asks in a whisper, as the two men walk off. "Why did you refuse him?" she adds, taking Madeline's hesitation for an affirmative.

If she had dared she would have added: "I wish you had not." But Louise, under marital authority, has become a coward. And it is best so.

"I was engaged to Austell," Madeline says, laughing. "I could not have two men at once. Besides, Mr. Badger did not really want me. Neither did Austell," she adds, under her breath.

"I do not see why Seth asked you if he did not want you," returned Louise, suspiciously. "I know Austell did not care. Do you know, I fancied he had met some one over in Brittany he cared for. He never would have stayed so long there, if he had not had a reason. I never told Aunt Mary my surmise, for she does not like foreigners; and when I mentioned it to Seth, he thought it foolish. He generally thinks everything foolish which does not emanate from his own brain," Louise ends, with weak bitterness which only sounds ill-natured.

"What are you two talking of?" asks Mrs. Trelawny, who has been silently, but by no means approvingly, watching Leah through the nice operation which cooks call dishing dinner. Mrs. Trelawny cannot make herself believe the poultry at the Priory have but one wing.

That one chicken might be thus deformed, she is not prepared to deny; but that two should have the same peculiarity makes her doubtful of Leah's probity, and leaves her to turn away in disapproval of that hardened old woman's ways and means.

"I was telling Madeline I feared Austell had lost his heart with some pretty face abroad," Louise replies. "It will be pleasant for you to have Madeline living with you at Dinglefield, Aunt Mary," she says, regretfully.

"Of course it will. She should never have left Dinglefield; or at least have come back when old Mr. Trelawny died," Mrs. Trelawny answers, forgetting whose fault it was that Madeline did not go back. "What do you mean by Austell's losing his heart? He has all the time been engaged to Madeline. The Trelawnys were always unfortunate with foreigners. I hope Austell has not been so foolish. It was bad enough for him to wish to give up the money which was Madeline's by right. It was that which really took him away."

"Miss Madeline," Leah is calling out shrilly from the dining-room, "won't 'ee call Maister Austell and him that is wi' en to dinner? The fowls be that crankey, they'll none stand up properly, and I can't do two things ~~to~~ once."

Madeline goes to the door, and beckons to the two men who are walking silently to the house. They both see her. To Austell, she is as a premonition of much future happiness; but Seth sees in her the one obstacle he has yet found to his having his own way.

And being the only one, he finds in that shallow heart of his a deeper feeling for Madeline than he has ever had for any one else. He is very sure if she had married him, he would have been a much happier, perhaps a better man.

If she had married him. Looking across at her now, standing framed in that dark doorway, a white vision, with a brightness in her expectant face as glad as any smile, yet softer, the man makes a slight pause in his walk. Just here it was, crossing these flags, with old Leah peering suspiciously at them over her broom as she swept nearer, he had stooped to say to Madeline: "Decide as you will, Austell Trelawny will never marry you."

But now, moving on after that involuntary pause, and unconsciously taking a longer stride to avoid crushing underfoot a bit of houndstongue that had thrust itself out of a crevice in the flags, he says to Austell, abruptly:

"I suppose you will marry her. You might do worse. She's a plucky little thing, and will stand by a trust as few men will. She hasn't told you, I see, but she would have drunk that gruel if I had not knocked the bowl out of her hand."

It is said that murderers have moments when they are impelled to cast to the winds all their elaborately wrought concealments, and to drag out into the light the unveiled, ghastly face of their deed. Seth Badger's may have been a like fleeting impulse, though less dangerous. Yet there is a gleam of danger, too, in Austell's eyes, as they flash round suddenly on Badger's face, and see the whole scene in that death-chamber, almost as if they had been looking on at the time. But Austell half forgives

Seth Badger for the wrong he has made him guilty of, when he sees how Seth's hard face softens, looking at Madeline standing there and beckoning to them.

"The preachers may talk o' the millenium, and Satan being chained, and the wolf and the lamb lying down together," Leah says to no other audience than herself, as she sits solitary, dining off the wings of the chickens, but with the kitchen door open, so that she can hear the voices not very far off, round the table in the north parlour. "I used to confront the doctrine myself, for it were plain to be seen the wolf could none help eating the lamb, that being its nature. Bnt nature's naught to us when we get older. For there be Maister Austell and Maister Seth, not to say Miss Madeline and Mrs. Badger, they be all turned round so as there's no saying which be lamb and which be wolf, and so they be kind o' friendly like—which they may be at the millenium. Leastways, there's no saying to the contrary."

And Leah devours her chicken, vexing her soul with no more difficult questions. One thing, at least, is sure; the wolf may disport himself in some shreds of sheep's clothing, but this crafty old soul will be a fox unto the end.

THE END.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD. PALISSY.

This celebrated French potter was a Protestant, and as, in the sixteenth century, when he lived, cruel persecutions raged in France. He had to suffer much on account of his religion, and, finally, died in prison. But it is rather for his skill on pottery than for his religious faith that Palissy is best known. The experiments he had already tried, and his knowledge of science, convinced him that if he could only get a furnace hot enough to make a certain white enamel, he would succeed in producing far better porcelain than had ever before been made. Palissy was at that time very poor, and the fuel needful to make such an enormous furnace, made a great hole in his small income. But nothing daunted, when he found he could not afford to buy any more wood for the purpose, Palissy actually destroyed his own furniture, beginning with the posts and palings of his garden, and going on until chairs, tables, and then tools, had shared the same fate. "At length," as his biographer writes, "A cry of joy burst from the cellar where he worked, and echoed through the whole house, and when the wife of Palissy, astonished at the strangeness of this cry, came down stairs, she found her husband standing motionless, gazing on a brilliant piece of pottery which he held between his fingers." His perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of the desired white enamel, through means of which he became a rich man, though adherence to the Protestant faith, afterwards brought him into trouble and poverty.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

"O MA'AM! won't you come round to our house quick?" said a dirty-faced child about ten years old. Her head was frowzy, looking as if it had not seen a comb for weeks, and her soiled clothes were tattered and unsightly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The baby's got a fit, and mother says, please won't you come round. She don't know what to do."

I knew the child and her mother. They lived in a court not far off. So I drew on a shawl and hood, and ran around to see what could be done for the sick baby. The poor little thing lay in its frightened mother's arms, struggling with spasms.

"O ma'am!" cried the woman, "he'll die! he'll die!"

"Of course he will," said I, a little impatiently, "if you sit there doing nothing."

"But, O ma'am! what can I do?" she asked helplessly.

"Why, get him into a warm bath as quickly as possible," said I. "Every woman who has a baby ought to know enough to do that. Have you any hot water?"

"Oh, dear! no. The fire's all gone out," she answered, beginning to wring her hands in the way peculiar to some people when any sudden trouble comes upon them.

I went hastily into a neighbour's, and found a kettle of water on the fire. It was given cheerfully, and the neighbour went back with me and assisted to get the poor baby into a hot bath, which soon relaxed and soothed its convulsed frame.

Such a room as that in which I found this woman and her children!—the latter three in number. Dirt and disorder were everywhere. The supper-table was in the middle of the floor, filled with unwashed dishes and what remained of the evening meal. The floor was partly covered by a filthy rag carpet, with rents here and there and ragged fringes at the unbound ends. A woman's soiled dress hung over one of the chairs, the sleeves resting on the floor. A dishcloth, a pair of dirt-coloured baby's socks, a comfortable for the neck that looked as if it had been dragged in the gutter, two old hats and a hood ornamented the wall on one side, while strewn about on the floor and on the shelves were a motley collection of the most incongruous and unsightly things. A more disorderly and unsightly room for a human habitation can hardly be imagined.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, after the baby's spasms were over.

"He never stays in o' nights," she answered, in a whimpering tone and with an injured look.

"Where does he go?" I asked.

"To the public-house," she said, with a pulse of anger in her voice.

"Where he finds things clean, orderly and comfortable," I replied, glancing around the room and then looking steadily at the woman. "I'm not much surprised; indeed, I would be more surprised to hear that he spent his evenings in a place like this."

"It's good enough for his wife and children," she said, rather spitefully, "and it ought to be good enough for him, Why don't he save his money and get us a better home?"

"Rather poor encouragement," I answered, again glancing around the room.

The woman's eyes followed mine, and, beginning to comprehend my meaning, she reddened and seemed disconcerted.

"Not much chance, with a sick baby and all the work to do, to keep things right." She spoke in a half-apologetic, half-injured tone of voice.

"There's no excuse for dirt and disorder, Mrs. Reap," said I. "If you gave only ten minutes a day to putting things right, and a little care to keeping them right, there'd be some hope of your husband's staying away from taverns and bad company. As it is, there is none whatever. No man could spend his evenings in a hole like this."

My disgust was strong, and I was in no mood to conceal it, being out of all patience with the woman, who was strong and hearty. I had seen her husband a few times, and rather liked his looks; and was satisfied that his wife was more than half to blame for his visits to the tavern.

Mrs. Reap took the sick baby, now sleeping softly, and laid it on a bed in the next room. Then she went bustling about in a half-angry way, first pushing back the supper-table and carrying the dishes off into a little outer kitchen; then clearing the chairs and walls from dirty garments and odds and ends of unsightly things, putting the scant furniture and other articles, on floor and shelves, into some kind of order.

"Very much better," said I, approvingly, and in a gentler tone of voice; "and it hasn't cost you ten minutes' work. A good half-hour to-morrow morning, with elbow grease and soap and water, would make such a change in this room that one would hardly know it; and what is more and better, put heart into your husband, and, maybe, if everything was made tidy and comfortable, keep him home from the tavern to-morrow evening."

A light flashed into the woman's face. This was a new thought to her.

"Maybe your right, ma'am," she answered. "I never looked at it so before. Dick does scold about things badly, and swears awfully sometimes—particularly when he's taken a glass or two. But I've so little heart, you see."

"If a wife don't do her best to make home pleasant, Mrs. Reap," I said, "she can't expect her husband to stay in it any longer than he can help. She should remember that there are public-houses at almost every corner, nicely fitted up, cool and inviting, where he can go and find the comfort she has failed to provide for him at home, and where he meets temptation in its most alluring guise. It's my opinion that one-half the married men who spend their evenings in drinking-houses would never have fallen into the habit of going there if their homes had been made as inviting as was in the power of their wives."

"Maybe your right, ma'am," Mrs. Reap said, almost humbly and with self-conviction in her tones; "I never thought of it before. Dick used to stay at home always when we were first married, and things about us looked new and nice; and now I think of it, he first began to

go out of evenings, after Katy was born, and I began to let things drag and get out o' sorts. Since then we kind of run down all the while, and he spent more and more of his time and wages at the drinking-houses, until I got so out of heart that I didn't care much how we lived. But, please God, I'll try and do better from this night."

"Stick to that, Mrs. Reap, and only good can come of it," I replied. "Your husband has not gone far astray, I hope. Seeing a change for the better at home, he may take heart again."

On the next evening I went round, under pretence of asking about the sick baby, but really to see if Mrs. Reap had made an effort to carry out her good resolutions. The door was opened, in answer to my knock, by Mr. Reap himself. I scarcely knew the room I entered as the one visited on the night before. It had been thoroughly cleaned—even the rag-carpet had been taken up and beaten, and the frayed ends trimmed and bound. All rubbish and unsightly things had been removed, and, to my surprise, I noticed a half-muslin curtain, clean and white, stretched across the window. The supper-table had been cleared off, and there stood on it a nice glass lamp, beside which lay a newspaper that Mr. Reap had been reading when I knocked.

"How is the little one to-night?" I asked. Mrs. Reap was sitting with her baby on her lap, dressed in a clean, though faded calico wrapper, and with her hair smoothly brushed. I would hardly have known her for the repulsive-looking woman I had visited on the evening before.

"Better, ma'am," she answered. "Indeed, he's 'most as well as ever. My husband, ma'am"—introducing Mr. Reap, who bowed with an ease of manner that marked him as one possessing a native refinement.

"You're quite comfortable here," I said, glancing about the room with a pleased air that was no counterfeit.

"Yes, it is cozy and comfortable for a poor man," Reap answered, with genuine satisfaction in his voice.

I threw a look at his wife, who returned it with one of pleased intelligence.

"Will it last?" That was my concerned question on going home. "It shall last!" was my emphatic answer, "if help from me will do anything."

And so I made it a duty to drop in upon Mrs. Reap every day or so. I soon saw that she needed just this. The fact that my eyes were upon her, gave the outside pressure that kept her to her good resolution when the tired limbs failed, or her weary mind drooped for lack of energy. Habit is always hard to overcome; and her long negligent habits made the new, orderly life she was in the effort to live seem very wearisome at times. But I kept to my work, and with the happiest results.

It is not much over a year, now, and Mr. Reap and his wife are living in a snug little cottage just out of the city, with everything neat and wholesome around them. Their children go cleanly dressed to school, and the husband and father finds home so pleasant that he has turned his back entirely on the public-houses.



FOR THE YOUNG.
THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Our young friends are no doubt aware that it is from Germany, where Christmas is eminently a childrens' time, that we get what we call a Christmas Tree, and it is becoming more and more a childrens' time in England. On the evening before Christmas Day the parlour is lighted up by the children, and into this room the parents must not go. A great yew or fir bough is fastened on the table, at a little distance from the wall. A number of little tapers are fixed in the bough, coloured paper and other ornaments flutter from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great state the presents they mean for their parents—still keeping in their pockets those they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift. They then bring out the remainder, one by one from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. The scene is usually very pretty and touching. There is a little picture—you may have seen it—taken from a print published at Leipsic—a picture of the Reformer, Martin Luther, celebrating Christmas Eve in the midst of his family. It is a very interesting and almost touching picture. Luther, for all his stern, fiery, impetuous disposition, was a man of strong domestic

affections. He was fond of music and children, and the engraving represents him as in the midst of both. The Christmas tree is lighted up; the children are clapping their hands for joy. His wife is there—the fair Catherine Bora—sitting with her baby on her lap. Melancthon stands behind her chair, looking cheerfully at the scene. The old mother sits by the stove; the cat close by, washing her face. And the stern, hard lines of Luther's countenance relax as he gazes on the kindling tree and his joyous children. And the hand that burnt the Pontiff's bull, and shook the Pontiff's chair, is running gently over the chords of his lute, preluding some sweet music; and the strong voice that woke up the heart of Europe from its sleep of ages, and thrilled like a trumpet-call, proclaiming liberty to the spiritual captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound—that voice is about to break out into some glad, gentle Christmas carol of thanksgiving and praise. It is a beautiful little picture, and may well serve to endear to us the graceful German custom of the Christmas Tree.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

“Yes, Christmas is a joyous time, when we should kindle not only the fire of hospitality, but the flame of charity; when home affections should be revived, old animosities buried, and new ties formed, which shall welcome the return of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The preparation for spreading the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing from one person to another; the evergreen emblems of peace and gladness hung about our homes and churches—all these have a most pleasing effect in producing fond associations and benevolent sympathies, and assuring goodwill and fellowship to all mankind. And now we will quote a simple

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Once more old Christmas draweth
near,
With jovial, beaming face;
Then yield him honour due, and pay
Allegiance to his grace.

And deck your walls with mistletoe,
And eke with holly glorious;
And be your hearts all free from care,
And all your mirth uproarious.

And hang within each hall a bough
Of mistletoe and holly,
And let the girls be kissed beneath
From Gertrude down to Polly.

And ye who read these verses o'er,
And count them nought but folly,
Think of the days when you have
laughed
Beneath the Christmas holly

When but a glance from Fanny's eyes,
Was worth all worldly glories;
And earth had but one greater bliss
Than telling Christmas stories.

What bliss within the Christmas
week,
Beneath the Christmas bough,
To catch some laughing girl, and press
A kiss upon her brow.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READING.

THERE should be a thoughtful and thankful remembrance of the great event we commemorate on Christmas day. The birth into this world, in our nature, of the eternal Son of God, is a mystery we cannot comprehend, but it is a fact that underlies our Christian hope. It was in Bethlehem,—all was still and quiet when the Blessed Virgin gave birth to a son. She was one of a company of poor travellers who had come to Bethlehem to be taxed, by order of the Roman Emperor, Cæsar Augustus. There was no room for her at the inn, she therefore sought a night's lodging in the stables close by ; and, while there, she “brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.”

Surely heaven had never before looked down upon anything in this world with interest so intense as it did upon that unconscious babe, reposing upon its mother's bosom. All was quiet around, the shepherds watching their flocks upon the hillside, when a multitude of the heavenly host came to do the infant Saviour honour.

An angel said to the shepherds, “Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people ; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” The angels returned to heaven, to make known this wondrous event. A star appeared, beautiful and bright, pointing with its steady beam to the newly-born infant, and guided wise men from the East to the place where Jesus lay. That stable was greater than the palace of a king, for its manger cradled the King of Kings,—Emmanuel, God with us.

There is a dignity thrown over human life by this glorious fact, that the Son of God took our nature. That silent star of Bethlehem had its lesson to teach ; it pointed to Him who alone could satisfy the longings of the soul after immortality—the yearning of the spirit after the world to come. It pointed to Jesus the world's Redeemer, by whom was shown how man can be just with God.

In such a Saviour may we rejoice and say, “I have found Him whom my soul loveth, the consolation of Israel.”

It is a remarkable fact, in connection with the birth of Jesus, that at that period there was peace in all the earth.

Augustus Cæsar, after severe conflict, had secured a lasting peace, and the temple of Janus at Rome, which had been shut but twice since the foundation of the city, was closed as a token that peace reigned throughout the Roman empire, a fitting epoch to form the commencement of the Gospel age, and thus indicate the character of our Saviour's reign, which was to bring “peace on earth and goodwill toward men.”

The Gospel teaches us that Jesus came to make reconciliation between God and man by His atonement for sin. By inducing man to lay down his weapons of rebellion, and by diffusing in the heart universal goodwill, Jesus brings man into a state of harmony with God. If the mission of Jesus were truly realized, there would be harmony everywhere.

Let Christmas time, then, be a time of brotherly sympathy and affec-

tion. Speak forgiveness to those who have injured you; above all, acquaint thyself with God and love thy neighbour: thereby good shall come unto thee.

If the peace of God reign in thy heart, then will Christmas time be truly a happy time to thee.

FAREWELL THE OLD YEAR.

BY E. D. B.

Farewell, Old Year!
 We stand beside your bier,
 And mourn for you as for a trusted friend.
 We hailed your coming—weep you at your end.
 You brought bright promises, hopes brighter yet;
 These may have failed us, but we'll ne'er forget
 The good that has remained.
 And as we stand,
 A silent, mourning band,
 We one of us will say, "I knowledge gained
 By this Old Year;" and one with beaming face
 Will add, "Yes, bless the year, it gave me love!"
 Another softly speak, "It brought me grace,
 And filled my soul with radiance from above!"
 Another, with wet eyes,

Will tell of memories
 The year has left him with forever more.
 Another will give thanks that through affliction sore
 A higher life he gained, and wisdom's store.
 Alas! Old Year! thou hast brought bitter pain,
 And ta'en our treasures, ne'er to bring again.
 But if to us no good, but only ill
 Has come through thee, then we our eyes have turned,
 And, with hands folded, sat inert and still,
 And all thy meed of richest blessings spurned.
 Then fare thee well, Old Year!
 Slow tolls thy funeral knell!
 Thou'rt passing on thy bier.
 Farewell!

GOLDEN SAYINGS.

Faith and obedience are like the two feet of a pair of compasses, one is fixed in Christ as its centre, the other moves round in a circle of holy duties.

"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18).

"Brief life is here our portion
 Brief sorrow, short liv'd care,
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.

There God, our King and Portion
 In fulness of His grace
 Shall we behold for ever
 And worship face to face."

JOURNEYING ONWARD.

Words by J. POLLARD.

KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Jour-ney-ing on - ward, ev' - ry day, Jour-ney-ing fur - ther
 2. Jour-ney-ing on - ward, up - ward too; Jour-ney-ing still, with

on our way; Seek - ing a home of end - less rest,
 Heaven in view; Sow - ing the seed we may not reap;

Beau - ti - ful man - sion of the blest; Singing our songs of
 Stand-ing on guard when oth - ers sleep, Journey-ing on; a

praise and love, Jour - ney - ing toward our home a - bove!
 pil - grim band, Jour - ney - ing toward the bet - ter land!

- 3 Journeying onward, oh! how sweet
 Shall be the rest at Jesus' feet!
 Then in the joys of saints we'll share;
 Oh, may we meet each loved one there;
 Soon shall our pilgrim days be o'er,—
 Then shall we sin and toil no more.

THE WAITS.

"We again refer to the singing of Christmas carols or the "waits." The name of "waits" is differently interpreted by philological antiquaries, some holding it to be a popular corruption of the old

word "waghtes," from the Dutch or German, which signified the instrument called a hautboy; others declaring that it means simply "watchmen," and reminding us that they used to "pipe the watch" four times in the night in the precincts of the king's royal household. In Sussex, we believe, they are called "wastlers;" but let them bear any title they will, it is a sign of coming Christmas, while the sleepless head turns wearily on its feverish pillow, to hear in the far distance, or round the corner of the next street, a faint strumming and whistling, gradually nearing and growing more distinct, till the familiar hymn-tune, as one falls into a momentary slumber, makes one dream of sitting in a soft-cushioned pew, and of being disgraced by a fit of somnolence before the eyes of pastor and people. It is but the dream of an instant: we presently awake, to find ourselves, not in church, but in our own bed; and we hear in our own house, in the children's bedroom overhead a scurrying patter of bare little feet, a sweet outburst of happy little voices, and the noise of drawing a chair across the floor and climbing upon it to look out of the window, for "the waits have come!" and the children are eager to see them, either by the pale light of the moon or by the glimmer of a gas-lamp ten doors off. The repose of twenty households in the same street is at once broken with the most laudable intentions. It pleases the children that the patient paterfamilias should patronise these sonorous visitations. "Well," thinks he, "the young folk will know better some day; they will grow up to be wiser and sadder; and where shall I be then? Let me be kind to them now. Here's sixpence for you, noisy fellows; now you may give us one more stave of that dismal old melody, and then I beg you to be gone! I may still have a chance of two or three hours' good sleep."

HOW A PLUM-PUDDING WAS MADE IN PARIS.

Most of our readers have heard of a famous attempt to make a real English plum-pudding in Paris, and how it failed, in spite of all the art of all the king's cooks, because they were not told to tie the material in a cloth. Dr. Schomberg, of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season in the manner of their own country by having as one dish at their table an English plum-pudding, but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had, indeed, an old receipt-book, but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schomberg, however, supplied all that was wanting by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to the apothecary to be made up. To prevent all possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded by the apothecary himself, dressed according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well filled and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him, and all was well.—*Leisure Hour.*

A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

How do you prove that the people saved in Noah's Ark were not teetotallers? Because the kangaroo came in with hops, and the bear was always brewing (Bruin).

What danger do we incur by sleeping in a garret? Sciatica.

Why is a lock like a corporate town? Because it has its wards.

Which is the wettest see in all England? Bath and Wells.

Why is the letter S like a sewing machine? Because it makes needles—needless.

What is always invisible yet never out of sight? The letter I.

The best way to make a coat last. Make trousers and waistcoat first.

Why is the letter T like your nose? Because it goes before you (U).

How long does a widow mourn for her husband? She mourns for a second.

What cat is worth its weight in gold? Du-cat.

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel woman in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

How much does a fool generally weigh? A simple-ton.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

What object does a boy getting up in the morning resemble? The rising sun.

What is the best capital to begin life with? A capital wife.

When is a good tune most relished? When it is oppor-tune.

Why are old maids the most charming of women? Because they are matchless.

Why are gentlemen's love letters liable to go astray? Because they are always miss-directed.

A MONKEY STORY.—A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ grinder seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw, and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical; the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it until he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. His whole demeanour showed plainly that he felt that the monkey was something "uncanny," and not to be meddled with.—*Nature*.

HOW TO EAT TO LIVE.—I have already stated that most of us eat most unreasonably. The greatest fault is in the quantity of food we partake of. Every one despises and looks down upon the drunkard and the sot, and

very naturally too, but what shall we say of the glutton? Gluttony, indeed, is such an ugly word that I hardly like to use it, and shall substitute the term inordinate eating. Inordinate eating, then, is a vice that rides rampant in our midst. It is a vice that annually carries off its thousands of victims. It is a vice that, in conjunction with intemperance in drinking, bad air and impure water, tends to degenerate the age in which we live. It not only shortens our lives by producing, ultimately, dyspepsia, that forerunner to many scores of painful and deadly ailments, but it affects deleteriously the existence of our offspring, for the progeny of the glutton can only be puny, feeble in mind and inactive in body. The wise man, then, will ever eat and drink in moderation, nor suffer the gratification of his appetite to become the means of damaging his health, and I might add intellect, for the intellect of your inordinate eater is always gross. The food we eat ought to be as fresh and pure as possible, else it cannot but be detrimental to the system. Fish, in particular, cannot be cooked too soon; and even vegetables, I always think, are more sweet and wholesome if cooked almost as soon as culled.—*From "Cassell's Family Magazine."*

TO OUR READERS.

In concluding our Volume for 1878, we acknowledge thankfully the kind support of our Contributors and Subscribers.

We shall endeavour in the coming year (1879) to make **AFTER WORK** worthy of still holding its place in the esteem of our numerous readers, and we hope that all our friends will interest themselves in the Magazine so far as to recommend it to those who are not now acquainted with it.

The following announcement of new features for the New Year, with some of the Papers and Articles which will appear, will show that the Volume for 1879 will in no way be behind its predecessor for interest, instruction, information, and amusement, viz. :—

Ringhurst Common, or Rough Places made Plain, by Vincent Robinson.

Hawker's Court, A Story for Mothers' Meetings, by Ellice Lacie.

Practical Hints for Practical People :—1. Planning and Doing ; 2. Beginning and Finishing ; 3. Saving and Spending ; 4. Sowing and Reaping ; 5. Feasting and Fasting ; 6. Watching and Working. By the author of "Home Coming," "Ben and his Cradle," &c.

Charades, Acrostics, and Humourous Readings, by Thomson Sharpe.

Science Simplified for Non-Scientific Folk, by J. W. Brookes, Dr. A. Crespi, E. Clifford, W. Ouin, and other well known writers.

Stories and Sketches for the Young.

Papers for the Home Circle, about Home Affairs.

Original Poetry and Useful Receipts.

Things worth Knowing, by Housekeepers and Husbands.

Lives of the Great and Good, Biographical Sketches of Eminent and Useful Men.

Foreign Lands and Who have Visited Them.

Papers on Window and Flower Gardening.

&c., &c.



No. 1.

January, 1878.

After Work.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR
HOME READING.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Work and After Work	1
Kathleen's Repentance ; or, Wooing back a Husband.—A New Year's Story...	3
For the Children. Lending a Pair of Legs	10
"How to Spend Leisure Rationally." First Paper	11
A Country Life for Me. Illustrated	13
Life Sketches of the Great and Good. No. 1. James Ferguson	14
Old Horace Trelawny's Jest ; A Cornish Story of Every Day Life	16
Sunday Afternoon Readings. Rest	19
Room in Heaven—For the Young	19
Welcome, Young Year	20
Things Worth Knowing	20

London :

ELLIOT STOCK, 61, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



For the Working Classes in Town and Country.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

THE
COTTAGER & ARTISAN

CONSISTS OF

Eight Large Pages Monthly, Beautifully Illustrated

WITH

ENGRAVINGS BY THE BEST ARTISTS.

And is full of interesting and instructive reading printed
in clear type.

During the year 1878, there will appear a New Story by

HESBA STRETTON,

AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER," Etc.

THE VOLUME FOR 1877

Is profusely Illustrated with Pictures of Natural History, Town and Country Life, etc., by eminent English and Foreign Artists. It forms a suitable present to the Club, Institute, or District Library, or is an interesting and very instructive book for the home reading of Working People in the country, town, or village. 1s. 6d. in cover, printed in Oil Colours; 2s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; 164, PICCADILLY,

And of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

FOR
PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS, BLANC-MANGE,
CHILDREN'S AND INVALIDS DIET

And all the uses of Arrowroot,

BROWN & POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,

HAS TWENTY YEARS REPUTATION,

And is distinguished for

UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

CAUTION! BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS OF Reckitt's Paris Blue

The marked superiority of this Laundry Blue over all others, and the quick appreciation of its merits by the Public has been attended by the usual result, viz. : a flood of imitations : the merit of the latter mainly consists in the ingenuity exerted, not simply in imitating the square shape but making the general appearance of the wrappers resemble that of the genuine article. The Manufacturers beg therefore to caution all buyers to see "Reckitt's Paris Blue" on each packet. Sold in Penny Squares by all respectable Grocers, Oilmen and Druggists.

Used by the Laundresses of
THE PRINCESS OF WALES and DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.



MARVELLOUS COCOA!
The very perfection of prepared Cocoa.
**COLLIER & SONS',
Chocolate Powder.**

500,000 Sample Packets of this delicious Cocoa were given away at the Exhibition, 1862. Made instantly with Boiling Water only, Milk and Sugar not being necessary.

TESTIMONIALS.

"Particularly easy of digestion."—*Press & St. James's Chronicle.*
"Is preferred to almost any other."—*Dr. Ruddock's Vade Mecum.*
"Equals any with which we have met."—*Homœopathic World.*

Prepared by J. COLLIER & SONS, London.
Manufacturers of all kinds of Cocoa, French Eating and Fancy
Chocolates, Chocolate Creams, &c.
Purveyors of Mustard to the Exhibitions, 1871-2-3-4.

AS THE BEST FOOD

FOR INFANTS THE FACULTY RECOMMEND INVALIDS AND

Chapman's
Entire Wheat Flour

THOROUGHLY COOKED
PERFECTLY DIGESTIBLE
HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS

SOLD BY CHEMISTS &c. IN 6^{lb} & 1^{lb} PACKETS AND 3^{lb} TINS

RICH IN PHOSPHATES

KEATING'S

1/12 & 2/9 PER BOX

COUGH LOZENGES

The most celebrated and surest known remedy in the world.

LATEST MEDICAL TESTIMONY.
22, Cold Harbour Lane,
London, July 25, 1877.
SIR, Your Lozenges are excellent and their beneficial effects most reliable. I strongly recommend them in cases of Cough and Asthma.
J. BRINGLOE, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M

CADBURY'S

The reason why so many are unable to take Cocoa is, that the varieties commonly sold are mixed with Starch, under the plea of rendering them soluble; while really making them thick, heavy, and indigestible. This may be easily detected, for if Cocoa thickens in the cup it proves the addition of starch. CADBURY'S Cocoa Essence is genuine, it is therefore three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing Beverage like Tea or Coffee.

COCOA ESSENCE

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING

No. 12.

December, 1878.

After Work.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR
HOME READING.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Singing Christmas Carols. <i>Illustrated</i>	221
Old Horace Trelawny's Jest; A Cornish Story of Every Day Life	222
Life Sketches of the Great and Good—Palissy	225
Make Home Pleasant	226
For the Young—The Christmas Tree— <i>Illustrated</i>	229
A Merry Christmas to you all	230
Sunday Afternoon Reading	231
Farewell the Old Year	232
Golden Sayings	232
Journeying Onward— <i>Music</i>	233
The Waits	233
How a Plum-Pudding was made in Paris	234
A Batch of Conundrums for Christmas	235
A Monkey Story	235
How to Eat to Live	235
To our Readers	236

London:
ELLIOT STOCK, 61, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

SAFE TEETHING.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!
Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions.
 ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

EASY TEETHING.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

FOR CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH, TO PREVENT CONVULSIONS.

Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full directions. Sent Post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHERS' BOOK, which contains valuable hints on *Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c.* Ask your Chemist for a copy free.



ESTABLISHED 1835.

BY THE USE OF WHICH

During more than Forty Years.

MANY THOUSANDS OF CURES

Have been effected numbers of which cases have been pronounced INCURABLE.

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine, it being **A DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD** and other fluids of the human body.

Sold in boxes, price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London, and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at home and abroad. Sent free by post in the United Kingdom for 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

SIX PRIZE MEDALS.



SIX PRIZE MEDALS.

The only CRAPES which REALLY
 WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN,
 Are Stamped RAIN-PROOF, and a
 GUARANTEE is attached to
 EVERY PIECE.



Only Award at the
 Philadelphia Exhibition,
 1876.

For superior strength
 and excellent quality.

BEST SOFT
 6-CORD COTTON,

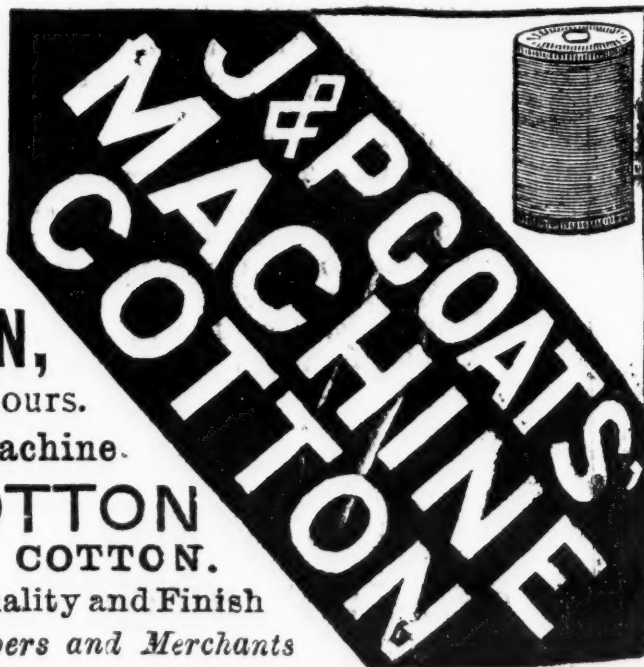
In Black, White and all Colours.

Suitable for any Sewing Machine.

EXTRA GLACE COTTON
 CROCHET OR TATTING COTTON.

In Skeins or on Reels. Unsurpassed in Quality and Finish

To be had of all Wholesale and Retail Drapers and Merchants
 throughout the World.

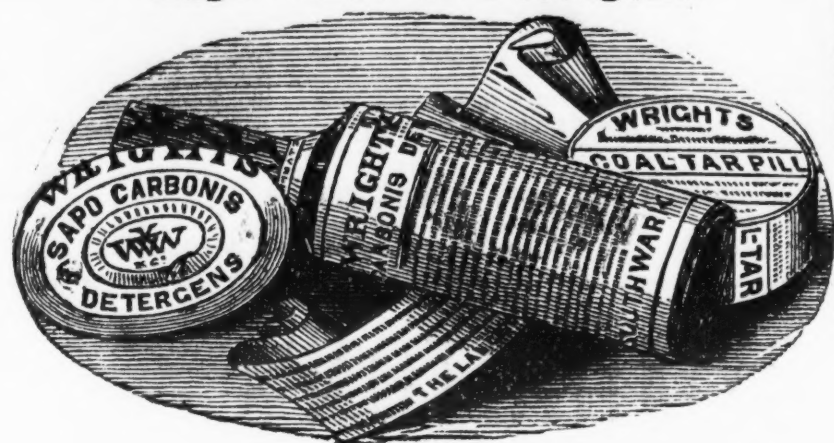


WRIGHT'S COAL-TAR SOAP.

IS USED BY NUMEROUS FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

IT IS THE MOST HEALTH-PRESERVING ADJUNCT TO THE TOILET EVER DISCOVERED

"Sapo Carbonis Detergens."



Highly and extensively recommended by Mr. JAMES STARTIN, the late Dr. JAMES STARTIN, 3, Savile-Row, Dr. McCALL ANDERSON, Woodside-crescent, Glasgow; and the other leading Members of the Profession.

"It is the only true antiseptic soap."—*British Medical Journal*. In our hands it has been most effective in skin diseases."—*Lancet*. "An unfailing remedy for unpleasant emanations from the skin."—*Medical Times*.

In TABLETS, 6d. and 1s. each, of
ALL CHEMISTS.

Invented and Introduced by the sole Proprietors, W. V. WRIGHT & CO., London.

CAUTION.—Each Tablet of the Genuine Soap bears the impress—

' SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS.

Proprietors of the Coal-Tar Pill ("Pilula Carbonis Detergens"), and solution of Coal-Tar ("Liquor Carbonis Detergens"), particulars of which are enclosed with each Tablet of Soap.

Berlin Wool & German Needlework,

IMPORTED DIRECT BY

M. LEADER,

9, NEW INN YARD, SHOREDITCH, LONDON E.C.

Shetland, Andalusian, and Fleecy Wools.

SCOTCH FINGERING AND MERINO YARN.

Penelope, Java and other Canvas. Perforated Cardboard. Filoselle, &c., &c.

Special Quotations Supplied to Bazaar Committees.—Price Lists Post free.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co.'s VIOLET AND MILLEFLEUR POWDER,

FOR THE

TOILET AND NURSERY,

Universally admired for its Purity and Exquisite Fragrance.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

CERTIFICATES OF EFFICIENCY AND PURITY

From the First Analytical Chemists of the day will be forwarded on application to 39, Upper Thames Street, London, and in future will be issued with every packet.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is, that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains four times the amount of nitrogenous or flesh-forming constituents than the average of other Cocos which are mixed with sugar and starch.

Blocks below show the proportion of nitrogenous constituents in each 100 parts of various kinds of Cocoa.

Pearl and
other Cocos
retailed
at about
8d.
per lb.

5

Homœopathic and
other
prepared
Cocos
retailed at
about
1/4 per lb.

8

CADBURY'S
COCOA
ESSENCE.

29

Cadbury's Paris Depot; 90, FAUBOURG ST. HONORE.

Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.

GLENFIELD STARCH

Has for many Years been Exclusively used
in the Royal Laundry.

"The best Starch I
ever used." } *The Queen's Laundress.*
"Admittedly far and
away the best Starch
attainable." } *"The World."*
"Particularly adapted
for clear starching
of muslins." } *"Englishwoman's
Domestic Magazine."*

SYMINGTON'S PEA FLOUR

PATENT
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM
PREPARED

Is easy of Digestion, Wholesome, Nutritious, requires
no boiling, and rapidly makes a Tureen of rich soup.

*In Packets, 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d.; or Tins, 1s.,
1s. 6d., and 3s. each.*

PATENTEES } W. SYMINGTON & CO.,
AND } BOWDEN STEAM MILLS,
MANUFACTURERS } MARKET HARBOROUGH.
Retail—16, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WARNING!

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Reckitt's Paris Blue

See that you get it!

As bad qualities are often substituted. The genuine is used by the Laundresses of
THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

CHAPMAN'S ENTIRE Wheat Flour

AS THE BEST FOOD

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the great benefit I
have seen to arise from the use of Chapman's Entire
Wheat Flour as an article of food for children. It is very
easily digested by the most delicate ones, and containing as
it does the nutrient properties of wheat in its fullest extent,
it will be found to be a food of great value, especially to the
numerous strumous diseases of childhood."—*From Buxton
Shillitoe, Esq., F.R.C.S.*

"Retains many valuable principles that, to the detriment of
children very especially, are rejected from the finer flours. It
may be regarded as a typical or perfect food, possessing in
itself all the essentials for nourishing and supporting the
body."—*Dr. Barker.*

Sold by Chemists, &c., in 6d. and 1s. Packets, and 3s. Tins.

RICH IN PHOSPHATES